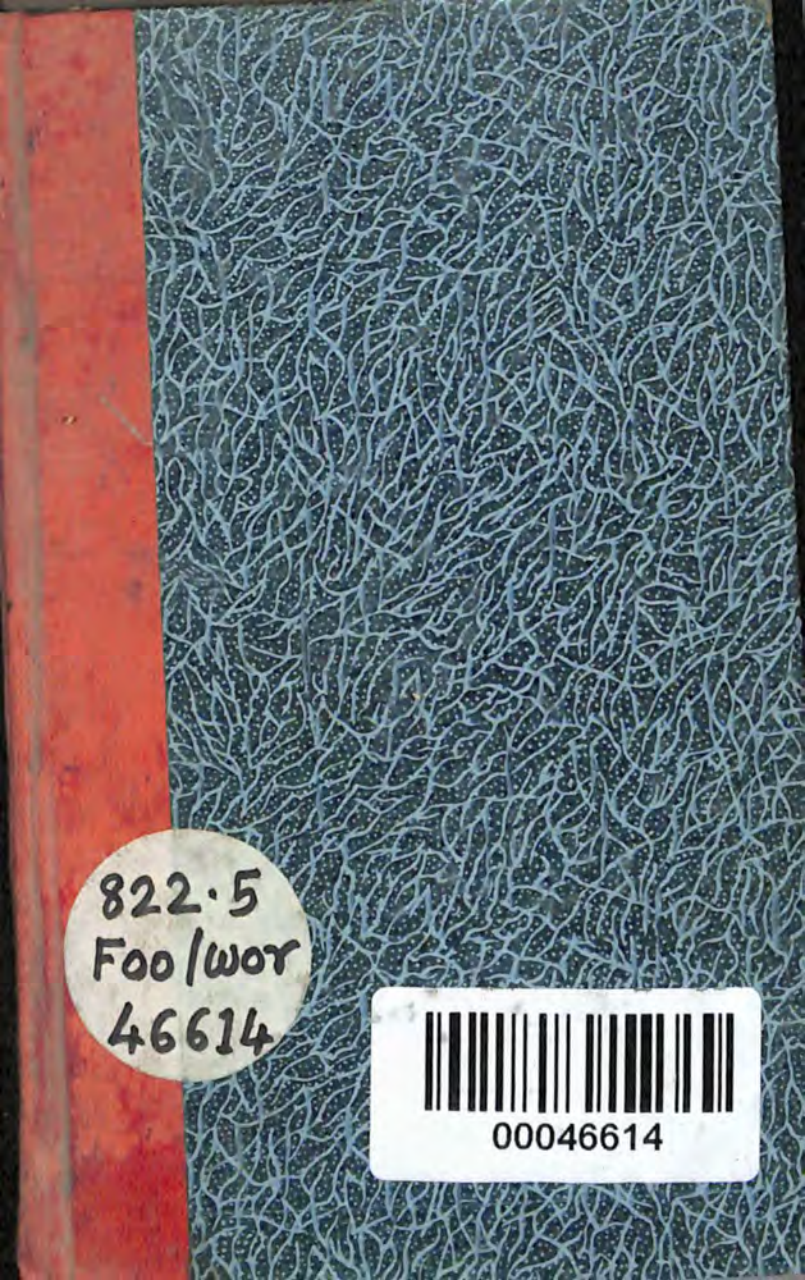
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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

46614

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY

Samuel Foote, Esq.

London, Sherwood, Gilbert & Piper, Paternoster Row.

THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

WITH

REMARKS ON EACH PLAY,

AND

AN ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE, GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

BY JON BEE, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ESSAY ON HIS LIFE.
THE KNIGHTS.
TASTE.
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.
THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.
THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1830.

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PREFACE.

No man has a right to increase the number of books without assigning a reason for it—well for him if this be a good and cogent one: he may encumber the warehouse, but must not hope to infest the shelves without rebuke.

A new edition of the comedies of *Foote* being deemed necessary by the booksellers, they desired me to *look after* it at the press, to correct the errors that had crept into preceding impressions, and to prefix somewhat as to his life and character: indeed, to perform that which was proper, and necessary, and

usual in such cases. The author of "The Author" and "The Minor" stood in need of all these helps to posterity; for, he had not been more calumniated in his life-time than misrepresented, *post mortem*, by slovenly printers. Perhaps, the copy might be in a bad state from which they composed: those plays *sent to press* under his own eye, never m[illegible] his pen, probably, afterward; and those whi[illegible] his assignees, the Colmans, "committed" t[illegible] the same place, not only did not find [illegible] "quite correct" there, *mais tout-a-fait contraire.*" Of the first description, there were eleven pieces, of the second, eight; every reprint preserving the errors of the preceding edition, and augmenting these by its own blunders. This slovenliness extended its balefulness to every department of *the office*, some of the copies being so *mackled* at press that they become, in this day of elegant and chaste typography, great curiosities to the virtuoso.

The plan upon which I set out was to meddle as little with my author's text as possible; and, where I deemed *alteration* indispensable, to make this manifest by placing such suggestions within square brackets [*thus*] in italics; *interpolations* stand in the same roman letter [thus], to continue *the sense*. Self-evident misprints of single words, as to which no two eruditæ could have a doubt, I did not deem it proper to note the correction. Going on with this task, I thought I saw opportunity of hanging on a few *notes*. I apprehended they would not be deemed impertinent, and persuaded myself they might not displease. Hope no intrusion in this respect.

As to the '*Remarks*,' I will not say one word; any *observation* on these might call up caustic *remarks* on those very *observations*, and, as happens in the game of battledore-and-shuttle-cock, be bandied forward and backward to infinity.

My "*Life*" is at *stake*, let it be baited; and, by way of first *in-go*, I here confess to a little remissness, some repetitions, and one mistake. No other consideration on earth prevents my dedicating this work to THE KING, as I have aptly done many a better thing.

JON BEE.

Hoxton New Town,
Jan. 30, 1830.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS,

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

SCARCELY a man exists in the world who is not possessed of some quality or other that is either valuable in itself, or that may be thought so by comparison with others. It happens too frequently that these are accompanied by opposite or discordant qualities, that puzzle or amuse the more lively, whilst the grave examiner turns away from the incongruity; thus proving himself an uncandid judge, in not carrying his inquiries far enough to rescue his decision from the charge of inconsistency. The *mixed character* we contemplate is not to be dismissed with a huff, nor be praised by a single puff of the lungs, or on paper, as hath too long prevailed, regarding dramatic life, and Mr.

Foote, in particular. Inquiry and fairness in our examen is proposed by every one who undertakes to analyze the varying and, apparently, discordant particles of character; which every writer concludes by doling out praise or blame according to his own conceptions and prejudices, that may prove as exceptionable as those of his *original.* *A gentleman and scholar* devolving into the buffoon, for example, is an unseemly sight in the eye of the profound moralist, and he growls anathemas suited to his own morosity, habits, education, prejudices; whilst the man of the world, who has undergone the discipline of the schools, inquires what good, what ill, has been effected by the operation of the lighter particles in the character under examination, and he decides agreeably thereto, but very differently from the preceding.

The hermit and the abstruse philosopher shut themselves out from our notice and our regards—we cannot fathom their motives, and care for them ess! but, let the *anchoret* or the mystic turn mountebank, or endeavour to teach aloud the result of his silent cogitations, and mankind will recognise this novel procedure as a marketable commodity, for which all classes will chaffer, if, for want of taste, they cannot *deal.* The poor men, at whom we could, previously, scarce raise a smile, unac-

companied by a sigh, now cause us to laugh outright, similarly to the operation of those modern discoveries, galvanism and animal magnetism. The first-mentioned may contract a muscle, or relax the rigidity of an eye-lid, but it is the second that throws the diligent aspector into paroxysms. Had *Samuel Foote* stuck to the practice of Law, for which "he was originally *designed*," we can guess in what way he would have settled the doubts of his clients, or prevailed upon his hearers; whereas, in bringing his talents (of whatever quality) before the whole British nation, I aver that he extended the sphere of his utility as an exemplar, and indulged more largely than *the law* could allow in developing the bent of his genius; which, as undoubtedly, lay in exposing the vices and follies, the frivolities and debasing peculiarities of mankind; for, the fellow who affects peculiarity, or is affected by it, is, invariably, one of contracted mind or of perverted understanding: if his singularity be simply excrescent, pray let it be lopped off; society will learn *something* by the operation, though the patient benefit nought but notoriety for his pains.

Yet is notoriety far from desirable to any man; the inward satisfaction of a *good man* receives no prop by the publicity of his name, though that be merely the announcement of his coming to town;

whilst the *bad one* eschews type in any shape, because of its close alliance with day-light, as theatrical representation is with its artificial substitute—the flambeau and the lamp. If *ridicule* be attached to the announcement of a name, anger must arise; a wish to suppress it is cherished, and *the subject* joins in the hue-and-cry after its author, without inquiring whether the offender is to be driven into privacy, or taken and chastised, or killed outright. The most irascible of the pursuers are those which may be described as domestic offenders—double-faced persons—who, having hid themselves behind the profession of some excessive virtue, feel keenly the shivering blast of the public gaze upon their exposed deformities. But "blood-hounds," stanch and true to the scent, are all those who practise their villanies just outside the pale of our courts of law: they are the most excusable *genus* in *the cry*; it is their nature, and makes part of the code by which they are governed. The *field* thus constituted, is taken with combined advantages by the motley pack; since no wiles, no turns, avail *the chase*, for revenge animates every bosom, and vengeance joins the pursuit, though "chastisement" is their tally-ho; and he is ultimately run into—he is torn mercilessly, and his character devoured without remorse. Such is the fate of the offending satirist, when people apply

real names to the characters he has drawn, perhaps, too faithfully.

Foote possessed a rich talent for ridicule, which tinted vividly the genius for satire that shone within him. This talent, *well directed*, it has been allowed by all, encomiasts and censors alike, it was easy and desirable to turn to a moral good; and, if so employed, as I come shortly to show it was, no discerning person could refuse to acknowledge the possessor for an agreeable gentleman, a serviceable member of society, and one whose labours could not fail to benefit the age in which he lived, if his memory and his satires did not survive him. And he has lived to these times, as these volumes give evidence: even his sayings and his bon-mots have been collected with the utmost care; they live, too, in the mouths of *all the wits;* and, by their many versions, prove how anxious the retailers are to give the good things "as Foote said" them. Those who sit in judgement on his name and character have no other duty to perform than to lament the prevalence of some particular vice—excessive sanctity, for example, or an inordinate desire for courts of law—and to his works they may refer for proofs how much he has done for the suppression of both. Of course, he enjoyed the deepest obloquy of either, as he did that of many other offenders. His exact personation

of Mrs. Cole, and of her cant concerning the good-man, Dr. Squintum, caused the whole body of canting heresiarchs to preach *at* him; the upstarts of the Commissary and the Nabob avenged their cause in all the coffee-houses, by calling him a vagabond; the *fops*, through every grade, damned him from their hearts' core; and "the press-gang," accurately exposed in the Bankrupt, paragraphed him as one unworthy of their "chapel," whilst they pilfered his good things for their journals. One of these assisted Lady Kitty Crocodile to revenge, by a criminal prosecution, the insults her crimes had called forth; and even the sturdy lexicographer Samuel Johnson talked of him as "a fellow" beneath his notice, merely through apprehension of being "shown up" on the stage. Yet could not the Doctor withstand the force of Foote's wit, as he himself avowed, in words that are sufficiently intelligible, to be sure, but as certainly unmeasured by the metre of gentlemanly expression. That he was often in company with Foote is deducible from the first words:—"The *first* time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no *good opinion* of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner, pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so *very comical*, that

I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible." This is "colossal" language, truly; and Foote's wit must have been *strong* thus to move the acknowledged "Colossus of Literature" on his pedestal.

A dramatist, whose productions have survived half a century, and the justice of whose satire is still felt and admitted, if it be not relished and admired, deserves, at least, the commemoration which the re-publication of his works offer, if such a course be not demanded as matter of right, from the age in which we live; an age and a nation, it must be averred, distinguished for original genius, as it is for the number of readers, and variety of its literature—that lies under many obligations to the man whose writings were mainly directed to the repression of foreign fopperies, and the exposure of exotic vices, that, in his day, had taken rampant root among us. Of these we had previously enough of our own, and circumstances are ever arising to engender more. These Foote did not neglect to lash with the keen and pointed scourge of dramatic dialogue; nor did he fail to expose the more flagrantly malfaisant offenders, at his own personal risk, by mimicry, dress, and manner, theretofore unknown among us, and but poorly attempted elsewhere. With some,

he is still regarded as chiefly prizeable or blameable for this latter quality of *taking off* real characters; in his own time they, rationally enough, considered this to be the chief, great end and aim of his dramatic career; and there existed theatrical reasons sufficient why this opinion should go forth, though ill-founded, and the delusion prevail, when impersonal characters were applied, by the popular voice, to well-known individuals in actual life.

He himself meets this objection in one of his prologues, charging his audience with the sponsorship of his ideas.

> "Critics, whene'er I write, in every scene,
> Discover meanings that I never mean.
> *Again*—your fancy takes more partial aim,
> And gives to airy nothing place and name.
> I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
> But every babe his christening owes to you."

The application of real names to vile actions in representation would amount to no more than ascribing such actions, in real life, to certain names assumed on the stage; only, that the first-mentioned course would *tell* better in the treasury, and the latter could be undertaken by no others than a multitude of *vice-destroyers*, who might be commissioned to ambulate a huge metropolis, charged with the perilous duty of sticking labels on people's backs (or foreheads), giving notice—"This is

Mother Cole"—"Here you see Young Wilding"—and "This man is *Flint*, of Bath." The story of the Cat and Bell would no longer be considered fabulous, though many an overweening moralist proceeds a step or two further, in thus marking out the line that divides the good and the bad parts of society, according to his own notions of what is *good* and what *bad*.

A charge of personality might, certainly, lie valid against Mr. Foote, in too many instances—we do not hesitate to allow that it is proved, as regarded the originals in several of his earlier pieces particularly; nor to admit that some two or three persons might have been spared the lash, and the cause of morality suffer nought by the omission. But, when the rod is uplifted, which the popular cry has placed in the hands of an accredited censor, no wonder if it, some time or other, alight on the heads and shoulders of individuals less turpid than their fellow-sufferers. If the awards of a judge and jury are, occasionally, liable to arraignment, how little cause have we to regret, though Clamour extend her tongue, and Malevolence point its finger at an individual who is labouring for public approbation? That this individual, Samuel Foote, did so sustain the clamour and the malevolence, which, I admit, he had himself stirred up, we come presently to detail;

and, although he did not survive the time when even-handed justice overtook the perpetrators, it belongs to history to furnish materials for reflecting on the instability of human greatness, splendour, show, popularity, and the dismal cheerings of a mis-directed press. Very few will envy the possession of a ducal coronet to a Kingston, and none the career of public infamy run by a certain Rev. Mr. Jackson; the denouement of both is demoniacally pictured in the fate of Faustus, whose last throes were taunted by the attribute-being that led him to destruction. Both those public characters had rendered themselves obnoxious to all persons who still preserved respect for the decencies of life; and, although we nowhere read or hear of the circumstance, it is not to be supposed that our satirist, hacknied playwright and actor as he had been for thirty years, imbibed no portion of the public feeling.

With respect to the unhappy man just named, we may observe that, in the alteration of the Trip to Calais to the Capuchin, the character of O'Donnovan suffered no reduction, whilst Lady Kitty Crocodile vanished from the scene through dire necessity.

Equally improbable is the supposition, that he either entertained personal likes or dislikes for any of the characters from whom he drew, or

that his motives were really of a public nature and propelled him onward to further the general weal. If he really admired a deformity of the mind, and ascribed it to the heart, whilst he assumed the face and dress of the offender, this genial feeling must have been created by reflecting on the plaudits which would accompany a successful *hit-off* of the subject under treatment. His public feeling we may safely ascribe to the prospect of private emolument, and consider that his philanthropy was solely swayed by the probable receipts of his theatrical treasury. Yet, after this wide concession, I am constrained to say, whatever may have been the motives to action, we must take this author's whole works, and each separate piece, upon the credit of the effect produced on the manners of the times, and the fairness evinced by him in portraying the vices of the age in which he lived. A needy statesman may "accept of office," or a trading justice wriggle himself into "the commission;" but we are precluded from inquiring about the motives that actuated either functionary, until a mandamus overtakes the one, or an impeachment stops the public career of the other.

Samuel Foote, our dramatic satirist, was a native of the county of Cornwall, the remotest member of those two counties which were an-

ciently comprised under the common name of Danmonium, a mining district, and prolifically productive of shining characters, "as well gownsmen as swordsmen"—according to one of their biographers.* To these, we have the satisfaction of adding, also, more recently, several ornaments of the age in which we live, as promoters and discoverers in the useful arts; an equal number of proficients in the fine arts might, also, be adduced, were such a course proper.

He was the son of Samuel and Eleanor Foote, and was born in a house long known as "*Johnson Vivian's,*" which may have misled his biographers into the belief that the father's name was John and not Samuel. He was the eldest of two sons, and was baptized, at St. Mary's, in Truro, January 27th, 1720, by Joseph Jane, rector. He is somewhere stated to have been born at the Red Lion, in that town; but this is a mistake, arising from the circumstance of that celebrated inn being kept by Henry Foote, a distant relation of the family. Speaking of his person, the Rev. Richard Polwhele, historian of Devonshire, says, that he knew our dramatist well. "In person he was about the middle size," rather clumsily made, with a broad fleshy face,

* John Prince, in "Danmonii Orientales Illustres."

and a certain archness in his eye which at once proclaimed him the genuine humourist." This description of him exactly suits a chalk drawing, now in my possession, taken from the life; but is not altogether in accordance with the next statement, that the most perfect likeness is a French print, published immediately after one of his trips to Paris, unless we concede a good deal to the usual stiffness of carriage which was common at the period this picture was drawn and engraved. It is the same which is prefixed to this hasty sketch, and with this explanation the reader may form a good idea of the person of the genius we are now contemplating.

Foote has been considered, by all who have written of him, as a great *genius;* and so have many other extraordinary men; and much pains have been employed, in all ages, to carry back a derivation thereof to parentage, near or remote, according to circumstances. But this must be a gross error, if by it we are required to ascribe any particular working of nature the accomplishment of this object *in fœtu;* an error we owe to the ancients, who did not hesitate to assume that the genius *in fœtu* was foreknown, predicted, and even influenced externally. Most of their geniuses, however, were warlike ones, and highly-born, and, therefore, was the gestation

watched with servile care, with heated imaginations, and sycophant wonderings. The same course of delusion takes place frequently in remote and unfrequented parts of this country; the birth of a great landholder's genuine son being formerly prefaced by omens, dreams, and sometimes by concurrent births of some cerf's son, as is amusingly exemplified in Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies.

The birth or creation of genius is neither so rare an occurrence, or so extraordinary, as is generally understood; nor is its first indication always followed up by future excellence—many a supposed boy of genius devolving into a most doltish man. Neither is the birth of a genius attended by omens, or previous indications, as the ancients would have us believe, when they went so far back as the miraculous conception of a Rhea Silvia; watched the flight of *eagles*, a few months previous to the birth of a conquering genius; of *owls*, that of a lawgiver, and of *vultures*, that of a tyrant. These kind of delusions were creations of the fancy, believed of none, though standing upon "firm historical bases," and some of them *sworn* to by pliant courtiers and vehement believers in the miraculous, who almost put faith in what they had sworn, though that were but the deification of *a Cæsar*.

But wonders have ceased to work by means of astonishment for many centuries; we now hear of no men born with prognostics of their future destinies, as was once the fashion; the modern attempts upon our credulity being scouted *in limine* by *the press*, aided by the common sense of mankind; and, if all those omens and signs which, we are gravely told, preceded the birth of great men, be held up and tried by this test, we should soon discover that one and all sprung out of the artful contrivances of the more cunning, to rivet the awe, and thereby secure the slavery of their fellow-creatures. And, perhaps, there was nothing to lament about in this species of deceit, seeing the utter ignorance and brutality that anciently prevailed over the earth; but to suffer the delusion longer to continue, what would it be but to pander to the abasement of intellect, to assist in the degradation of our species? Those miracles I allude to could not have happened, for *none* could be prescient of what portion of intellect the forth-coming mortal might be possessed; —the particular genius he would display might develope itself, but could not be inborn.

Greatness of intellectual frame, or genius, then, does not reside in the *fœtus*, as the wonder-workers would have us believe: parents seldom impart to their yet unformed offspring the ta-

lent that subsequently unfolds itself, as accident directs, in the capacity of governing, or of usefully serving his fellow creatures, of pleasing by their wit, or of deceiving by their subtilty. The acquirement of genius is of later date, and diverges into the various excellences we daily contemplate and admire, as chance or contrivance may direct towards the chord or bent of mind which may, at that precise moment, be at the greatest tension: to this point I shall shortly adduce two or three instances from the immediate vicinity of Foote's nativity.

When those excellences are attained, we term them *acquisitions*, because they are not innate, inborn, intuitive, but obtained by some exertion of the intellect, where genius is supposed to reside. Newton or Porson, without this employment, exertion, or action of the *sensorium*, determined towards certain studies by some concurrent circumstance, would have remained unnoticed, as plodding cow-boys, or industrious shopmen; Shakspeare had settled down into the cunning poacher, and, probably, in due time, have taken his voyage across the Atlantic, at the beck of some clod-pole, game-preserving magistrate. In the contemplated action of the seat of mind, something congenial must be brought to strike rightly upon the chords of sense, or the impetus is soon

lost which would propel genius against the grain, by a kind of friction, or over a rugged, uneven, or darksome route, where it would be lost in the dreariness of the pursuit, and have to commence its course anew, jaded, dispirited, and grown old in fruitless efforts, without the cheering consolation of having grown wiser. Whenever this lamentable misapplication of a man's talents has led him astray, we are ready enough to declare that "the pursuit is ill-suited to his genius;" for every man has his peculiar genius, though that is frequently as mean one, of no higher flight than "a mechanical turn," or a disposition to wage war with created beings come to: this is a low genius. Parents will perceive the mischief of controlling the bent or turn of mind of their offspring, and of mistaking the false for the true chord which may at any time be struck.

There is, also, another species of genius we call ingenuity, or the inventive faculty, which frequently accompanies or takes place of the higher flights of genius that, meantime, lies idle, or fallow, to recruit its powers. Cochrane and Stanhope quitted awhile their apparently genuine pursuits, in which both obtained high honours, to attend the smith's forge and anvil, though both were noble by descent. It is not to be denied that those menial pursuits now instanced pro-

ceeded out of other congenial occupations of the mind; but, then, do they not seem very unlike the congeniality of music, poetry, and painting, as adduced in the case of Peter Pindar (John Wolcot). The Doctor, originally of a quaker family, over whose gestation no omened bird croaked forth, was simply a man of taste, as yet unpractised in the three sister arts, in all which he ultimately excelled; yet was it accident alone that made him a poet, *viz.* a supposed slight put upon his *protegée*, John Opie, the painter, by the Academicians. Ere that chord was struck, Peter practised medicine in the town of Foote's birth, and so would have remained probably, but for that circumstance. Yet was John Wolcot a man of bland manners, debonnaire, and amorous; amusing himself occasionally on his violin, and in a moment using the bone folder in turning up the sheets of his publications. This might be deemed the *eccentricity* of *his* genius, a term under which many a silly fellow screens himself from a right estimate being made of his pretensions, who has no genius, no talent, but is *all eccentric*, all irregularly taught, all bone-foldering.

As to striking the right chords of a man's natural talents, whereby his genius becomes manifest—and not to leave the province that gave birth to Foote and to Wolcot, we may easily

conceive by what process of mind the genius of George Bidder, the Dartmoor calculating boy, would never have shone forth in the *fine arts*, neither bid him make a figure at a *lilt*, or in a hornpipe, whatever it might have done if the chord of his perception had been struck with mathematics, or other exact science. But for accidentally solving the village question, as to the ascending series upon a set of horse-shoe nails, George Bidder would have remained unknown, except as a bricklayer. Some men there are whom the silly part of mankind deem geniuses from the day of their birth; and the proclamation of this fact, if it be so, has the effect of superinducing total reliance upon the genius of the wearer, and leaves nothing to his industry, to application or external influence, as advice, necessity, or chance. Children that are declared "astonishing ones for their years," seldom astonish any one after they reach the age of puberty. This is the reason why those who are wholly bred up in modern large cities so seldom achieve great actions: they see so many sights and *outre* actions at the earliest period of their lives, all which they imitate or attempt to copy, especially the more piquant, that their minds become palled at an age when the finest flights may be reasonably hoped for in those that have been bred in more sedate nurseries.

We come, then, to the conclusion that all persons born have a certain capacity, or minds adapted to one or other of those pursuits in life, in which to excel greatly is supposed to have been his genius or exactly suiting to the form of his mind, to the bent or turn of his fancy. This *genius*, or bent of mind, of an individual, is frequently sought for in childhood by over-weening parents, and too often do the friends of youth imagine they have discovered its unerring indications in some boyish freak that is commonly imitative, or called forth by concurrent circumstances only, such as are seldom to be relied upon. A single occurrence of this sort, or even an isolated effort of genius, being too hastily and confidently pronounced a true type of genius, and that, too, by an incompetent judge; what is worse, it is usually acted upon to the very letter, and fixes irretrievably the worldly destiny of youth, and they struggle through life upon a wrong scent. Such was the case with young Foote, when his relations imagined he would shine at the bar, and sent him to study Law in the Temple; though the only apology they could make for so strange a decision, was his juvenile assumption of the judicial character in a case of summary justice, which was brought before his father and other magistrates, whom he imitated to the life. To the

details we come presently, remarking, by the way, that the unamiable quality of *taking-off* the conversational vulgarisms of his father, together with the iracibility of one guest, and the easy morality of another, although it might promise a hereafter well adapted to bailable practice, or a brow-baiting barrister, argued nought as to the higher flights of rhetorical excellence, unless, indeed, these could be mimicked, as some pretend, and others attempt. The exemplification hereof, should it be sought for, will be found in the speeches *he* afterwards put into the mouths of his own "Orators" (vol. ii. page 179, &c.)—at once quackish, dogmatical, and querulous; and these, with *Circuit*, in the Lame Lover, and an incidental hit, here and there, are all the indications we can discover of Foote's early genius for law, and the spending some three years, the most valuable of his life, in the pursuit of an unamiable, heart-subduing, remorseless part of a dry profession. No wonder that a mind like his, endued with fancy and a genius for mimicry, for the repression of the foibles, the offences, or the crimes of others, should seek for variety and recreation amidst his studies, in theatrical personification; or, what is the same thing, in criticisms on their excellences and their failures, on their positive merits, and their comparative demerits. He is not alone in

this respect: many a briefless barrister, and unavailing quack, finds his solace in the drama; and all the way down thence to the shop-board and the counter, who is free from the universal mania? —None but dolts.

We should be chary in estimating this quality of the mind (genius) too highly, in living persons, though no harm can accrue to the character of the dead—lest the consciousness of being so highly-gifted (if there be really any such *gift*, to the extent usually contended for) should tend to relax the exertions of *the genius* in the acquirement of human knowledge. The goadings of poverty, and the *calls* of a numerous family, as much as the praise and the remuneration of "a generous public," produce, prolifically, the finest radiances of cultivated minds, which would have lain fallow without that impulse. Nay, it is to be presumed, that some, if not all genius, would have remained hid, cramped, or turned away from its *proper course*, but for the partial visitings of the *spectre*, grim Want—and I bring *Foote* in evidence of the fact. The reader is, doubtless, aware of William Shakspeare's *debutment*, and that of twenty others, on the stage of life—and I say no more on this sinus of the present topic; he will also see, shortly, how often our Foote was under the dire necessity of drawing upon his genius to

support his body. But, in whatsoever degree persons may be gifted with the qualities of mind just contemplated, let those who reason upon the subject prove, by their verdict, the fallaciousness of stopping the precocious developements of town-bred youth, who batten in plenty, if not in sloth, and seldom emerge, unless pricked by necessity, incited by ambition, or scourged in the school of adversity. Early indications of a taste for poetry and music may be adduced by some as pointing out the right path of the future man; but those signs of his genius are to be relied upon in no other pursuit, nor in these to any extent. Even John Dryden penned none but mawky plays, nor did Byron succeed at all as a dramatist, though both were thought alike the favourites of Thalia and Melpomene. Moreover, the reader will find, in the sequel, that Samuel Foote mistook the lady of his choice, and first paid his respects to the latter, though events proved that his genius belonged wholly to the first mentioned.

The father of Samuel Foote, as we have just seen, was no scholar, and, we infer, he was no genius; though, without either the *gift* of nature or the *acquirement* of learning, no obstacle stood in the way of his being *an original*, such as most provincial towns are adorned with. But he shone

not in any sphere, neither as a dispenser of the statute-law, or in exercising the more lucrative office of Receiver of Fines for the Duchy of Cornwall. In war time he also filled the post of Joint Commissioner of Prizes; but, in neither occupation do we discover that he evinced powers of mind sufficient to warrant a belief, that he was likely to convey any such to his immediate heir, Samuel; whilst we have it in proof that Edward, the next son of old Mr. Foote, was little better than a *natural*, which he might have devolved into more securely, from the circumscribed society of his birth-place, Truro. For, notwithstanding Cornwall is not deficient in her list of worthies, as the living names of Davey, Pellew, Paris, attest; yet is the range of conversation very limited in its improvement, even in this very pretty little town of Truro, the very gem of *the county*.

His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. Member of Parliament for the county of Hereford, by a grand-daughter of the Earl of Rutland. Sir Edward was a gentleman of good estate, nearly the whole of which descended to Foote, in right of his mother, by one of those untoward occurrences that too frequently disfigure civil society, and cause the sensitive and the weak to sigh for a state of pure nature, vainly hoping to

find that security in one rude extreme which they have lost in the refinements of another. The constitution of civil society is such as to be susceptible of too high a polish; our very happiness, and its defences, may be converted to blemishes: spots, that corrode and endanger the whole frame, if not speedily and effectually eradicated, are often discerned where we least expected to meet with the self-abasing deformity; and one portion of the community have constant reason to blush for another, whilst a third party insist upon coercion and severities that unhinge the links which bind man to man.

Two brothers out of six survived of the family of Mrs. Foote—viz. Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart. and Captain Samuel Goodere, of the Royal Navy. Between those two gentlemen disagreement arose to so high a pitch, that the former had gone the length of submitting the family estate to a surrender, with fine and recovery, in order to cut off the entail from his brother Samuel, he (Sir John) having no children. He is described as, withal, a gentleman of weak intellect, of which these transactions bear strong proof. After a dinner-party, at the house of Mr. Jarritt Smith, on College-green, Bristol, at which the two brothers seemed (but only *seemed*) reconciled, the Captain caused Sir John to be seized by some of his crew, and carried

on board his ship, the Ruby, which then lay under his command in the Roads. Here, on board one of his Majesty's men of war, was this unfortunate gentleman strangled by two of the crew, his unnatural brother standing by, and furnishing the cord for that purpose.* For this perfidious crime, was one of the unhappy men, with his still more guilty commander, tried, and found guilty, at Bristol, on the 25th of March, 1741; and the other culprit having been convicted separately, of robbery and murder, next day, all three suffered execution on Monday, March 30th, agreeable to their sentence. Never, certainly, was the extreme severity of the law more righteously put in force; we only lament that the same punishment, which, in this case, we laud and approve of, is much oftener employed *in terrorem* of crimes which were none, until "the state of commerce" and some sanguinary statute proclaimed them such.

By this sad means, the fortunes of the Dinely family, which had centered in Sir John, as well as that of the Gooderes, passed to Mrs. Foote, and, subsequently, to her son Samuel. From her he is, also, supposed to have derived quickness of parts, and relish for pungent wit, by a gentleman who

* The sanguinary monster had even torn away the lashing of his writing desk for the purpose, with his own hand.—See notes annexed. (A)

professes to have known him well, and whom I shall quote more largely in the sequel, and who seems determined, before-hand, to ascribe the possession of good natural parts to some hereditary influence. "Where shall we look for this first impulse in Foote? He could not have it from his father, who was a plain, country gentleman; nor from *his brother!* (says Mr. W. Cooke, whom I quote,) who was so *imbecile*, both in mind and body, that he had scarcely power to provide for himself, in any department of life. May we not, then, with some propriety, ascribe this extraordinary natural talent as hereditary from his mother? who not only transmitted to him [the similitude of] her face and person, but likewise the model of her mind, which, polished by a higher education and a selection of congenial company, ripened into all that luxuriance of fancy which was so long the delight of the gay, the fashionable, and the literary world."

Mrs. Foote is described, by the same authority, as "the very model of her son Samuel—short, fat, and flabby, with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good-humour: in short, she resembled him so much in all her movements, and so strongly identified his person and manner, that, by changing habits, they might be thought to have

interchanged sexes." At *seventy-nine*, five years before her decease, the same gentleman informs us he dined in her company at chambers in Gray's Inn; that she was then hale and active as a woman of forty, ascending the staircase without help and without fatigue. "Her manners and conversation were of the same cast, witty, humourous, and convivial; and, though her remarks, occasionally, (considering her age and sex,) rather strayed 'beyond the limits of becoming mirth,' she, on the whole, delighted every body, and was confessedly the heroine of that day's party."

With this lively insight into the particular traits of the old lady's character and manners we might remain satisfied, and draw our own conclusions as to their influence upon her son's future enactment of his fine *part* in the drama of life, but for the bold manner of ascribing these to hereditary possession of those qualities, which, Mr. Cooke says, he discovered in the mother, to coincide so exactly with those of the son. But, the hereditary descent of intellectual endowments was already disproved, by the same writer, as regards Edward Foote, in whom none of the "humour, wit, and conviviality" of the mother was to be found, but, on the contrary, the poor parson is described, by the same authority, as "*imbecile* both in mind and

body," as a fool scarcely able to "balance a straw," though, no doubt, radically skilled in Greek quantities, points, and metre.

Edward Foote's being bred to the church does not subtract one iota from the charge thus brought against his understanding. The acquirements of the schools do not always confer learning along with the scholarship of Greek and Latin; nor the solving a problem in Euclid enable the student to unravel a knotty question in statistics; indeed, they are never the most elegant literatists who study longest at college, the jargon of the schools; but, the sooner these trammels are shaken off, and he studies by himself, the sooner will the scholar think for himself. Whoever looks back upon his college pursuits, and inquires what he owes to the discipline, the theories, and rules there enforced, will find that he has learnt, essentially, nothing but how to conduct his studies to some satisfactory purpose. Doubtless, a classical education helps the future studies, though we have it in proof in the person of Edward Moore,* that they are not

* He was the author of some excellent dramas, and "the World," a periodical paper of no small repute, but knew no other language than his own. His versification was easy and full of imagery, and he married a wife of the same turn of mind; but "the *family-talent*" (as Lord Chesterfield called it) did not descend to their son, who failed to realize the hopes and expectations his lordship had enter-

indispensable in forming *a man of reading*,* and of profitable understanding, and literary taste.

A few characteristic anecdotes were in circulation, respecting the reverend brother of our irreverent faunist, which I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting here. This Edward Foote was a *hum-drum* kind of quiet man, who, being unbeneficed in his profession, Foote allowed him sixty-pounds a year, and "the run of his house and the theatre," as he expressed it. This man, having nothing better to do, was constantly gossiping in the green-room; where, upon one occasion, being observed by the late Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness inquired who he was? "What, that little man, in the shabby black coat,

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tained from an experiment for teaching the youth nothing but his native English. But, not having the difficulties which his father had to struggle with, nor, consequently, the same spur to assiduity, he wanted the ingredients which contributed to form and enrich his father's mind. Neither genius nor taste is descendable; though the descendants of men remarkable for either *may*, probably, find the chords of a particular pursuit more tense than any other, when emulation or ambition strike the mind.

* Neither is mere *reading*, without the leisure or the ability to digest what is read, sufficient to form a man of understanding, much less one of literary acquirements. This is the case with nearly one entire class of his Majesty's liege subjects; of one of whom, Mr. Archibald Hamilton, printer of the "Critical Review," Foote observed, to some one who praised Hamilton as a *well read* man. "I grant you he *reads* a great many *proofs*, but these are no *proofs* of his *reading*."

just gone out?" said Sam. "oh! that's *my barber*." A reply that satisfied the Duke for the present, until, by accident, he found out the fact of consanguinity, and challenged Foote with it the first time he saw him. "Why, what could I do with the fellow?" exclaimed Foote, "I could not charge him with being a *brother-wit*; and, as I would not disclaim *all* relationship with him, I was obliged to make him out a *brother-shaver*."

Shaver was, at that time, a *slang word*, being admitted only into our dictionaries of such neological terms, though evidently well derived from the root *to shave*, or cut close, as those persons do who pension themselves upon others, like a tax upon talent, or a clog upon personal exertion, as Ned Foote did upon Sam. At other times, Ned would fall fast asleep in the green-room, while the business of the theatre was going on; and, as he had a remarkably *large tongue*, it would, upon such occasions, loll out of his mouth in a very unseemly manner, to the no small amusement of the performers. One morning, at rehearsal, it happened that this circumstance offered such a temptation to one of the actors, that he gave the sleeping Neddy a *chuck* under the chin, which cut his tongue, and sent him, drivelling, to his brother. "How comes it that you abuse the performers so much as you do?" demanded the latter. "What,

me! I abuse them?" said the poor parson, "I never said a disrespectful word to one of them in my life." "Poh! poh!" replied the other, "that must be a fib, as 'tis plain you have not been able to keep a *good tongue* in your head."

Before I quit this division of my subject, I deem it not at all irrelevant to remark of Mrs. Foote's brothers, whose sad fate is mentioned in a preceding page, that the elder is described as little less imbecile than her son Edward. It came out on the trial that he was in the habit of performing menial offices in his own kitchen, and having, withal, so crazy a head, that it would not bear the stimulus of a glass of wine; whilst the *captain's* clumsy *mode* of executing his horrid purpose betokens but a silly head for contrivance of any sort, since even the hopes of impunity did not inspire him with animal cunning sufficient to employ adequate means for rendering it secure. We must, then, come to the conclusion that talent, or genius, if it be heritable at all, passeth in veins, or strata, or, possibly, in a manner resembling the tin *lodes* of Foote's native Cornwall, with plenty of dross intervening.* As one more proof, (out of the

* The title of *baronet*, so cut off in its direct descent, passed to the Dinely family, the last heritor of it having deceased at Windsor, *circa* 1810-12, without issue. Sir John Dinely, one of the "poor knights of Windsor," was a

same family, as I apprehend,) another *Samuel Foote*, proprietor of the Plymouth Theatre, about the years 1780–84, performed, very respectably, the parts of Shylock, Iago, Marplot, and all that cast of characters; but Joseph Foote, nephew of this last Samuel, a very likely figure, got *goose* for his pains, at each attempt to come out, even in ordinary characters.

In another respect, however, the influence of the mother might be traced to its true bearing; for, on this parent usually devolves the duty of rearing the tender mind, of teaching the young idea how to shoot, and of training the tendrils of thoughts and actions according to her own fancy.* We ought to pre-suppose *capacity* in the infant, and that early tuition has been applied to fructify *the parts*; and if, during this process, the mother discover the budding of fruit that is congenial to her own taste, she hails its development, and cherishes it towards perfection. She it is who first discovers the bent

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remarkably eccentric old man, who pertinaceously retained the wish of marrying some rich dowager, whom he pestered with love-letters so long as he could write them.—See his portrait in *Granger's Wonderful Magazine.*

* Many years have passed away since I saw, in their local histories, frequent indications that *Danmonian mothers* assumed the task of early inculcation, and subsequent visits to families in both its divisions, (*aut Orientales aut Occidentales,*) that their Borlase, and Carew, and Prince, imparted the true idea to their readers' minds.

of mind, or genius of her children, and gives it further impulse by commendation, by smiles, by corresponding rewards, and, finally, by laying her commands *gently*, for genius will not bear harsh control. Neither is a fine genius to be left wholly to itself, lest the natural love of ease should suffer it to sleep its last sleep in the lap of luxury. As was said higher up, a spur is requisite, and none *sharper* is to be devised than the prospect of want, although a more gaudy one is frequently felt in the riot of ambition, and the cherished hope of distinction in society. Many a village genius expires unknown, for want of a more expanded theatre whereon to exhibit, to expand its wings, and extort plaudits; but thousands more get drowned in luxury, or are overwhelmed in sloth and despondency. Circumstance, however, that tardy handmaid of our necessities, steps in, occasionally, in aid of one or the other species of suffering genius, and the rescue is blazoned forth as an interposition of much higher behest than simple accident, agreeably to the optic lens of the beholder.

As in all similar cases, and following the example of the great masters of biography, the admirers of his genius, and writers concerning Samuel Foote, recount a few incidents in his early life which denoted precocious talent, and marked his future pursuit. Uncontradicted as those little narratives

now stand, I cannot fail to give them place, after warning parents not to set down such juvenile impertinences as certain indications of the pursuit most proper for the future man. At an early age, Foote was despatched to school at Worcester. Here he was placed under the care of Dr. Miles, a particular friend of his father's, and a man of great eminence in the discharge of his duties. Many stories are told of the freaks of young Foote while he resided at this school—such as his being the contriver of a new species of "barring out," or petty rebellion among the boys, (practised in those days,) blacking the master's face while he slept, forming artificial earthquakes under his chair, and other means of annoyance.

We do not find, however, that such little indiscretions impeded the progress of his studies; he returned to his father's house, during the vacation, with the character of having pursued the path of learning with the requisite diligence, and, as we afterwards find, with tolerable profit. On occasion of one of those visits to Truro, during the Christmas recess, a circumstance presented itself, at his father's table, which gave him an opportunity for unfolding that talent for mimicry which, afterwards so much distinguished him among all classes of society.

As before intimated, Samuel Foote, the elder, was

one of the county justices of the peace for Cornwall; "the unpaid magistracy," as we are told latterly, when any of them "act with a vigour beyond the law;" men of independent property, whose aberrations in the employment of their influence, and crooked mode of applying the criminal law, we are led to understand, ought, legally, to be attributed to "error in judgement," whenever either has been *proved corrupt*—not otherwise, for then the legal expounders of right and wrong find nothing in the case *to expound*. However this be, as regards Justice Foote—and 'tis but fair to allow that he lived before the shelves groaned with statutes—"a bastardy case" was announced to him as coming on for a hearing next day. Young Sam, then in his twelfth year, being present when some casual remarks fell from the company, he observed, "Well, I foresee how this business will end, as well as what the justices will say upon it." "Aye!" said his father, with surprise—"well, Sam, let us hear it." Upon this encouragement, the young mimic, dressing up his face in strong caricature-likeness of Justice D—, thus proceeded:—

"Hem! hem! here's a fine job of work broke out indeed! a *feller* begetting bastards under our very noses, (and let me tell you, good people, a common labouring rascal, too,) when our taxes are so great and our poor-rates so high; why, 'tis an abomina-

tion; if things go on at this rate, we shall not have an honest servant-maid in the neighbourhood, and the whole parish will swarm with bastards; therefore, I say, let him be fined for his pranks very severely; and if the rascal has not money, (as, indeed, how should he have it?) or can't find security, (as, indeed, how should such a *feller* find security?) let him he clapped up in prison till he pays it."

Then, dropping the distortion of his face, the arch young wag proceeded: Justice A—— will be milder, and say, "Well, well, brother; this is not a new case; bastards have been begotten before now, and bastards will be begotten to the end of the chapter; therefore, though the man has committed a crime; and, indeed, I must say, a crime that holds out a very bad example to a neighbourhood like this, yet let us not ruin the poor fellow for this one fault, he may do better another time, and mend his life; therefore, as the man is poor, let him be obliged to provide for the child according to the best of his abilities, giving two honest neighbours as security for the payment."

Here he would have ended, amidst roars of laughter at the humour, justness, and discrimination of character he had displayed; and, among the rest, his father, who desired to know why he had been omitted, seeing that he, also, would be pre-

sent, being 'one of the quorum." Sam hesitated; but his father, and the rest of the company, earnestly requesting it, he began,—"Why, upon my word, in respect to this here business, to be sure, it is rather an awkward affair; and, to be sure, it ought not to be; that is to say, the justices should not suffer such things to be done with impunity. However, on the whole, I am rather of my brother A——'s opinion; which is, that the man should pay according to his circumstances, and be admonished—I say *admonished* not to commit so flagrant an offence for the future. The peculiar points of this speech, here well *worked in* by the youth, show the degree of cultivation his father's mind had received, and, whether transmissible or not, would scarcely be worth receiving *in tail*, as a qualification for *serving* any office or trust, higher than a *plough tail*. The accuracy of those speeches we ought not to doubt, as I have reason to apprehend they were reported by a person there present, namely, his *mother;* and they do, indeed, convey good strong *characteristics* of the persons meant to be represented. From the same source we learn that the father was a plain matter-of-fact sort of man, after the manner of which species of persons the son delivered his speech, twirling about his thumbs to heighten the likeness of the original. To what is remarked at a prece-

ding page (xx), respecting this speech, there still remains to add another consideration; *namely*, whether, in the whole process, we do not discover the germ of the future satirist developing itself in the take-off, so much dreaded and laughed at in after life?

After passing through his school education, with the character of an arch, clever lad, he went out, in course of election, for Worcester-College, Oxford, which had been founded anew, in 1714, by Sir Thomas Cocks Winsford, a second cousin of Foote's. Here he studied several years under Dr. Gower, then Provost; a man of considerable learning, as *learning* was at that time estimated; but of a most grave, sour, pedantic turn of mind. As might be anticipated, this pedantry of the Provost became to Foote the source of every kind of wit and humour: from his earliest years, he sought for nothing with so great a relish as the ridiculous and the bombastic in any man's character; and, having well ascertained these points, he would fill the canvass with caricatures from his own luxuriant imagination. The Doctor might be considered fair game, even now, and, no doubt, was thought so, most cordially, ninety years ago. Foote did not neglect opportunity, and got "admonished," when lapses of industry required such a check; additional exercises, also, usually accom-

pany rebuke, and the Doctor did not neglect the peroration, when the task was finished and brought up to him.

In delivering those lectures on misconduct, the Doctor, of course, would not fail to perform *his part*, in the full academic style of measured phrase and big-sounding periods; add to this, a peculiar quaintness of expression, and considerable tact for hard words, and we ought not to wonder that he should incur the ridicule of his pupils, and of Foote among the rest. On some such occasions, our young man would go up to the Doctor, with his exercise in one hand and a huge dictionary under his arm, and present himself for examination, with gravity and submission amounting to the grotesque. Being received with the usual "Well, sir, what do you want?" he would answer, "Sir, I am come to do away the imposition laid upon me." "What do you mean by *imposition?* I would have you know, sir, I impose upon nobody." "I am sure, then, sir, if you did not *impose* this duty upon me, I never should have taken a natural fancy to it."

Hereat, Gower usually growled, and bade him "go on," which the other did, with so much talent and perspicuity as to extort tardy assent to his proficiency. The interview, however, ended not so soon as the task: the Doctor would expatiate

on the mischievous effects of idleness, and on the danger of being led away by the ebullition of fancy, in preference to following the dictates of sober judgement; describing, also, "the figure he might one day make in the world, if he took the course now advised; and, on the contrary, the contempt and misery which must attend a life of idleness and dissipation."

While this discourse went on, it experienced repeated interruptions from the lexicographic assiduity of our young student, who, when the Doctor came to any of his ponderous hard words, begging pardon, with much formality, "would desire him to stop while he just turned to that word," and, pretending to have found its meaning, would again close the book, with "Very well, sir, now please to go on."

It would have been well for a man of so many peculiarities as Dr. Gower, if this were all the *unpleasantry* to which he subjected himself; but, in the midst of so much pedantry and *dead learning*, it is probable, he had sufficient common sense to perceive that ridicule, from the most lively and sensitive of his little college, was the price he ought to pay for imposing upon the majority, composed of dolts and mere *scholars*. Among other tricks played off by Foote, the following passed current: the church belonging to the College fronted the

side of a lane, through which cattle were daily and nightly driven to and from *grass;* and from the steeple hung a rope, conveniently for the sexton, in the middle of the porch. Foote saw in this combination an object likely to produce fun, at the expense of *the authorities.* He, accordingly, tied a wisp of hay to the rope, as a bait for the cows to nibble at as they passed along, at night, in their grazing peregrinations. This scheme succeeded, *au merveille.* One of the cows, at least, soon after smelling at the delicate hay, as she passed the church-porch, caught hold and tugged at it, whereby the bell tolled, to the astonishment of the sexton, and utter dismay of the parish, who might imagine that the Spaniards had landed, or that wicked sprites, casting off their antipathies, had fallen in love with churches and bell-ringing. As these "doleful sounds were heard" repeatedly, some awe-struck persons gave them *form,* and insisted that several spectres, in dreadful shapes, were seen walking across the churchyard.

Such an occurrence, though the Doctor remained tranquil amid the general dismay, gave him a little uneasiness. He felt that a higher cause of bell-ringing than simply pulling the ropes amounted to, should be explored, for the honour of philosophy and the peace of the neighbourhood. Accordingly, the Doctor induced the sexton to sit up with him

upon the watch one night, with a resolve to drag the culprit to condign punishment. After waiting, with exemplary patience, until the expected signal should sound "to arms," they were, at length, gratified with the "welcome sound," and out both sallied in the dark, with valiant hearts and stout, to seize the wag that dared the public peace invade.

We are given to understand that the sexton was the first up to the porch, where he seized the cow by the tail, exclaiming, "it was a gentleman commoner, for he had him by the tail of the gown;" whilst the Doctor, who had caught hold of the cow's horn at the same moment, replied, "No, no, you blockhead, 'tis more like the postman, for here is his blowing-horn." Here, however, the colloquy ended, and the mystery too; for a light being at hand, the character of the real offender was soon ascertained; and, though the Doctor might vaunt the deed, he had the laugh against him—of townsmen as well as gownsmen.

Notwithstanding these and other such freaks, the time spent by Foote at the University was profitably employed; for he had a certain ambition of excelling in book-learning that counteracted his love of pleasure,—if this desire to appear *a wit* among his fellow-collegians were not itself ambition to excel in exercises of the imagination. He is reported to have made competent progress

in Greek and Latin, and entered, with spirit, on a course of *belles lettres*, when he left the University to launch into the great world. This was about the year 1741, when he came of age; for we find him visiting at his father's house, in Truro, on the 18th of January in that year, where he apprehended that his father had contrived to compliment his arrival by a *serenade*. We are given to understand, however, that this was an illusion of the brain, or that *singing* near the same *place* which much resembles music at times; afterwards, we learn, that it occurred on the night of Sir John Dinely Goodere's murder; but the same account stating that he had then his new wife in bed at the same time, throws discredit on the conclusion drawn by the narrators,—viz. that the music foretold the death of his uncle, Sir John.

After debating between inclination and duty, he entered himself of the Temple, with the usual determination of studying hard, and making his way to the woolsack. Law, however, was not a study that suited with his habits or inclination; he was rather an elegant scholar than erudite, and could neither settle himself down to dry study nor combine judgement with wit, so as to give hopes of one day shining at the bar. He could have eaten his way thither as well as any that have so arrived at the honour, and enlivened the benchers by his wit;

but study is absolutely necessary to make a figure there; and, at that time of day, two or three obstacles existed in the manner of pleading that have been since removed.

He was remembered, by many Templars in my time, as one of the greatest beaux of the year *forty*, living in handsome chambers, with all the paraphernalia of study around him, but without the gift of application. His greatest delight consisted in making a figure at the coffee-houses whither resorted the *beaux-esprits* of the day. At the *Grecian* (in the Temple), whence Addison had dated many papers of his Spectator, Foote cut a conspicuous figure in the morning; and, in the evening, he took his station among the dramatic critics, at the Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent-garden, where they discussed the merits of the actors and the pieces, and lauded or condemned, *orally*, much in the same way as we now do by *writing*.* Indeed, the reports of the earliest

* Dramatic criticism then newly came into vogue, and consisted merely of the *on dits*, collected by some assistant editors, as regarded new pieces only; the actors themselves escaped, tolerably well, the reprovals of the periodical press for a long series of years. Indeed, before this time, the newspapers—or, rather, *one* of them only,—paid the theatres each two hundred pounds annually for *intelligence* as to what was going on at the respective houses; whereas, at present, nearly five times that sum, per estimate, is received by the papers for theatrical advertisements from all the houses. But, then, the papers are supposed to pay nearly

fashionable morning papers of dramatic affairs were first collected at the Bedford, and other such assemblages. Here he was enabled, by his attainments, to shine out a splendid meteoric light, in that age when drawling ignorance and sentimental comedy still maintained their ground on the stage, against a more natural and dignified enunciation, and the representation of credible occurrences.

Garrick appeared at Goodman's Fields the same year, and electrified the town in Richard the Third, delivered without that falling cadenza which then universally prevailed, and now exists with young speakers and village school-mistresses. In those discussions Foote took the part of the more rational manner of delivery, and found himself arranged alongside the opponents of that frivolity and mummery which is ever at variance with common sense. Sentimental comedy was the aversion of the same party; yet did this kind of production continue to infest our playwrights, notwithstanding they had before their eyes Shakspeare and Congreve, and, more familiar still, the Rehearsal of Buckingham,

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half as much as they receive to certain reporters of new pieces, first appearances, &c. &c. The present mode of reporting *theatricals*, as it was termed by Captain Topham, was in full play about the end of the American war; and to Mr. John Bell, the projector of "the World" and "the Morning Post," do we owe the plan of giving a constant succession of strictures on the drama.

and the Beggar's Opera of Gay. The former were, about this time, *newly revived*, and the latter brought in among the stock-pieces, and all were acted according to the taste of Garrick, who received the appropriate name of *Roscius*, after the Roman actor. This was all that could be done, for awhile, to stem the torrent of corruption that continued to flow into our theatrical performances with nearly every new piece that was brought out, until Foote appeared in his proper characters, repressing the mannerism of the players by his mimicry, and giving the public a taste for genuine low comedy, by copying actual society and drawing real persons in the drama. For these qualities he received the cognomen of "the English Aristophanes," after the Grecian actor and satirist, though Foote, unlike him, never libelled the state or *the gods*, i. e. the true worship, though he certainly attacked the excrescences of both.

But I have yet in store to show how it came to pass that Foote was first introduced to the stage, though it may be easy to perceive how facile the step is from being a critic on any species of performance for the critic to perform himself; "*so* and *so* the thing ought to have been executed; stop, and I'll tell you how." Nothing is more common throughout *life*.

How long Foote continued *at the law* is not

ascertained with precision, though we are left to infer, from circumstances, that it could not be more than three years altogether. Meantime, it is apprehended, he lost his father; for he is represented, at one time, as living fashionably and ostentatiously, and expending in this manner and in gambling a very handsome fortune; and this, too, *after* he had been driven to great straights to obtain a living, and resorted to all kinds of expedients to procure a meal. One of these was "the pen," that ready, though meagre, assistant of hungry genius, and his first essay a *family pamphlet.*

He could not have been entered of the Temple long, when the execution of his uncle Samuel Goodere, for the murder before noticed, caused a great sensation throughout the kingdom. Taking advantage of the public feeling, a bookseller, living near the Old Bailey, prevailed upon Foote, at the price of ten pounds down, and ten pounds on the sale of a certain number of copies, to write a "narrative" of that transaction. In this publication he endeavoured to rescue the memory of Captain Goodere from a part of that load of obloquy which the world naturally heaped upon it; but the attempt failed him as to argument, though it might succeed, with good numbers of soft-hearted Christians, in exciting commiseration. It was published, anonymously, in April, 1741. At this period, he

must have been fresh from college; for we are told that he was met in Fleet-street by some young Oxonians on the very day of receiving one or other of those ten pounds, under circumstances that would have abashed a less ready wit: he had no stockings on his legs, but contrived to cover the defect with his boots. On that morning, it seems, he had gone to the bookseller of his *Narrative;* and, this part of his wardrobe being *missing*, whilst the pressing necessity of going forth stared him in the face, he made no bones of his legs, but compelled his boots to stand sponsors for his stockings—a defect his bookseller would not discover, probably, by reason of his keeping *an eye* to the head in all such interviews. And so it happened. But Foote took care to supply his wants, in this respect, on his way home; and had scarcely turned out of the stocking-shop when he was met by two fellow-collegians, as before-mentioned. Well, after the usual congratulations, they dined together at a tavern, where, in the midst of their conviviality, one wag discovered "the leg" of *Foote*, quite palpable, peering over his boot-tops.

Their rallying signified nothing to our young Templar; he was not to be cried down for want of a pair of stockings, any more than the generality of his brothers in law would the want of a couple of good and competent witnesses, which they, like

him, carry about in their pockets, to bolster up a bad cause. To the exclamation, "Why, Foote! what the devil—you have got no stockings on!" he coolly replied, with all the *sang-froid* of *ung apprentif de la ley*, that it was "very true; but his practice was to wear none until he dressed for the afternoon, taking the precaution to carry a pair in his pocket (producing them), lest he should meet with impertinent persons, who might wish to cast a slur upon his gentility."

However, his prospects brightened; he came into the receipt of a tolerable fortune; and, with all the industry imaginable, he proceeded to *lay it out*. Though he was, throughout life, fond of *play*, he was still more enamoured of the play-houses, and, between the two, aided by an expensive mode of living, he found himself, about the year 1743, reduced to the *last shilling*. What was to be done? His creditors grew importunate; the ardour of his friends cooled at *Zero;* even his criticisms on actors and acting lost their point, and their justness was called in question. All conspired with his own *taste* to impel him on to the stage, to exemplify what he had hitherto treated theoretically; and he hearkened to the warm invitations of his friend Macklin to join his new enterprise at a little wooden theatre, in the Haymarket. This opposition scheme pos-

sessed a recommendation above all other considerations to our youthful aspirant, who had just then entered his twenty-third year: the performers were engaged to enact their parts precisely after the fashion, or manner, maintained by Foote, Macklin, and others. This consisted in delivering their parts in tones suited to the business each performer represented, and in dressing up to the character assumed, which some insisted should go to the length of imitating the ancient English, Roman, or Italian costume, as the case might be, according to the place and age in which the scenes should be laid.

We who live at this day, and see the characters dressed in no other manner, nor hear the enunciation delivered in any other than a natural voice —bating a little *mouthing*, here and there, may well express astonishment that any other mode of representing the scenes of actual life should have ever prevailed; but the fact is, nevertheless, incontrovertible, that some very sensible persons had ranged themselves on the other side among the more empty and noisy stage-critics, who ridiculed the very idea of a ghost appearing in armour any more than a Cæsar, or a king with a crown on his head. They insisted on the propriety of huge perukes, cocked-hats, and trunk hose, which only conceded the point of

fashion to the introduction of new French fopperies. In comedy, these incongruities were less perceptible, but in tragedy, at this day, could not be borne for one night. The Beggar's Opera of Gay almost put a finishing stroke to it in the lighter department of the drama; but Captain Macheath still gave his part dressed in scarlet, with cocked hat, and a huge sword by his side, a circumstance that was a little alleviated by the rogues and jailors of the piece observing a more appropriate costume, most of whom appeared decked in their own clothes; at least, such is the case with several of the pictures, painted at the time, of scenes taken from this fascinating piece.

Although this preposterous error had long been felt and lamented by a few, yet the small still voice of reason made head but slowly against the uproar of numbers, who maintained that the corruptions which were in dispute had the sanction of antiquity, and the acquiescence of the silver age of Queen Anne for their support. Doubtless, they might have gone back to the days of puritanism for the introduction of the drawling intonation which characterised those times; and, whilst play-actors were allowed, they could not better secure the approbation of the audience, perhaps, than by speaking their parts in exact accordance with the taste of their hearers. Yet

they had been recently *convicted,* in several instances, by the efforts of some of their opponents, who had publicly ventured to exemplify the two modes of enunciation, showing the inferiority of the drawling cadenza of the old school, to which the stage had been a slave ever since its revival, as compared to the present manly, natural tone of delivery. These had the advice of Hamlet to the players to aid their cause; and it was reserved to David Garrick to brave old prejudices, by performing Richard the Third with bold and royal energy, and thus break down, at once, the recital of tragedy *in recitativo;* and, by thus daring the old school, and conquering their prejudices, did he effect the salvation of the English stage; else, how should we relish the harsh malediction of Richard at the murder of the unfortunate Henry? —"Down, down to hell, and say I send thee thither," in the old canting style, would nearly resemble the brawling anathema of a methodist ranter, who makes no bones of sending *all* his dearly beloved flock thither by wholesale, without bail or mainprise. The thing appears to me to have been singularly well calculated for risible effect, and that, too, at the death of an inoffensive monarch, whose hard fate we cannot fail to commiserate.

Two years and a quarter after the emancipa-

tion of the stage, at which he had assisted with all his might, and, I infer, at a good share of expense, did Foote commence player for hire. His debut took place, at the Haymarket, on the 6th of February, 1744, in the character of *Othello*. To be sure, he would undertake tragedy at first, for it was to that particular department of the drama his censures of the old school had been chiefly directed. He, of course, meant to exemplify the right manner of *reading*, and, no doubt, did so; but his *conception* of the character would form another link in the requisites of a good representation of it; for, if this be not just, the personation of the black general must be imperfect in the hands of any one who should set about it with a wrong estimate of the proprieties and demeanour that becomes his station, his origin, and his passions. Mr. Foote had failed in acquiring this insight, and his attempt turned out a total failure. In his endeavours to please, we are told, the pitch of his voice was so discordant in the tender and most affecting scenes, that the audience could scarce refrain from laughing.

His talent did not lie in *tragedy*, then; he tried Lord Foppington, (Relapse), and succeeded no better. This proved it did not lie in genteel *comedy*; and, according to his own avowal, he began to wonder "where the devil it did lie:"

for he felt that he had genius for scenic representation of some sort or other.*

The winter following, he accepted an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre, where he sustained the characters of Sir Paul Pliant, Fondlewife, and Bayes, in all which he shone, as being more in accordance with his natural *bent of mind*—the latter especially; and he now discovered that the frame in which his faculties moved was carved out for the satirical line of *business*; as he did, also, that the existing run of characters in the stock-pieces were not pungent enough for his talent, nor sufficiently racy to suit the public taste. Interpolations were, at that time, inadmissible, even in low comedy, for the players minded Shakspeare's advice on that head; it was reserved to the close of the century to witness some three or four actors of the buffoon parts taking liberties with their authors that often pained the chaster ear, whatever effect such tom-fooleries might have in the galleries; and yet we are all free to admit

* This saying of Foote's was generally known in the green rooms of the theatres, and was noted down and treasured up by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, until he had an opportunity of discharging it, as he did, in the House of Commons, at Mr. Dundas, who had filled several offices in the state, and all with *equal ability*. Sheridan made a Scotch *play-wright* the vehicle of his version of his parliamentary joke, and left the inference that the Scotch statesman had no talent of either sort.

that the authors of many light pieces acknowledged the saving assistance they derived from suggestions in the green-room, made by Messrs. Bannister, Suett, Munden, &c. Above all, the practice of swearing through the *part* is reprehensible, though that might be of the slightest sort, and I am far from denying that keen offences may occur in *actual life*, that would "make even a parson swear"—the treading upon a gouty toe, for example, or the abnegation of a debt of honour. In order to supply this apparent deficiency in some degree, Mr. Foote bethought himself of several obnoxious public characters, whose life and conduct demanded castigation; and, mixing these with a few silly admirers of foreign fopperies, and some oddities among the performers, he brought out his first piece, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the spring of 1747, in the double character of author and actor. Even his friend Macklin came in for his share, though they had both laboured in the same vineyard; but his mannerism was too broad to be passed over; and, in Puzzle's Instructions to his Performers, the man, the preceptor, and his peculiar mode of delivery, were admirably hit off. So, indeed, were all the other play-actors' characters; in which he did not spare his own manner of performing *Cadwallader*, by means of a shift which he made, towards the end of the second act,

with Tate Wilkinson, who stepped into his place as Puzzle, and continued the colloquy with Manly. "The Diversions of the Morning" underwent several alterations, and some palpable omissions, I apprehend, upon its revival at Drury-lane Theatre, in 1752, as *Taste*, a comedy;" and again in 1758-9, when it was once more attempted, at the same place, under its first title. Act the first of "*Diversions*" is the same, nearly, as the first of "*Taste*;" the *second* will be found in the margin;* but in neither of these,

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* THE DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

ACT II.

As it was performed, at Drury-lane, 1758-9, when the character of *Bounce* was introduced.

Dramatis Personæ.

PUZZLE ..... *Mr. Foote.*
BOUNCE ..... *Mr. Wilkinson.*
FREELOVE ..... *Mr. Holland.*
MANLY ..... *Mr. Cross.*
CRAMBO ..... *Mr. Blakes.*

PLAYERS, *by the rest of the Company.*

SCENE—*The Stage itself.*

Enter PUZZLE, *followed by Prompter.*

Puz. A truce to your impertinence; I tell you, I'm above law!

Prompt. Why, sir, 'twas but last night I heard a goodish-looking, well-dressed man, that sat, in the next box, at the porter-house, affirm that, to his knowledge, if you proceeded to exhibit, you and your pupils would be all sent to Bridewell.

Puz. So much the better;—the ministry will then interpose; they, who are now pursuing, in every point, the pub-

as printed, do we find any "*take-off* of an eminent physician," Dr. Rock, whose name is not mentioned

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lic good, can't refuse to patronize my plan. But this is all stuff—the idle rumour of the day;—is there any body without?

Prompt. All the pupils, sir, and Mr. Crambo, the poet.

Puz. 'Tis strange that man wo'n't take an answer; I'll despatch him first—show him in.

Prompt. Mr. Crambo!

Enter CRAMBO.

Puz. Why, I told you, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, that I exhibit no pieces but my own—why will you——

Cram. It is very hard; I'm sure I write up to the present taste.

Puz. Then 'tis not worth two-pence; the present taste is abominably corrupt. To correct that is part of my plan. Are you answered?

Cram. Then all my hopes are vanished; here have I been a scene-dangler for these thirty years, and my writings constantly refused by every manager of every theatre.

Puz. Hah! there's something in that; have you shown 'em this?

Cram. All, sir.

Puz. And what is their judgement?

Cram. Plump against me.

Puz. I don't dislike that. Is it a tragedy or a comedy?

Cram. A deep tragedy, sir.

Puz. What is your title?

Cram. Bungy.

Puz. There's novelty in that—there's *salt* in Bungy. What is your subject?

Cram. I'll read the argument.

Puz. No—give it me—very few authors can read their own works. [*Reads.*] "Marc Antony, Julius Cæsar, Pompey the Great, and Peter Reynolds"—Peter Reynolds!

Cram. That's my English character. I have mixed him with the Romans to show the superiority of the ancients, compared with the moderns.

Puz. That's well conceived—but to proceed: "and Peter Reynolds, are all inflamed with the love of the Princess Maudlin;—she burns with an equal ardour for them; for, being bred up in a state of innocence, she thinks she may,

in Baker, nor of "Taylor, the oculist," though such characters do appear in some other pieces of our

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without offending the rules of modesty, love the whole four, which she does accordingly, with a becoming warmth of passion."

Cram. There rises my distress.

Puz. Eminently mournful, and highly natural, upon my honour, Mr. Crambo!

Cram. But what I chiefly pique myself upon is the propriety and unity of my character; for, while my heroes are ransacking all nature for lofty similes for the Princess, see how natural and characteristic is Mr. Reynolds's comparison.

Puz. (Reads.) "Oh! what a Lord Mayor's feast of joy art thou!
Thy face is venison, and thy neck white veal,
And all thy other parts are beef and pudding."

Cram. You see, sir, I make him compare his mistress to the things he loves best.

Puz. True; beef and pudding! a happy conceit. I am infinitely pleased with the subject and characters, and make no doubt but I shall be equally charmed with your conduct. I am sorry we can't give it a reading at present —In the evening you may command me.—In the interim, take this as my firm opinion—my cool deliberate judgement, that your piece has more of the true veritable pathos than any tragedy I have seen these ten years.

Cram. You comfort me, and you'll bring it out?

Puz. It is my interest.

Cram. Your obliged and most devoted—will you have a letter wrote to you on your new project? or a copy of commendatory verses in one of the journals?

Puz. By-and-by, it mayn't be amiss.—In the mean time, the run of my kitchen, and a sop in the pan when I roast, you may command.

Cram. It sha'n't cost you a farthing.—Sir, your most obedient humble servant. [*Exit* CRAMBO.

Puz. That's *a genius!* Call in the players.

Prompt. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter PLAYERS.

Puz. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to

author, to which they were, probably, transplanted; for I cannot imagine that he would have consigned

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excel in your several parts; but there are some new candidates.—What are you, sock or buskin?

Play. Shoes and boots, sir.

Puz. What?

Prompt. He is the shoe-maker, from Cranbourn-alley, sir.

Puz. Oh! I beg your pardon, honest Master Upperleather.

Upp. At your service, sir.

Puz. And, what—you are ambitious—nothing but a truncheon! tragedy I suppose.

Upp. Yes; I likes that best.

Puz. Can you read?

Upp. I could, when I came from the charity-school, near as well as my master—but I believe I have almost forgot.

Puz. Try—*(Holds a book open to him.)*

Upp. "Now are our bones broke with victories."

Puz. Often, very true in fact; but not exact to the letter; however, I like your ignorance—you'll have the less to unlearn—Come, gentlemen, now range yourselves to the right and left.

Enter MANLY *and* FREELOVE.

Ha! Mr. Freelove, I am your devoted servant—you find me in the hurry of business—in the midst of my nursery.

Free. May your plants prosper. I have brought this gentleman, no slender critic, I assure you, Mr. Puzzle, to wonder at your art.

Puz. He does me honour—hum!—in its infancy—its riper days may, perhaps, claim attention.

Man. I am no stranger to your talents.

Puz. I think it will do; and, should we fail here, I intend to write a treatise on elocution, and read lectures to both Universities. But to our business—range yourselves to the right and left—be silent and attentive. I first lay down some general rules for the proper expression of the passions, you will afterwards discern their particular applications; take care—erect your heads, and project your chests.—Very well! Now, for the deportment of the hands; you cannot but have observed how often hey em-

such prominent materials to the scene of a puppet exhibition, or, that they would be more appropri-

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harrass the actor, gentlemen, sometimes here, sometimes there; in short, eternally in the way. *(Here the Players exercise and move altogether, as directed.)*—First invocation —*tendens ad sidera palmas.* Distinction—the pointed finger. Now *anger:* the clenched fist for rage—total relaxation, dilapidation, &c. for sorrow. Very well.

Now for a general disposition. Erect your heads—clench your fists, throw your heads upon your left shoulders—start, and to the left about—exceedingly well!—a fine expression of anger! Now your *grief*—drop your heads—strike your breasts—dilate your jaws, and to the right about—very well!—drop your jaw a little lower. *(Here one of the Players extends his mouth very wide.)* Zounds! I must raise that man's salary to stop his mouth! Now for an application of those rules to a particular part:—Advance, *Bounce*—take a turn or two—there's a well-formed figure for you, fall of shoulders, fine features!—he shall treat you with a rant in *Othello*—you will then judge of his powers:—Now catch at me, as you would tear the very strings and all—keep your voice low—loudness is no mark of passion—mind your attitude

Bounce. "Villain!"——

Puz. Very well!

Bounce. "Be sure you prove my love a whore!"——

Puz. Admirable!

Bounce. "Be sure on't."——

Puz. Bravo!

Bounce. "Give me the ocular proof,"——

Puz. Lay your emphasis a little stronger upon oc—oc—oc.

Bounce. "Oc—oc—ocular proof,"——

Puz. That's right.

Bounce. "Or, by the worth of my eternal soul, thou had'st better been born a dog"——

Puz. Grind *dog* a little more—"Do—o—o—g, Iago."

Bounce. "A do—o—g, Iago, than answer my wak'd wrath."——

Puz. Charming! now quick. *(Speaking all the time as the recital goes on.)*

Bounce. "Make me to see it, or, at least, so prove it that the probation bears no hinge or loop to hang a doubt upon—or wo"——

ately brought on in the burletta that closed the entertainment. Yet was this *Taylor* a fine, strong,

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Puz. A little more terror upon *woe*—wo—o—e, like a mastiff in a tanner's yard—wo—o—oe. *(They answer each other—wo—o—oe, &c.)*

Bounce. "Upon thy life, if thou dost slander her, and *torture me*"——

Puz. (Pushing him away.) Oh! go about your business; 'two'n't do,—go—go—go—am sorry I have given you this trouble.

Bounce. Why, sir, I—

Free. Oh! Mr. Puzzle, let me intercede for him.

Puz. (Imitating Macklin.) Sir, do you consider the mode of the mind—that a man's soul is lost, and lost and crost, and his entrails broiling on a gridiron—bring it from the bottom of your stomach, sir, with a grind, as "To—r—r—r."—

Bounce. "Tor—r—torture me!"——

Puz. That's my meaning.

Bounce. "Never pray more—abandon all remorse;"——

Puz. Now,—out with your arm and show your chest—there's a figure.

Bounce. "On horror's head——"

Puz. Now, out with your voice.

Bounce. "Horrors accumulate;"——

Puz. Now tender.

Bounce. "Do deeds to make heaven weep,"——

Puz. Now terror.

Bounce. "All earth amaz'd! for nothing cans't thou to damna"——

Puz. Grind "na—na—na—nation."

Bounce. "Na—na—nation add greater than that."

Puz. Now throw me from you, and I'll yield; very well!—keep that attitude—your eye fixed—there's a figure!—there's a contrast! His majestic rage—and my timorous droop—hum!—"Are you a man!—have you a soul or sense?"—Stay, stay—this will never do—we must think of some mechanical means to keep your fire alive, such as whispering to yourself—"oh! hah!—bitch! hell!" &c. &c.

Bounce. (Repeats after him.) "Oh! hah! bitch! hell!" &c.

Puz. That's "the mode of the mind;" for, if you observe the physical operations of nature, and the moral agency of

bold character to handle: a low-bred whelp, without learning, he travelled from place to place, in the

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the passions—when the soul is so far analyzed as that the corporeal is entirely swallowed by the intellectual—why then the organical powers are as it were, stagnated. Stagnation I define to be a total absence of secession, so that the—I am amazed *(in imitation of Macklin,)*—how do you like him?

Free. Under so able an instructor, he cannot fail.

Puz. Oh! this is nothing! I have, Mr. Freelove, more imagination than I know how to employ—more exquisite conceptions than I know how to be delivered of—This!—why this is nothing; this, sir, is but a small part of my intention.

Free. What else, good sir?

Puz. Why, in this cock-pit—in this little round O, I intend to encircle all that can please and entertain—Burlettas, plays, lectures, bears, beasts, dancing dogs, and puppet-shows.

Manly. Puppet-shows!

Puz. Aye, sir.

Manly. How do you contrive that?

Puz. That's the mystery: guess.

Manly. Faith, I can't.

Puz. Then I'll tell you. Why, as puppets are, you know, calculated to represent men and women, I make men and women imitate puppets.

Free. A most ingenious device.

Puz. Is it not? I think we shall be even with the little gentry—but still I see a cloud of doubt upon your brow; to remove that, take a short specimen of my intentions.—*(Here the puppets perform.)*

Manly. Was there ever such a coxcomb?

Free. Never.—He is lively though.

Manly. Come, Freelove, let us march—I am satisfied.

Free. No, no, let's have 'em all.—Upon my word, Mr. Puzzle, this is a master-piece of invention.

Puz. Oh! mine is an olio—something to be found that will hit every taste—for those who don't like pork we have partridge.

Free. But your burletta—how is that brought about, sir?

practice of his art, if, in fact, he possessed any skill whatever, but which I have reason to doubt.

Puz. Oh! I have subjects in every science:—without, Prompter! are the burletta people in waiting?

Prompt. Not come, sir.

Puz. Why, then, call Wilkinson; he shall give his imitations.

Prompt. He is not in the house, sir.

Puz. No!—What! not in the way to give his imitations! he is very negligent—but to prevent disappointment in the entertainment, I will give them myself. *(Here Wilkinson, in the character of Foote, as Puzzle, gave an imitation of Foote and Mrs. Clive, in Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and other characters, which filled up more than a quarter of an hour.)*

Puz. That's unlucky!—but, as all their materials are derived from me, I can give you a sketch of their execution.

Free. In what language?

Puz. Why, as we have already, Heaven be praised! nonsense enough in our own language, I intend confining that to the original Italian.

Manly. It wo'n't be understood.

Puz. Did you ever know nonsense that was? A smart remark that of yours.

Enter PROMPTER, *who whispers* PUZZLE.

Puz. The devil!

Prompt. This instant, sir, the *clerk* waits for you.

Puz. A most mortifying interruption, gentlemen; I am immediately summoned before their Worships, at Westminster, with severe threats if I proceed to execute my intended plan. D——n'd hard though, that poison should be allowed free vent at Sadler's Wells and Islington, and an embargo laid on sound sense and satire at Drury-lane.

Free. Severe, indeed!

Puz. However, I shall trespass upon their patience for a quarter of an hour, to give you a hint of my burletta.

[*Here the burletta.*

Puz. Gentlemen, yodr servant—if you can stay half-an hour I will see you again; if not, "report me and my cause aright." [*Exit* PUZZLE.

Free. Poor devil! Are you satisfied, Manly, or shall we wait his return?

Elsewhere I have alluded to this man-monster, whose transactions in life, and his base attempts upon the property of others, scarcely fall short of the felonious. And how could a life begun like his be spent other than basely? His own son became the biographer of the so-called Chevalier, in a couple of very ill-written volumes, but from which pious memorial we easily collect the fact, that our oculist and knight-surgeon was born at a low public-house, in the Pit-field, at Hoxton; and, although the important occurrence is a century old, the reader will not step much out of his way to contemplate the *Royal Oak*, standing by itself, near *the path* that led from Finsbury to Sir Thomas Boleyn's Grange, along which though it might be very pleasant to pass on a summer's day, yet was it the midnight walk of numerous footpads, and many murderers, as the annals of Newgate attest. When, or how he *travelled*, is not certain; but, upon his return, the pretence that he had received the honour of knighthood from several potentates of Germany was set up, and believed with difficulty; though not so his utter ignorance

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Manly. No, I have enough. But you have missed your aim, Freelove; I am no proselyte to your pleasures: I long for my Sabine field; and, when so distinguished a genius as Mr. Puzzle suffers persecution, I may say, with the descendant of the great censor,

"The post of honour is a private station."

of the rudiments of our language; to say nothing of his *practice* as an oculist. In this respect, he was countenanced by the appearance of several other pretenders to medical knowledge, one of whom kept his carriage and livery servants, whilst *patient merit*, in humble guise, walked a-foot. The same delusion has lasted to our own days; and we feel disgraced in the prescriptions of an entire college being made from a pocket printed "vade mecum," which each doctor carries to the patients' bed-sides; or he affects to prescribe the same panacea in all cases; and might as well *send* as "write" for his fee. In this dilemma, we feel compelled to coincide with the justly-satiric Reece, in denominating the whole system by the appropriate term of "the Guinea trade."

The Chevalier Taylor terminated his career in obscurity, to which the memoir by his own child consigned him, though richly deserving a more *exalted situation* at Tyburn. In those volumes the fellow's amours are set off with disgusting particularity:—his escape from an hotel, at Salisbury, and his base attempts on the person and property of a widow lady in Norfolk, bespeak the sensualist and robber; his endeavour to repudiate his wife, whom he conveyed to the interior of France, and endeavoured to procure a certificate of her death

(if not *the event* itself) by the agency of his son, prove him a heartless scoundrel, who deserved hunting down, as we do the vermin-robber of the fields; or, as did the Bow-street *gang* the inmates who sheltered themselves in the Royal Oak tap-house of his paternal roof. Such was the first man whom, his cotemporaries tell us, Samuel Foote undertook to hold up to public odium; such the offending public character who, hardly escaping the injured laws of his country, had yet the effrontery to set up a claim to distinction in society, that our satirist undertook to display, to ridicule, and to repress. Such, indeed, or very nearly similar, were all the striking characters of his drama; unless they might suit a good number, or entire classes of society, and the *names* of real persons afterwards be tacked to them by the public voice. This latter he himself distinctly asserts to be the case, in the prologue quoted at page viii.

Yet, how much did all those who feel conscious of being cursed with some radical defect of mind or heart rail against the tact of our modern Aristophanes for stage-satire; whereas, a moment's reflection would have convinced them that, to merit the distinction of stage notice, it is absolutely necessary for the party *taken off* to be a

public person, and greatly so; he must, also, be a supremely ridiculous personage, or a very dark character, or both commixed, as in the case of Dr. Dodd, else the dramatic satirist would discharge his bolt in vain, for it would be understood of no one, or by a very few. His theatre, n this case, would have remained empty; his purpose would fail, and discouragement annul all further attempts of the same kind. But what was the fact? The public saw, the audience applauded, and the public approved, by calls for numerous editions, of the only piece written by Foote which had been refused the licenser's fiat. A public *imprimatur* will be ever more consolatory to an author than even the approval of a Lord Chamberlain, or the half-consenting caveat of his deputy, against all that gives life, and fire, and the semblance of natural occurrences to second comedy. If Foote's satire stood in need of an apologist at this day, the reader might find it amply set forth in the mild but intelligible remark of a most unassuming writer of his own time, when the tide of public opinion ran against his personations of real characters, or of those which were considered so. "As some apology for Mr. Foote's stage ridicule, (says Mr. Baker, on the publication of the "The Cozeners,") we may observe, that he rarely pointed it at any persons

who either met with public respect, *or deserved to meet with it.*" That writer thus delivers his opinion on *all* the persons whom Mr. Foote had *ridiculed* on the stage, except the Duchess of Kingston and her secretary, Mr. Jackson, both of whom *spoke for themselves: how*, the reader will see intimated at pages 371 and 553 of vol. iii. for I care not to recur to subjects that are loathsome and heart-rending, at the depravity of such classes as both assumed to form a part of. Happily for those classes, however, both were impostors, though millions long believed them genuine, as they did Dodd sincere and George Whitfield a benefactor.

At this very earliest career of his stage mimicry, he was soon taught to feel the resentment of the persons *taken off*; and even those whom he had not so ridiculed joined in the outcry with the former, for conscience told them their turn might come next. Combinations thus formed in the minds of the calumniated, would be sure to rouse some active spirits to opposition, to retaliation, to the punishment of the offender. The magistrates of Westminster were induced to interfere with his diversions, and, under the sanction of the law for limiting the number of play-houses to two only, our "laughing Aristophanes" was stopped *in limine*, by a posse of constables, who dis-

missed his audience, and put the poor player-imitator upon the peace establishment.

Not so soon to be completely abashed and put down; Mr. Foote knew how to elude the prying eye of the informer, and to evade the weighty arm of power, directed as it was by the wording of a crazy act of parliament. It is pleasant thus to trace the struggles of conscious genius in its budding season; when maturity has rendered its tendrils rampant, and each floret a beauty, our pleasure turns to admiration; we no longer wonder but applaud. Having discovered, in this manner, "where his genius lay," he resolved to *hit off* the same or similar characters by a still more novel mode of representation; in which resolve he was supported by the opinions of many among the nobility and lovers of the drama, in high life, who admired the personality of his satire. He, therefore, issued cards of invitation, as they now do to a *public déjeunée* of the present day:—

MR. FOOTE'S compliments to his friends and the public, and hopes for the honour of their

Drinking Tea with him,

at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, every morning,

At Playhouse prices.

Whatever publicity might have been given to his *name* and his former *piece*, by the interposi-

tion of the civil power, now acted upon the public mind—the pleasurable part of it, at least, to ascertain, if possible, what could have called forth such a strong act as the suppression of an individual performer, with his puppets dead and alive. Add to which, the whimsicality of *taking tea* "had novelty to recommend it," as he told his audience; who, at the first representation, expected nothing less than the promised beverage, accompanied with vivid chat, and that improvisatory knack at repartee for which he was already conspicuous in certain fashionable circles. But, whilst the audience waited his appearance, on the tip-toe of expectation, full of suggestions as to "what it mote be," Foote came forward, and, after bowing to *the house*, desired "to acquaint them that, as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, *(while tea was getting ready,)* proceed with his instructions before them." This introduction he delivered in the manner of his friend *Macklin*, who was the person aimed at in the character of *Puzzle*.

The first scene of the Diversions then began, with certain alterations, which he thought proper to introduce, from time to time, but in no modification were the players spared; they complained loudly that they should "lose their bread," and

he, laughingly, undertook to find situations for all of them, *seriatim*, according to their abilities, or more suitable to the peculiarities of voice, manner, mode of delivery, or *natural defect* of each, than the parts they now filled upon the stage. Suiting his own voice and manner to those of the person represented, he either mimicked him (or her) in one of his *worst scenes*, or whimsically assigned to him some degrading station in life—as a beggar-man—watchman—razor-grinder, &c. Garrick he *took off* in the *hard-dying* scene, as Lothario, caricaturing his half-uttered sentences in the most ludicrous manner. In our own day, the same kind of *take off*, entitled "Imitations," of Kemble, Palmer, &c. was enacted, by Tom Rees, with very good success, for several seasons; and, even whilst I write, the excellent "imitator" just named, though grown old in the service of the drama, charms the social hour with the mannerism of the stage in his time, after the mode of Foote.

Indeed, what is there of excellency, of original genius, of fine conception, or of drollery in Foote's pieces that, from the moment of his secession, has not furnished to his numerous imitators, ideas, scenes, plots, and incidents? At one time, I had begun to make a series of references to recent writers of natural comedy in proof of the above

fact, and only desisted from a feeling that it might be considered a work of supererogation by those who are the best and only proper judges in such affairs; whilst loose readers, who do not study niceties, would not thank me for so taking up their time. Therefore, I shall content myself with insisting, that Samuel Foote was not only the father of *second comedy*, which we now term *farce*, but that his successors, with scarcely an exception in ten, turn to his works as to a text-book; or their minds are so embued with his genius, that they copy, by a double refraction, some of his beauties, though not always, it must be confessed, with the best discrimination. A common error of the mind is known to consist in the selection of the worst traits of character and manners of our prototypes,—whenever it so happens that we do adopt such for models, or guides; and if it be averred that some of our moderns have benefitted nought by aping him, let the point be conceded that those persons have displayed a bad taste, and mistaken the less perfect parts of Foote for beauties, and, pursuing with ardour the wrong path, have produced deformity. Every public man has certain shades in his conduct, in his sayings, and writings; but they who should copy none but dark shades would convey but mean notions of their original; as well might

they assume the *wooden leg* that dire necessity compelled him to wear, and say "This is *Foote!*"

For example,—a certain slovenliness of plot haunted some of his compositions, so that these laboured hard to the end; accordingly, the denouement was inconclusive, or so exceedingly indistinct, that the audience were left to conclude what it might possibly have been if the piece had proceeded a scene longer. This fault of his characterized modern farces; some of the writers *improved upon* the idea, and broke off abruptly, which seemed as if the players were all heartily tired of their parts. Yet, I cannot agree with a certain intelligent writer in the second volume of "the Satirist," who says that, "when Foote died, genuine farce died with him;" inasmuch as all that immediately followed him looked only to him for a model; and, to come any way near his excellence (real or supposed), was hailed as the perfection of the art. Critics applauded when the new pieces resembled Foote's; or, if "far behind that master of low comedy," they condemned as matter of course. If the writer just quoted had told his readers that satire made an indispensable concomitant in the composition of a farce, and that this ingredient was wanting in his time, his opinion might have passed current, even into these pages; for those very imitations of his farces proved that it was not

exactly defunct, though very weakly, as they all plucked some favourite beauty, and the whole together might form one foot of Foote, and no more. Moreover, by this very servility of theirs, they acknowledge the master's hand—dramatists, critics, and satirists to boot; and I have reason for thinking that the one just quoted piqued himself upon nothing so much as making his (then celebrated) journal resemble, in the closet, what the other was on the stage. With this explanation, we solve the problem of the said journalist's *hic jacet*. That Foote should not wholly die, though in his grave he lie, let me cherish the hope that this small memoir may, in some degree, contribute to embalm his memory, to refreshen marks that time would obliterate, but for the care of congenial posterity, or of the admirers of genuine talent, however or wherever exercised.

Whilst we are considering Foote's *debut* as a dramatist, which was so admirably calculated to fix his future character through life, we are naturally led to watch the developement of that faculty for repressing the *errors* of others which we call *satire*. This is no place for the defence of a vein for satire, nor for insisting on its utility; but we may observe that caricature becomes necessary in all scenic representations; and, insomuch as the reprover oversteps the exact truth

of occurrences, in order to heighten their interest, and to make the wished-for impression, his cutting inamiability is usually met with flat, direct negation by the party castigated. Hence the obloquy that was endeavoured to be cast upon the memory of Samuel Foote—hence the unpardonable adduction of his name, at the distance of forty years, in a recent work, by a respectable writer, mentioned in a former page (xii); for the reverend gentleman ought to have well weighed the garrulous twaddle of old people in a small country town, who very frequently remember a little too much for the sheer fact. That Foote should feel indisposed to check the career of his wit at the table of his country hosts any more than his town ones, I am ready to believe; but that they should "shrink,"—*shrink* at his "sly observations" is more than I can *take in* by the present mode of conveyance. "They knew that all their civilities would not screen them from his satire," says Polwhele, though every one must feel that the "screen of civility" is a very evanescent defence against such keen weapons as he was armed with; and could not continue to be held up as a protection against the forceps of his raillery, which was the only species of satiric wit that could be levelled at such hum-drum personages as inhabited Truro half a century ago. I might go farther, most conscientiously, and say that, were it not for the

great respectability of the reverend narrator, I should doubt whether Samuel Foote visited Truro more than once since the natality of Mr. Polwhele was proclaimed to his kindred—perhaps, not quite so much. And was there enough evidence in such a fleeting visit (if it actually took place) to warrant a gentleman and *poet* in concluding that Foote was "a libertine, in *every sense* of the word?"—a phrase that means more *in Cornwall* than in London; a very vehement sort of nothing at all, that simply shows the *quo animo* of the commentator. By the way, "every sense of the word *libertine*" is only *one sense*, after all—i. e. a free liver, or what, in another contemporary case, has been denominated "wit, woman and wine;" and, in another, libertines, in every sense, have received the appellation of *bons vivans*. Furthermore, that Foote might be an "unamiable character" in the opinion of the persons castigated I entertain no reasonable doubt: the jury that deliver a verdict *upon their oaths* against us, and the recorder who pronounces sentence, are equally disesteemed by the losers of life or property. We can forgive Samuel Johnson the mode he adopted of expressing his apprehensions of Foote's satire, because it was *immediate*, and treading closely on the heels of a threatened "show up;" but, that Mr. Polwhele should be allowed to come in at the

eleventh hour, with a gratuitous, uncalled-for iteration of a hacknied, adverse saying, appears to me at variance with all the rules of chivalry. Equally unhappy is Mr. Polwhele's mention of Dr. Wolcot, in contra-position to what he is pleased to term the "disingenuousness" of Foote, notwithstanding he does it in a negative manner; for the Doctor, alive, never had the commendation of his present encomiast, and I have reason for saying "no love was lost between them." Indeed, the bare mention of the Doctor's name, in a sentence that adjoins a charge of libertinism against another, savours much of a side-wind attack on the defendant in an action of "Knight *v.* Wolcot," which the reverend gentleman may have forgot to consult at the time of penning this page of his "Recollections."

The satire which found its way into his first piece, *as printed*, was forced upon Foote, or rather extracted from the fertility of his genius by circumstances. Magistrates had exercised an undue authority, and exercised it hostilely, against his *Diversions*, at the instance of some offended, and consciously-offending players; and, therefore, we find both retained their places in the revised piece, with the various other offenders of that day, some

of whom rear up their heads occasionally. For example, the vending of poison at Sadler's Wells, (and Islington Spa,) in the shape of *black-strap* (alluded to at page lxiv. note), has been re-introduced there, after a decadence of a quarter of a century. How far he was justified in *showing up* his friend Macklin may admit of question; but this information we derive from the circumstance, and will prove the justness of Mr. Foote's judgement in the reformation of the drama, which Macklin and his party would carry too far, agreeably to his more mercurial constitution. *Foote* was evidently of the moderate party, who sought rationality in the mode of delivery, whilst *Garrick* stood between the twain. That Garrick *ranted* a little, and "died hard," too *hard*, is upon record. Kemble followed his steps in that respect, and added certain sepulchral tones, that were even ludicrous, at times. But Macklin pushed *the reformation* much too far; and, what with "grinding certain passions," the strained invocation of others, his throes and attitudes, altogether bordered upon caricature, into which his friend and companion Foote thus lifted him, in character, manner, and ideas, as a theatrical instructor.

In troth, satire is but caricature at best. The histrionic art is philosophy teaching by example; and, if *good*, the colouring should be *kept down*,

if *bad*, it should be heightened, deformed, and disgusting. This latter, then, is alone satire; for, if we take a good character in life and wished to render it disgusting, the attempt would recoil upon the head of the satirist: wicked, ridiculous, and unamiable characters are fair game; so are national foibles, and the endeavours of certain parties to set themselves up as the standard of morality, for example, as exclusively righteous, as the arbiters of taste, of fashion, or of knowledge: the John Bull-ism, that damns all other nations upon earth as inferior beings, and the other extreme of our national characters, the fops and the puppies, male and female, equally merit the satirist's pen, unless he prefer the pencil or the burine to accomplish the same end. For, I am not for confining the legitimate satirist to one mode of exposition only; the drama is the earliest known, and the poetry of *Juvenal* and *Persius* were goodly repressive of the Latian evil doers: the Greek *Aristophanes*, like our own Anglian, ridiculed the law-seeking propensities and polytheism of his countrymen; but satire belongs equally to pictorial representation; and, although we agree to call it *caricatura*, after the *painting nation* from whom *we* derive the art, yet is its purpose, nevertheless, satire, or the correction of evils, great or small. Look at the "Biographic Series" of Hogarth—the

"Excursions" of poor George Woodward—and the "life"-telling tale of the two Cruikshanks, (brothers,) and say, are not these satiric, inasmuch as they caricature the follies of the day, and historically depict passing scenes?

Perhaps we are called upon to agree, that satire *is* an indispensable ingredient in farce; and, if so, there can be no difficulty in allowing that, until the time of Foote, genuine farce was a stranger to our stage; for the pieces that were introduced here, from the *basse comedie* of our neighbours, did not contain the salt that is so palatable to the more vigorous English taste. French *humour* is the humour of the nursery, of the dancing school, and the Boulevards; English humour is more sedate, until the chord is touched that sets it a going; and that must be hit hard, to the purpose, and to some practical end, to secure the approbation of an English audience. On the contrary, *they* sacrificed probability to a refined invention, and the filling up scarcely occupied the space assigned to it. Yet we are constrained to allow that Foote was indebted to Molière and others for plot, which, by the addition of probable incidents, he rendered truly English; nay more, he was induced to undertake "a bookseller's job," of this nature, in 1762, under the title of "The Comic Theatre," a volume to be published periodically,

" in which one farce, or more, will be translated by Mr. Foote." This scheme ran to five volumes; but it is believed that the first only contained any copy of his furnishing, viz. " The Young Hypocrite." It was a mere bookseller's *hum.*

After he had so well ascertained the public feeling by his Tea-drinking Diversions, which ran through upwards of forty representations, with occasional alterations, he, the next season (1748), proceeded to give the public " An Auction of Pictures;" in which he *knocked down* worthless persons at " ruinous prices," and contrived that the company of purchasers should make such comments as seemed most appropriate, biting, and satirical. The Auction of Pictures is still unpublished, and is believed to have nightly changed the objects of its satire, according to circumstances, in such a manner as to attract *second visits;* and, among these, Orator Henley, De Veil, the police magistrate, and Cock, a puffing auctioneer, came in for their share of ridicule. The " *Lecture* on Heads," by George Alexander Stevens, was evidently formed after this model, only Stevens was less personal, and his fame being, also, less, no one undertook to apply names to his characters as they had done for Foote. The season turned out most propitious, the receipts

being quite up to his expectations; added to which, he had a wind-fall, or god-send, about this time, of a very considerable fortune from some branch of his mother's family. This was, probably, the *falling in* of the life upon whom the deceased Sir John Dinele Goodere had settled a life-interest in his estate, as before alluded to at page xxvi.

Hereupon, our thoughtless young man, taking no warning by the chilling poverty which had already twice assailed him, nor heeding the example of the still-suffering genius Henry Fielding, dashed into the same silly extravagance as before. He set up a carriage, with its attendant equipage, and took for motto (in allusion to this *third* piece of good luck),—

Iterum, iterum, iterumque.

Not only in this respect, but in several others, did Fielding and Foote resemble each other in their fortunes, their pursuits, their misfortunes, and their premature departure from this world to a better. A parallel might be drawn between them, were such a course desirable; and I cannot resist the melancholy pleasure of setting down a few of those points that appear to me to warrant a wish that he had so benefitted by the example then fresh in his view; unless, indeed, it be true

that certain persons are blind and deaf to certain things, which any by-stander can perceive ought to interest them exceedingly.

Both Foote and Fielding pursued the law until the law pursued them, and gave it up for the drama; both wrote for the stage somewhat short of thirty pieces. Both appeared first at the Haymarket, supporting their little pieces by the strength of their own genius; and both borrowed from Moliere. *Mr. Foote* had one play that was refused a license, and *Henry Fielding's* "Miss Lucy in Town" was forbidden, by the Lord Chamberlain, for its apprehended personalities, after it had begun to take a run. Both were comic writers, and both were medically advised to betake themselves to another shore when their last moments were near at hand. Both withstood much public slander, for both were free livers—libertines—men of the world—*des bons vivans*.

Still haunted by the demon of extravagance, Foote set off abruptly for France, where he dissipated, in less than four years, the greater part of his patrimony, during all that time holding no intercourse with his friends. The consequence was, as might be expected, a number of those idle and discordant rumours to which player-folk, above any other class of persons, are prone; especially such as rival, or smart under the lash of those

they would confabulate about. One set maintained that he had been killed in a duel; another that he was dead of *the fever* of youth; whilst a third set asserted that he was hanged, because they wished it true. However, these surmises were set at rest by his return, in 1752, to London, where a piece of his, entitled *Taste*, was performed, for the benefit of Worsdale, the painter, who enacted *the lady*. On this Comedy I shall here make no further remarks than the reader will find at pages 51 and 52 of this volume.

The materials for his next production he must have concocted during his continental trip, as stated at page 89 of the present volume; and his giving it to Macklin for his benefit proves, at least, that no ill-blood then existed between them, on account of the latter having been *shown up* in the *Diversions*. The same may be said of Garrick and his *show-up* in the dying scene; for, in November, the same year, we find the piece alluded to, "the Englishman at Paris," brought out at Drury-lane, 'the part of Buck by Mr. Foote, with a new Prologue written by Mr. Garrick, purposely for the occasion.' It embraced the rumours just spoken of, which had been so industriously circulated concerning him, and got rid of them all in one point at the last stanza.

PROLOGUE.

Amongst the subjects that occasion prate,
Ev'n I sometimes am matter for debate:
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out and begins dissection.
Sir Peter Primrose, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks, from himself and politics, to me.
'Paper! boy.' 'Here, sir, I am!' 'What news to-day?
'Foote, sir, is advertised'—'What, run away?'
'No sir; he acts this week at Druly-lane.'
'How's that, (cries feeble *Grub*,) Foote come again?
I thought that fool had done his devil's dance:
Was he not hang'd, some months ago, in France?'
Up starts *Mac-bone*, and thus the room harangued;
''Tis true his friends gave out that he was hanged;
But, to be sure, 'twas all a hum; because
I've seen him since; and, after that disgrace,
No *jontleman* alive would show his face.'

To him replies a sneering bonny Scot—
'You reason right, my friend; hanged he was not,
But neither you nor I can tell *how soon* he'll gang to pot.'
Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays:
Such is the tax each son of folly pays.
On this my scheme they many names bestow:
''Tis fame'—''tis pride: nay, worse, 'the pocket's low.'
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity;
And, what's more strange than these, perhaps, you'll see,
(Though not so great a portion of it,) *modesty*.
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
And kiss the rod whene'er you point a fault.
Many my passions are, though *one* my view,
They all concentre in the pleasing you.

In the spring of 1754, *Foote* again engaged the Haymarket, where he once more exhibited *Macklin* as a teacher of oratory, much in the manner we see it printed in the second volume, (page 134, &c.) but there greatly enlarged, to suit another word-monger from the *Sister Isle*. Poor *Macklin*, with a tolerable share of ability, was still unable

to keep the wolf from his door, in consequence of his vanity and irascible temper, and felt himself under the necessity of leaving the theatrical profession for that of a tavern-keeper. The Piazza Coffee-house, Covent-garden, he thought to render profitable, by opening a school of oratory, after dinner, daily, upon the model of the French school, calling it, oddly enough, "the British Inquisition." Here he *debated* with his customers, and pretended to correct their cacology, provincialism, and other defects, but with so little talent for the occupation he had chosen, that our *Foote* turned the laugh at him before his own pupils, which were, at one time, tolerably numerous. The whole effort turned out a failure, by reason of this mummery and the affected gravity of the chief orator, who, relying too confidently on his own powers, appeared every night in the full dress of that gaudy age, dictating to *the town* with all the airs of superior intellect. *Foote* stood at the head of the wits and laughers on those occasions, as we learn from David Baker: "To a man of his humour, Macklin was as the *dace* to a *pike*, a sure prey. He, accordingly, made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and, by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a perpetual *roar*."

Such an opportunity was too good to be lost. Foote imitated Macklin in the character of *an Inquisitor*, contending with Doctor Rock, (an ignorant impostor, and a well-known character,) then known about town as *Tiddydoll*, for the superiority. Over such opponents it reflected no great honour to prevail, and the victory remained to Macklin, accordingly; upon which happy event, the exhibition concluded with a St. Giles's ovation, in imitation of that introduced at Covent-garden, about that time, in the tragedy of Coriolanus. In this manner, he contrived to cut two ways at once, like a double-edged sword; and proves, satisfactorily to my mind, the close connexion that exists between dramatic satire and that which we call caricatura on a flat surface. All who have seen the elaborate designs, in-little, of I. R. and G. Cruikshank, must have noticed that their best etchings, those which tell *the story* best, and leave the most lasting impression, have, invariably, two or more circumstances that bear upon one point; whilst those of their father, and some others* who are living, convey but a single idea

* I would not appear invidious in mentioning their names, but of *Harry Bunbury's* six-foot-long pictures, and his best—"The Smoaking Party," we may safely say they are supported by no more than one idea each, like Tom Moore's Songs, to say nothing of his anatomical offences,

each. Single figures, indeed, could, possibly, do no more. Nothing less could be said of *the sister art* and *brother geniuses;* when once we entered upon the comparison; but, 'tis a perilous trade this of correcting public fools and offenders, some of whom retaliate, even to subversion; as in the case of William Hogarth, who died in consequence, and of our *Foote,* whose character even for finger-honesty Mr. Macklin grossly impugned.

At least, so *Cooke* tells us, and I believe him true:—"in return for this stroke, Macklin retorted upon *Foote,* with equal virulence, but less humour. He brought a ridiculous charge against him of robbing a friend of a portmanteau! and, in doing this, was by no means sparing of the most coarse and opprobrious terms." And could Foote expect less from such a man? Obloquy and recrimination are the price we must pay for every attempt to put down offenders of every grade; as he found, to his mortification, twenty-two years after this mean attack upon his character.

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or of Tom's low-lived beauties. Few of *George Woodward's* etchings are rescued from the first objection. The name of *Gilray* should never be omitted when we are mentioning satiric caricaturists of the first class for composition, design, grouping, and the management of incident in *genteel* life, or the broad exhibitions of *low comic* humour.

Foote's "Inquisition" lasted but a few nights at the Haymarket, but he employed himself busily in preparing "The Knights," for Drury-lane, and for publication. He himself continued to perform there, at a salary, in his own pieces, and his agreement was, to receive his three nights' profits on each new one. On the circumstances under which the plot of the 'Englishman returned' was produced, I have offered a few *remarks*, at page 131. Those were remarks *ad pecuniam*, which is the only light in which I could ever view the contest between Arthur Murphy and Foote; but those on the next piece (The Author), I certainly meant as justification by example. [See vol. i. page 181.] Miss Hawkins considered "the Lady's Tale as an engraftment on the original," by Cibber.

In the spring of 1758, Foote, with Tate Wilkinson, visited Dublin, where all his pieces were well received, at Sheridan's Theatre. The pair returned to London next season, and, when it ended, the mimics went to Edinburgh, where they reaped a good harvest, but returned again to Dublin in the winter.

It was here, at the Crow-street Theatre, Jan. 28, 1760, that *Foote's* Comedy of *The Minor* first appeared, being then a mere skeleton of two acts. As remarked on the first pages of the second volume, the Irish audience did not relish this

piece as they ought: and it was withdrawn accordingly, to be re-produced afterwards in London, whither Foote repaired, in order to amend his shattered fortunes, which were much impaired by this failure and his natural turn for expenditure. He also amended this play, extended it to three acts, and added the part of *Shift*, which, for spirit and piquancy of composition, has never been excelled, and seldom approached by any dramatic writer. I attribute this excellency of The Minor, mainly to the goadings his muse must have endured whilst he was pruning and adding, and correcting the first hurried draft, which, perhaps, received no worse treatment at the Dublin theatre than it deserved. A writer who resigns his hours to the warm caresses of Irish hospitality, is little adapted to an undivided devotion to the muse at any time, if he be not rendered incapable, in some degree, of employing that faculty of mind we call *judgement:* his fancy may ride rampant in suggestions; but he is deprived of the power of drawing upon the stores of his learning and experience, as bright memory itself is dimmed in its capacity of refraction.

The same cause that operated in making his production what it now is—namely, pecuniary difficulty, also induced *Foote* to bring out the Minor at the Haymarket Theatre, with such a new

company as he could hastily collect together, in the summer; for he could ill wait the coming of winter, and the opening of the Drury-lane house. The scheme turned out a *palpable hit;* his success was unbounded, and the season closed, after a long run of thirty-eight nights, with a full treasury; and he received the silent thanks of many a sincere and sober Christian, who, very naturally, lamented the *rage of methodism.* Indeed, *Foote* anticipated as much; for the fact has latterly come out, that he sent his manuscript to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting his Grace to look it over, and if he saw any objectionable passages, that he "would exercise the free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction." However, the reverend prelate entertained reasonable fears of being trapped into some risible snare by the overture, and returned the *Minor* untouched, observing to a confidential friend, that, if he had put his pen to the piece, by way of correction or objection, the wit might have advertised his play "as corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury." Some of "the elect" also published "An Additional Act to the Comedy of the Minor," 1761. But this repulse, though tolerably well done, fell harmless from the press.

From the same pen, probably, there also issued a very well-written pamphlet, entitled "Re-

marks, Critical and Christain, on the Minor." To this attack *Mr. Foote* thought proper to reply, in a manner so peculiarly his own, and with so much controversial tact, good sense and erudition, as to recommend it to the perusal of every inquiring scholar, statesman and critic, in these kingdoms, particularly, if not in America and the East, and where-ever the Methodistical delusions prevail.* The close

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* A LETTER to the Reverend Author of 'Remarks, Critical and Christain, on The Minor,' by Samuel Foote, Esq.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRGIL.
Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans les ames des dévots.

SIR,—Though no man can have a higher reverence for that order among us to which you lay claim than myself, yet the jargon of "The Tabernacle"* has so perverted the meaning of words, that I am extremely puzzled in what manner to address you; it being impossible to determine from the title you assume, whether you are an authorised pastor or a peruke-maker, a real clergyman or a corn-cutter. But, as I think a few faint traces of a liberal education may be discerned in your pamphlet, I shall make no scruple to treat you with a respect you have thought fit to deny me.

Your title-page, I think, promises a series of "Remarks, Critical and Christian, on the *Minor*;" to these give me leave to add a third species of criticism, frequently to be found in your pamphlet; which, as it appears to me to want the judgement of the *critic*, and the candour of the *christian*, we will venture to call *remarks methodistical*. This kind of argumentation has, in one circumstance, a vi-

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* The name given to the house where *George Whitfield* preached, in Tottenham-court-road. He is the person so often alluded to by *Mrs. Cole*, as her friend *Doctor Squintum*.

connexion of this fanaticism of the *new sect* and that of the Papists, and the extreme danger to be

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sible superiority over every other; for though the schools are divided, whether the Socratic or Aristotelic be the *optimus methodus*, they will all concur in allowing this to be the *pessimus methodus veritatem investigandi.*

In this last order I consider the terms of obloquy with which you have bespattered the *Minor* in your title:—"A certain droll, or interlude, called The *Minor;* played, as is said, by authority." Authority! ay, authority! What! do you suppose that I play as you preach, upon my own authority? No, sir, a religion turned into a farce is, by the constitution of this country, the only species of the drama that may be exhibited for money without permission. But, to return—

A droll, or interlude, among the Greeks, I take to have been one function of the chorus; and with us at the theatres it is the dance, in Tottenham-court-road, the ballad or musical entertainment, which fills up the space between the different parts of the performance. Now, this office the *Minor* did not execute, being himself the substantial standing dish, and having the honour of that kind of garnish to attend him.—Now, as to the *Minor's* being a droll: droll is a vague expression; I conceive it means a species of writing, which those, who speak with propriety, would choose to distinguish by the name of farce; a kind of theatrical, not dramatic, entertainment, always exhibited at fairs, and too frequently produced at playhouses; a sort of hodge-podge, dressed by a Gothic cook, where the mangled limbs of probability, common sense, and decency, are served up to gratify the voracious cravings of the most depraved appetites: this I call farce.

Comedy, on the other hand, I define to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people among whom it happens to be performed; a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished, for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the whole community. This is, sir, one of the happy points which every comic author should have in view, and is distinguished by the Roman critic as the *utile:* the other point, the *dulce*, I conceive to be the fable, the construction, machinery, conduct, plot, and inci-

apprehended from both, has been well set forth by a contemporary of *Foote's*, the diocesan of his native

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dents of the piece: in short, sir, the vehicle, which is to render the wholesome physic of reproof palatable to the squeamish patient.

If this be a right definition, or, if you please, description of comedy, it is not the extent, but the objects of a piece that must establish its title: a poem of one act may prove an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce. I have troubled you with this distinction, as I cannot, even from your own strictures, collect any reason for your calling The *Minor* a farce, unless its being confined within the limits of three acts. I should hope the characters it contains are not strained above the modesty of nature, nor the employment I have given them unsuitable to their rank, or inconsistent with their situation.

Having thus rescued my title from your rage, we will, in your own order, first consider your critical, and then your christian remarks

You set out with accusing me of reviving the ancient comedy. But in this charge you are, sir, at once erroneous and unjust. You err in your notions of the nature of the ancient comedy; and are unjust in attributing its revival to me, when, at the same time, that honour is solely due to the reverend gentleman whose advocate you are: but for the better determining this question, let us consider where the specific difference lies between the ancient, middle, and modern comedy.

The ancient comedy was a representation of real persons and facts; in the middle comedy the persons were real, and facts feigned; in the modern, both the persons and the facts were fictitious. Now, sir, though in the *Minor* you may call some of the characters real, yet you must, at least, allow the fable to be an invention: that piece, therefore, wants just half its construction to be ranked in the order of ancient comedies.

But let us on the other hand consider the claims of *your hero* for a niche near Thespis, in the temple of Apollo; and for this purpose we will examine one of his pieces, to which I was a spectator. The piece is pretty well known; and, after the manner of Aristophanes and Plautus, we will

county, and who, it is very probable, *confirmed* young Sam a member of the established church. Bishop La-

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distinguish it from the principal incident, by the name of *Mutton*, a Comedy.

As an introduction to this entertainment, we were told by the chorus, or prologue, that the persons were then living, that the dialogue really happened between them, and that the catastrophe of the leg of mutton and turnips was a literal fact. 'In this composition, you see, sir, we have at once every member of the ancient comedy. The method of declaiming, or conveying it too, was precisely after the Greek, in recitative; and though we had not the accompaniment of the *tibiæ dextræ* and *sinistræ*, yet a melodious nasal twang, produced by an orchestra of old women, who surrounded the actor, amply supplied that deficiency. To this when I add, that, after the manner of Thespis, the piece was exhibited in a cart upon a common, not a single doubt can, I think, remain.

"*Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis.*"

Perhaps the critics may object to the divine machinery of this piece, as believing the leg of mutton might have been produced with propriety enough by natural means.

"*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*"

But as the model of the *Mutton* was produced previous to the existence of Aristotle or Horace, it would be absurd in a professed imitator of that model to be directed by their rules from this disquisition; then, sir, the earnest inclination your reverend friend always shows to display his abilities in a cart, even though it be with a criminal at Tyburn, I think we may venture, without any impeachment of our understanding, to pronounce him the real restorer of the ancient Thespian Cart Comedy; to him, therefore, *libenter palmam do.*

Your next anathema is thundered out against 'one Aristophanes, a certain Greek comic poet', whose diciple you pronounce me to be; and to the unbounded license of whose execrable farces, produced and fostered by the corruption and depravity of the age, the untimely death of that

vington's three Tracts should be read by all those who investigate these matters; and, to his testimony,

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excellent citizen and inimitable philosopher, Socrates was owing. As to any resemblance you think you may have discovered between my little piece and the works of that great master, I am too much flattered with the comparison to think of pointing out your mistake; I leave that task to my enemies. But from what quarter did you collect the rest of your materials? You must have either lost your historical knowledge, or have sucked from some muddy gutter the impure stream with which you would pollute the brightest period the world ever saw. This was the æra when the attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen could have gone from a conference with Socrates to an oration from Demosthenes; and have closed his evening with the Electra of Sophocles, the Phædra of Euripides, the moral scenes of Mænander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes. Then flourished Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Isocrates, Thucydides, and Eschylus; men born to enlighten the human mind, and diffuse the glory of their country to latest posterity. No, sir; the sacrifice of Socrates was reserved for the age of bigotry and abject slavery; when Lysander had changed the constitution of Athens from a democracy to an aristocracy; when the thirty rulers had established an absolute tyranny. "The clouds obscure the brightest star of the Achaian firmament." Why, sir, that piece was exhibited in the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, at least twenty-six years before the death of Socrates. Could a little slight harmless raillery, at what perhaps were foibles in the character of that great man, have excited such an inflammation in the minds of the multitude? It must have been at the time when Socrates was upon the spot, in the very theatre where he had been drawn to make a discovery of his own imperfections, with a declared resolution to amend them. But the real truth is, sir, Socrates fell for the very fact which you charge as a crime upon Aristophanes: for his free, spirited, and personal invectives against Critias, one of the thirty rulers. The resentment of that tyrant, joined by the hatred the public bore Socrates for having been the instructor, the preceptor, of that very Critias,

may I be allowed here to add a small particle of intelligence that came under my own observation,

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were the unhappy, only instruments that closed, before his time, the eyes of that first of philosophers.*

It is now, I think, pretty clear that the middle, or the comedy of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, flourished at Athens when that republic was at its highest pitch of perfection for virtue, arts, and arms; that, with the Athenian liberty, fell the attic spirit and elegance; and that the comic muse enjoyed the fullness of her natural freedom till the principal citizens grew too wicked to hear their faults, and too hardened to mend them.

"Then fell Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead."

But before I quit this subject, I must produce you an authority or two, to the honour of those greater writers whom you have thought fit to distinguish by the name of "farcical ribalds." Horace thinks it an infinite praise to Lucilius, that he had successfully copied those poets, though but in a part of their merit.

"Hinc omnis pendit Lucilius, hosce sequutus
Mutatis tantum pedibus, numerisque facetus;
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus,
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus.——HOR. Sat. iv.

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* I am aware that some of the commentators are of opinion *Critias* would not have prevailed against his teacher and monitor, but for the ridicule thrown over him by Aristophanes, which rendered the Sage's advice cheap in the eyes of the Athenians, and, consequently, his life of no value in their estimation; but this is straining the influence of low comedy, and Aristophanes, infinitely too much: the lapse of above a quarter of a century, and the intervention of a great and signal revolution, in which the democratic form, which Aristophanes had also satirized, gave way to an oligarchy that ruled, with iron hand, that heretofore free state, and subjugated all its institutions and recreations, as *the saints* are doing here at this day, are sufficient reasons for believing that Socrates lost his life by the enmity of the tyrant alone.—J. B.

during the season of 1822? Being at Bill Oxberry's Theatrical Receptacle, in company with four per-

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And Quintilian, speaking of the middle comedy, observes, "Etsi in insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen habet virium in cæteris etiam partibus; nam et grandis, et elegans, et venusta, et nescio an ulla (post Homerum) aut similior sit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior. Plures ejus auctores. Aristophanes tamen et Eupolis, Cratinusque, præcipui." Quint. de Orat. lib. x. cap. 1.

Now, sir, explain these passages to your reverend friend, and learn both of you to treat characters of such respect, and with whom you have so slight an acquaintance, with more manners and modesty.

But to proceed. Your parallel between the Tabernacle Saint and Socrates, at first, I own, greatly surprised me; there appearing, to my weak capacity, about as much affinity between the two men, as between Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and G. Rutter, the cleaner of teeth. But, upon a closer inquiry, I have discovered what will make the very hassocks at the Tabernacle, like the chairs in Dioclesian, jump for joy.

In short then, sir, (there is no disguising or palliating the fact,) Socrates, the divine Socrates, was, to all intents and purposes, an absolute methodist; fatally for himself, a deluded, frantic methodist.

Strange as this assertion may appear, to what other sect can we apply his repeated declaration of being under the immediate influence of a demon, or familiar, that he had a voice within him that urged him to an action, or restrained him from it? φωνη φαινεται σημαινουσα οτι χρη ποιειν.—XENOPH.

Plutarch gravely relates an instance of this philosopher's delusion, every way worthy the journals of our modern methodist.—Socrates, walking with his friends at Athens, refused passing through a certain street, alleging that he was forbid by his familiar: but some of the company still persisting, what was the consequence? a drove of dirty pigs furiously brushed by, and foully contaminated all their holiday clothes. Now, seriously speaking, with equal show of reason, might not Socrates have paid his adoration to the clouds, as dethrone the gods of his country, to make room for such a paltry finical deity as this same familiar? To

formers from the sister isle, and the subject of *faith* being broached by some one, they all de-

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instances like these, and the frivolity of some of his physical researches, (which Aristophanes ridicules by introducing him measuring the jumps of a flea,) Socrates is indebted for his personal appearance on the attic theatre.

Had Socrates been as sincere as he was manly and sensible, in his declaration of being amended by the lectures of his comic countrymen, his judges would not have been told by him in the last and most important scene of his life, that he came unprepared with a defence, having been checked by his familiar, whenever he attempted to frame it; but, notwithstanding these shades, (which we must attribute to human infirmity,) in the portrait of Socrates, no man can have a higher veneration for the brighter and more finished part of his picture. I do not, indeed, lament with you his not having been a christian, nor impute it to the vice of his education; for, let that have been as it would, there seems to be an almost insuperable obstacle to his ever joining in one communion with us, viz. that he died in the ninety-fifth olympiad, just three hundred and ninety-nine years before CHRIST was born.

Your next remark, I think, was upon the cruelty and indecency of producing your friend* at the Theatre, on the score only of a mere natural infirmity; an inconsiderable weakness in the optic nerve; which, instead of retaining the eyes in the reciprocal direction they are generally placed in, lets them loose to run rambling about the head. This criticism you sustain by an observation of my own, that provincial dialects are not the proper objects of comedy; and if not dialects, surely much less natural infirmities.—*Granted.*

But if men, with these infirmities, will attempt things which those very infirmities have rendered them incapable of properly executing, it is their own fault if the source that should acquire them compassion degenerates into a fountain of ridicule. My Lord Lanesborough's gout would have

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* Whitfield, who was unblessed with 'a cast in the eye:' whence the name of *Squintum* came.

clared, *seriatim*, they held *no faith* whatever, though bred up in strict conformity with the Roman Ca-

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hardly found a place in Mr. Pope's page, if it had not hobbled a minuet at court; nor should *Dr. Squintum* have shown the whites of his eyes at the Haymarket, if he had confined his circumspection to the tap-room of the Bell, at Gloucester; or, after his admission to the ministry, modestly submitted to the decent duties of a country cure. But if, in despight of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive, but ludicrous; a dialect not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment not only awkward, but savage; he will produce himself to the whole public, and there deliver doctrines equally heretical and absurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he must expect to have his pretensions to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied.

A word more on this subject, if you please. One great superiority of the christian religion over every other institution, and at the same time an incontestable proof of its divine origin, is, I believe you will allow, the rationality of its principles. Its doctrines are not calculated to captivate the passions, but inform the understanding; not framed for conquest, but conviction.

How then should this system be submitted to the mind for its assent? With a modesty, candour, and moderation, resembling its own simplicity; or with a bigotted, intemperate, furious zeal, which can only become the tripod of the delphic oracle, or the celebration of the frantic feasts of Bacchus? M. Voltaire, in his *Letters on the English Nation*, has bestowed a brilliant panegyric on the decent declamation and demeanour of the protestant divines, when opposed to the inflated boisterous *capucinades* of the ministers in the Gallican church. To his judicious observations I shall, therefore, refer you.

But you might, my good sir, have given a much better reason than a natural infirmity for your friend's not appearing at the theatre in the Haymarket, and have taken it from my own words too. Being pressed, in the introduction to *The Minor*, for an imitation of the actors, I declined the task, by urging, that to render them ridiculous in their pro-

tholic Church, and one of them at the College of Maynooth. A little astonished at the energy with

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fession, might, in its consequences, prove prejudicial to their purses. Now, after this declaration, I am not quite clear that I ought to have taken the liberty I did with my brother Squintum.

You, in the next place, sir, affirm (with an intrepidity which, considering your avowed ignorance in dramatic productions, is a little astonishing) that Mr. Foote, among the moderns, is the only man who has produced real characters upon the stage.

What think you of a countryman of ours, one Shakspeare? In travelling through his page, did you never meet with a boorish, illiterate, trifling, tedious country justice, called *Shallow?* Have you never heard that this man's real name was *Lucy?* and that his inflexible severity to our author, for a venial slip in his youth, procured him a seat in the temple of folly, "condemned to everlasting fame?"

Perhaps, too, sir, before you became so totally spiritualized, you might have read, that, in a neighbouring kingdom, there did exist, during the reign of Louis XIV. a certain eminent poet and player, called *Jean Baptist Molière.* To this knowledge give me leave to add a little further information: that the said poet did produce a most excellent comedy called *Tartuffe;* the subject of which is false devotion, or religious hypocrisy; that the principal character was so strongly marked, as to be notoriously known for one of the first magistrates of the kingdom.* This comedy still continues an ornament to the French Theatre. But had comedy been silent in these latter times on personal failings, surely satire has exerted her voice. Has Dryden or Pope spared manners or men? Has la Bruyère or Boileau, though the slaves of arbitrary power, been more civil to

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* This piece of Molière's is mentioned as well on account of its subject as of its personality; but we might add, that there is scarce a single play of his but has a real living character. The *Cocu Imaginaire.* M. de Montausier in the *Misantrope.* The Duke de Feuiliade in the *Critique,* ou *l'Ecole des Femmes,* &c. &c. &c.

which they denounced Mother Church, I was curious enough to pry into the moment when and how

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sinners? "Ay, but they attacked vices." Are follies, then, more sacred than vices? Are men less ashamed of being wicked than absurd?

And are you really puzzled for the precise meaning of the word enthusiasm? Why, then, I will give it to you: but take this by the way, that the term was never applied by me to the leader of the methodists, but to his deluded disciples only; for the very essence of an enthusiast is, that, though mistaken, he is sincere; though erroneous, he is in earnest.

Enthusiasm in divinity is a kind of a religious phrensy, that mistakes the dictates of an inflamed imagination, the vapours of a troubled brain, for the operation of a divine possession, the effects of an immediate inspiration. Nor is it material that the enthusiast should think himself the person inspired; if his distempered judgement bestows the same attribute on any other individual, his delusion is equally the same: you have now my reason for distinguishing, in this place, the pastor from his flock.

Enthusiasm in arts, is that effort of genius, that glow of fancy, that ethereal fire, which, at particular times, transports the artist beyond the limits of his usual execution, and produces a height of perfection which, in his cooler hour, is astonishing even to himself. Nor is this Promethean heat, this divine fervour, confined to any particular subject; but is as discernible in a Hudibras as a Milton; in the comic pencil of a Hogarth as the serious designs of a Raphael. With this last kind of enthusiasm the methodists have little to do: and indeed it very rarely falls out, that they who are possessed by the one are happy in the enjoyment of the other.

You seem to think, sir, that the loyalty of your favourite pastor should screen his ignorance, and shelter his imposition. Why, though it may appear a little surprising that a priest, who has thrown off all obedience and subjection to his legal directors in religious concerns, should own any superior in temporal ones; yet, surely, there can be no great merit in an attachment to that government whose title he has not only acknowledged, but, by the most solemn and repeated obligations, engaged himself to support.

conviction came upon their minds, and so estranged their hearts from that faith, for they were intelligent

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I did not, indeed, at first, conceive of what consequence to the public your friend's political creed could be, till you yourself have given me a most alarming reason. Twenty thousand men are, it seems, ready to take the field, whenever their spiritual guide shall give the word of command. I am very sorry, sir, that any such power should be lodged in other hands than where the constitution has thought proper to place it, but more especially in *such* hands. The Asiatic Impostor* subjugated almost all the East with less than half that number of men; but, as I suppose this declaration will be canvassed in another place, and, if true, its consequences properly guarded against, I shall refer it to their consideration to whom it more immediately belongs.

But as we are fond of the most trifling anecdotes relative to the lives or principles of men eminent in their generation, give me leave to treat you with the fortunate cause that first fixed your friend in the interest of the present establishment.

The county of Gloucester was, during the infancy of our hero, divided into two political parties; his mother, who then presided at the Bell, a principal inn in the metropolis of the province, a thrifty, worldly woman, determined, if possible, to conciliate the favour of each party. To this purpose she made both her sons subservient almost as soon as they were born! the eldest (who now keeps the Bell) she christened James, in honour of the Pretender; her next (who now keeps the Tabernacle) she christened George, in compliment to the late King. Their education and employments were suited to their several appellations: George, from waiting behind the chairs of the loyalists, became a zealous whig; and James, from a constant attendance on the liberal potations of the disaffected, became a rigid jacobite. I do not give entire credit to the report, that the invention of soaping the tops of the pewter pots to diminish the liquor and increase and sustain the froth, was the invention of our hero; nor that the conversion of the

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* Mahomet.

persons; and, I think, we came to the conclusion, that they had simply applied to their former *belief*

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bident into a trident, by which, instead of two, you chalk three for one, can be attributed to him; I have, besides, heard his mother frequently declare that he was a dull, stupid, heavy boy, totally incapable of their business. Nor is the tradition of my landlady's dreaming, during her pregnancy with our hero, that she was brought to-bed of a tinder-box, which, from a collision of the flint and steel made by the midwife, conveyed certain sparks to the adjacent cathedral, and soon reduced it to ashes, a bit less fabulous: this is a fiction, circulated by his bigotted followers, as denoting the total subversion of the established church by his means, but it has no foundation.

I think, sir, I have now pretty well foiled the force of your critical remarks, by proving, that *The Minor* is neither an interlude, droll, or species of the ancient comedy; that Socrates received no other injury from Aristophanes than a laughing rebuke, for follies that fully deserved it; that men, with natural infirmities, when they attempt things those very infirmities have rendered them incapable of executing, are fit objects for satire; that your friend is that object; that a comedy's being local or temporary is so far from being a moral or critical fault, that it constitutes its chiefest merit, and that the exhibition of real characters has been the practice of the first poets in the most polished and enlightened times. We now come to your christain observation, which I flatter myself we shall find full as feeble as your critical.

The first object of your indignation is the stage in general; you condemn it, as being of pagan original.—So are sculpture, painting, and not only all the elegant, but most of the useful arts.

But you say, that *they were exhibited in honour of their demons.*—If by their demons you mean, as they did, their gods, you are right enough. And where could they better employ it? To those people you would surely permit *some* religious worship; but you will insist, that they all ought to have been Christians, though dead before Christ came into the world!

That *Pagans, who had no regard to virtue, 'abominated*

the test of common sense, mere ordinary examination, and its delusions and trappings vanished,

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Theatres, as seminaries of vice.'—Who were these Pagans? And when and where did they live?

That 'the diversions of the stage, though at first encouraged, were afterwards discountenanced by the Greeks and Romans.'—Just the contrary is true. Plays were in such estimation in Greece, that the exhibition of the tragedies of Sophocles alone cost the Athenian state more than the whole Peloponnesian war; and the profession of the stage was at that time so far from contemptible, that even their ambassadors were selected from the body of the players. They were not, indeed, in equal repute at Rome; for the same reason that, in the decline of the empire, the practice of the bar fell into disgrace; because the professors of both became mercenaries; but still the dramatic authors had a Scipio, a Lælius, a Mæcenas, an Augustus, for their patrons; and to sum up all these names in one, the actors had a Cicero for their friend.

The Romans were so far from over discountenancing dramatic performances, that one of the fathers you have quoted, St. Augustine, observes, that, four hundred and thirty-six years after Christ, the Theatres began to be closed in the great towns of Italy, owing to the incursions of the Goths and Vandals. *Nisi fortè hinc sint tempora mala, quia per omnes civitates cadunt Theatra.* And Cassiodorus, who wrote A.D. 520, almost a hundred years after St. Austin,*

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* The mention of his name brings to mind another merry-making christian, Saint Augustin, the Monk, who, being sent hither on a mission to *the Saxons*, knew well that the channels of instruction in his holy religion lay by the way of their amusements, their diversions, their very debaucheries; and *the Bulle* is still extant, in which Pope Gregory commands him and his clergy to institute festivals, or *wakes*, in honour of their patron saints, on the vigil or eve of which the parishioners were commanded to assemble and *make merry*: "*get drunk*," said the worthy Bishop; "if you do you'll be d——d," say *the saints*, and the saints

and with it all desire to join any other church which they had been so long accustomed to hear

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intentions, in several of his letters, that the Theatres were still open at Rome, so that in all probability the playhouses were not totally shut, till the sack of Rome by Totila: then, indeed, when the wives and children of the patricians were compelled to beg their bread at the doors of their own palaces, plays, players, arts, sciences, and even the Roman name, sunk in one universal ruin.

In conjunction with Collier and the other virulent declaimers against this age, you seem to lay infinite stress, on the authorities of those fathers who have condemned it, without once considering where they lived, and when they wrote. Clement wrote in 192, Chrysostom in 351, St. Augustine in 436; all of them in Italy, when their followers were few, and those, too, newly converted. Feasts instituted in honour of the heathen gods were, undoubtedly, not only very indecent, but very dangerous sights for christian converts; they might have revived an affection for their ancient rites: but what is all this to us? we have not the same dangers to apprehend. I never heard that Mr. Garrick sacrificed to Pan, or Mr. Rich danced a jig in honour of Cybele. The former gentleman has indeed, it is said, dedicated a temple to a certain divinity called Χαλεσπεαρ, before whose shrine frequent libations are made, and on whose altar the fat of venison (a viand grateful to the deity) is seen often to smoke; but these profanations never entered the Theatre, nor do I believe that any of the players ever assisted at the sacrifices; so this must be considered as a mere piece of personal superstition, for which the man, and not the profession, is accountable.

You say, Salvian, a bishop of Marseilles, in the fifth cen-

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have "*the ayes* in their favour, in this present parliament assembled." I have been uncommonly *lengthy* on the word "wakes" in my "DICTIONARY;" and am scarcely restrained from copying it here, by any consideration of *la propriété des choses:* I have no hesitation, however, in denouncing 'the saints' as the enemies of the State—*innocents* though they be.—J. B.

denounced as heretical and damnable. So nearly allied is Atheism and Popery.

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tury, forbids his flock to enter a Theatre, because Venus is there worshipped; places for exercise, for there Minerva is adored; the circuses, because homage is paid to Neptune; the amphitheatres and wrestling places, for there Mars and Mercury are honoured. And so, sir, this is a reason why I am not to go to Drury-lane playhouse, Broughton's, the riding-house, or in a sculler to see the naval contention for Dogget's badge, where those heathen names were scarce ever heard. Let us suppose the following dialogue to happen, between the father of boxing and a lover of the art:—

'Mr. Broughton, I would attend Slack and the Nailer to-morrow, and I am told by my spiritual director, that you have a particular veneration for Mars'—'Who! I, Sir? I assure your honour it is a confounded lie, let who will have told you so; for, as I hope to be saved, I never heard of the gentleman's name in all my life! What! is he to stand for Westminster?'

You may call this ridicule, but is it not reason? Can any proposition be clearer than that the prohibition of the Roman theatres to the primitive Christians has no more relation to our playhouses than to a horse-race at Barnet, or a ball upon my Lord Mayor's day. Besides, at the time those fathers lived, Rome's fire and genius were extinct; like the walls of Troy, scarce the ruins remained. The arts began to decline, after the illustrious age of Augustus: they shone a little, it is true, in the reign of Trajan; but, like the last efforts of an expiring taper, they gave one blaze to sink for ever, completing their countryman's poetical prophecy:

"Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem."

But what, my good sir, was the practice of the several religious societies after the revival of letters? Were not the most interesting passages of the Old and New Testaments converted into plays? and did not their scholars perform them? their Directors wisely judging that the

For nothing has Foote been so remarkable as the petty dissensions which arose between him and

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useful blended with the pleasing, would be more readily received, and make a deeper impression, than a set of didactics delivered with dryness, and enforced with severity.

But to bring this matter to a short issue.— Dramatic poetry was, without doubt, originally good. *Tragedy* was intended to purge the passions; *Comedy*, to correct the follies of mankind. That these ends have been frequently neglected or mistaken, I shall readily grant; but what institution, human or divine, has not been converted by bad men to bad purposes? I wish we had not a notorious instance before us. Men have been drunk with wine: must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? Whilst there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out, as occupations for the idle, and relaxations for the active. All that sound policy can do is, to take care that such only shall be established, as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequences; and where these can be found in a greater degree than at the Theatres, I believe it will not be very easy for you to point out.

I shall not enter into a dispute with you upon the principles delivered at the Tabernacle. Your forms are above my comprehension; and, indeed, I believe, your own. When we want an explanation of *regeneration*, the *new birth*, and that strange kind of spiritual commerce, which you pretend to carry on with superior invisible agents, you refer us to feelings which, as we never experienced, we can never understand; and to acquire those feelings, and yet preserve the right use of our senses, would be almost as easy as *cum ratione insanire*.

But though we do not feel the force of these mystic doctrines, the miserable effects are obvious enough. Bedlam loudly proclaims the power of your preacher, and scarce a street in town but boasts its tabernacle; where some from interested views, and others, (unhappy creatures!) mistaking the idle offspring of a distempered brain for divine inspiration, broach such doctrines as are not only repugnant to christianity, but destructive even to civil

several individuals, performers, with reference to the ease with which reconciliation was brought

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society. Pray, sir, who among you are *the Antinomians?** Are the doctrines of that sect the tenets of the Tabernacle? In vain are human laws instituted to guard the lives and properties of individuals, if a religion be tolerated which makes it a merit to deprive them of both. The greater crime you commit, the greater glory you give to God; the virtue of the blood of Christ being rendered meritorious in proportion to the greatness of the offence it is to expiate.—This very opinion I received as the sound sense of the gospel, in a village I now write from;† a lady, with a fortune not inconsiderable, and with intellects not contemptible, having here fallen a victim to the villanous practices of a methodist teacher. It was this lady's hard fate, and not the cause you suggest, that first determined me to lay siege to the Tabernacle. We have broke ground with success, and I make no doubt that when our heavy artillery comes up, we shall soon carry the place. But to accelerate our approaches, it will be necessary to silence your last battery; for which reason I shall proceed (metaphors apart) to examine your charge of profaneness or blasphemy against me.

This accusation you support, by producing several abominable expressions, as you call them, from the character of *Mrs. Cole*, which you say are fit only for the mouth of a devil. Why, they do come from the mouth of a being very little better than the devil; but for those, she or her teachers are answerable, not your humble servant; these are her words, not mine. Would you have a mirror to reflect beauty from deformity? I do my duty, if the copy is a faithful transcript of the original; and of that the pub-

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* The Methodists were already subdivided into Arminians and Antinomians, into Whitfieldites and Wesleyites, the latter being now styled "Lady Huntingdon's *connexion.*" We have, also, the Ranters, Southcottians, and other lapsarians, who all deny not only the saving efficacy of good works, but their absolute inutility. The *Antinomians* do not acknowledge this title, similarly to the hunch-back, who cannot be persuaded that he is *a Lord.*

† Northend, near Hampstead; and the fate of *the lady* alluded to is no fiction.

about in every case, like the poutings and kissings of the wedded state. His *imitations* of the actors

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He are the judges. The plain points to be determined are these—Is there such a character in nature as *Mrs. Cole?* This granted—Is that character a proper object for the stage? If a detection of the most consummate hypocrisy and guarding the most innocent and suspecting part of the creation from the crafts and subtleties of the most artful and designing be of use to society, no object is so proper.

But then the words *providence, regeneration, grace, new birth,* should they be spoken upon a theatre?—Why not? Though the abuse of these words may (as it is intended it should) cast an odium on the character that misapplies them, yet surely no dishonour is reflected on the words themselves, or the ideas they represent. Does any man condemn Ben Jonson for giving his hypocritical saints tribulation, and Annanias the language of the Scripture, though employed in a work diametrically opposite to the sense and spirit of the Scripture?

But, to ridicule what is said in a *church!* And why not? if what is said there deserves ridicule? Is it a crime to pick a pocket at church? Its being at church is an additional reason why a man should not have done it; but it is no argument why he should not be punished for doing it.

Yet, pray, why are the persons of methodists more sanctified than those of quakers, and other dissenters from the established church? Why their expressions more sacred? Yet the latter have found their way to the stage.

But if words, which are the mere arbitrary marks of things, are by any use so consecrated as never to be produced but in a particular service, what apology can you make for your principal, whose conversation is an eternal prostitution both of words and things? If profaneness consists in idly mentioning the Supreme Being, what kind of offender must he be who makes him a principal agent in the most trifling common occurrences? If he is bit by fleas, he is "buffetted by Satan!" If he has the good fortune to catch them, "the Lord will subdue his enemies under his feet!" But, as no words but his own can do him equal justice, I here present the public with a genuine letter, transmitted by him to town, on his last expedition to Edinburgh.

galled them all exceedingly; but, then, he thus corrected their mannerism, and they reflected that

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To M. I. C. C. H. C—n C——ss.

"DEAR FRIEND IN THE SPIRIT,

"In my last, from Alnwick, I informed thee how graciously our good God had dealt with his servant. From thence I journeyed on to Berwick, but was sorely afflicted on the road. My mare, thou knowest, is an easy beast, yet most grievously was I chafed and galled; and I said within myself,—"This is the devil's doing, but the Lord will not suffer him to prevail against me:" and it happened accordingly; for, behold! at an apothecary's, in the next village, I miraculously got a plaister of diaculum, which healed all my sores.

"At Berwick, I sojourned with Rebecca Grunt, one of the faithful, and a fishmonger; and, like Martha, she ministered unto me; as it is said, "If I minister unto you spiritual things, shall ye not also minister unto me carnal things?" Salmon pickled we had for supper, on which the Lord enabled me to feed most plentifully.

"Much oil did I eat with my fish, and wine did I drink after it: wine maketh the heart glad, and oil giveth a cheerful countenance.

"Then laid I me down to rest, but was cruelly buffetted by the Prince of Darkness, in a dream. Methought the tabernacle, which my own right hand had planted, suddenly took fire, neither was there water any where to be found. Then was I much vexed, and my spirit was grieved within me; and I heard a voice cry unto me, Arise!"—[here some words occur that decency forbids me to transcribe]; even as Sampson destroyed the army of Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, so shalt thou quench this devouring flame; even as I was commanded, so did I; * * * * * * * * * * at the noise thereof I awoke, and found it was but a dream; for * * * * * * * * Then I knew for a truth, that it was the contrivance of the father of lies; for Rachael, the wife of my bosom, can testify it is not my wont so to do.

"Thine, in the fulness of spirit."

I shall make no comment on this epistle; of its authenticity the style is sufficient evidence.

I think I have by this time, sir, pretty well obviated all

they, at least, suffered in *good company*. Even Garrick might be restrained from too much mouth-

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your remarks, critical and christian. Your question, as to the quantity of wealth your friend may have amassed, he is, I believe, too cunning to let any body into that secret: but from your computation of males, fit to carry arms, who are listed in his service, and the price they are well known to pay for admittance, into even the gallery of *his* theatre, I should suppose his annual income must double the Primate's. To this may be added, private benefactions and occasional contributions; the proportion of this that he allots to the poor who but himself can discover? Some specious ostentatious acts, which it is a prostitution of the word to call charity, are the mere tricks of his trade, the baits, the springs. If he is so disinterested a minister, why did he not continue in his mission at Geo-gia? there he might have reaped a plentiful spiritual harvest. Butler has given a reason for another order of men, which, with a very little alteration, will do for him:—

> "No Jesuit ere took in hand
> To build a church on barren land."

I shall not animadvert upon the pretty copy of verses with which you have closed your pamphlet; though, for decency's sake, if you are a minister of the church of Christ, I hope you are not impious enough to chant such compositions as this in your places of worship, by way of giving glory to God. There is a place, you say, where saints shall enjoy

> "Eternal rest, an active, blissful state,
> Joys ever new, transporting, ever great."

I hope, sir, in this paradise of your own manufacture, you will allow your saints, after their "*active rest*," a sup of *dry drink*, and let them just take a *waking nap*, by way of a little *fatiguing refreshment*. The climax, too, in your next line is extremely happy;—joys, not only "*transporting*," but "*great*."

But this is a trifle to what occurs in the progress of your poem. You there make a conveyance to your disciples of certain *seats*, which you pretend to have in the realms above; and you promise them not only a good neighbour-

ing in his *die-away;* but "little David" found it his interest to humour the public taste in this respect; and Foote and Wilkinson *took off* the players, at Drury-lane, under his management, with impunity. Wilkinson, on this, had the temerity to imitate his master; and Foote took care to retaliate

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hood of patriarchs, *apostles,* and martyrs, but that the Tottenham teacher *himself* shall certainly settle among them. This puts me in mind of what happened at a certain place, in summing up the evidence against a libeller of the revolution. "The prisoner has dared, gentlemen, to vilify even the revolution, gentlemen; a measure, gentlemen, visibly begun, conducted, and completed, by the peculiar interposition of divine *Providence;* and not only that, gentlemen, but confirmed by *Act of Parliament.*"

Your two next lines, and the last I shall meddle with, are,

"In lofty strains, which angels cannot sing,
There saints shall praise their priest and heavenly King."

And why cannot angels sing the strains? Perhaps, they are of your own composing; otherwise, we are told, that to sing praises was one great purpose of their creation. But I forget, these are your own angels, too; and it is only reasonable that you should people your own paradise.

Fie upon you! Are not you ashamed to cajole a parcel of ignorant mechanics into a belief that, by chanting such inexplicable nonsense, they are performing a sacrifice of praise agreeable to the great Author of their being! *You* a religious reformer! Are these the proofs of your mission? —You don't doubt that I shall have a call. In the mean time, let me give you one, repent; and, by way of atonement and mortification, summon your misguided flock; reveal your impious frauds, and restore the poor deluded people to their senses and their proper pastor. But if you will still persist, I must, after your example, conclude with wishing that those teachers among you who are mad were confined closely in Bedlam, and those who are wicked were lodged safely in Bridewell; and then, I think, the public would get rid of you all. But while you continue triumphantly at large, spiritualized and divine as you may boast yourselves, I shall still take the liberty to follow you, as the boy did Philip, with a loud memento, that "you are merely men."

upon his birth, parentage, and education, in *Shift*, which caused a little coldness between them. But their interests were so blended that both thought proper to stifle resentment, and "come together again." In 1761, *Arthur Murphy*, also, who had stood aloof from *Foote* ever since the affair of "*the Englishman Returned*," forgot the plagiary, and they jointly opened Drury-lane Theatre, during the summer, but without full success attending their steps; and a dissolution of partnership took place, without the aid of the Gazette.

The *Liar*, in three acts, however, retrieved a little his fractured hopes, at Covent-garden, in January, 1762, which it more eminently verified afterwards, when cut down to *two acts*. In the summer of the same year, he brought forward his *Orators*, as now printed, at the Haymarket, where he enacted the part of *Lecturer* to morning audiences, with much success.

As was his custom, *Foote* made no secret of the characters he meant to introduce into his pieces; and it became known, in the theatrical circles, that he intended to show up Dr. Samuel Johnson among the rest. But the Doctor's firmness disarranged this determination of Foote's, else the sturdy old lexicographer had certainly got on the stage, and knocked down the mime with a cudgel. Animal courage, then, was not one of his qualities, or Foote would have braved this threat out, and gone

on to expose the folly and superstition of a man's believing in a silly *ghost story*, before applying to it the ordinary touchstone of *common sense;* without which the cramp erudition of a whole Sorbonne is but dross, and "the Rambler" so much waste-paper, to him who could not forget that its author put faith in Fanny of Cock-lane — silly man! But George Faulkner, printer of the Dublin Journal, a vain man, in his assumption of the libertine's character, though minus a leg, he did bring forward in the *Orators*, imitating the accidental deformity, the better to set off his mental follies. This attack *Foote* had to lament, in the tedious procrastination of a law-suit, which, to such a man, must have operated beyond the ordinary pangs of punishment. He, however, got over this trouble by compromise; and, by way of retaliation, brought out "the Trial of Foote," in which he displayed his usual legal acumen.*

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*THE TRIAL OF SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

FOR A LIBEL ON PETER PARAGRAPH.

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, 1763.

Characters Represented.

THE JUDGE ..... *Mr. Lewis, sen.*
COUNSELLOR DEMUR (against Mr. Foote).. *Mr. Kennedy.*
COUNSELLOR QUIRK ..... *Mr. Foote.*
LAWYERS, COUNSELLORS, &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Four Courts, Dublin.*

JUDGE, COUNSEL, LAWYERS, &c. &c.

Demur. My Lord, I am counsel against this Mr. Fot, and

Henceforward, *Foote* confined himself to the Haymarket in summer, enacting his pieces with

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a pretty sort of a parson this Fot is, every inch of him. [*Coughs.*] You may say that, whee-hee [*a deep cough*]; but I should be glad to know what kind of right, now, this Fot has to be any body at all but himself. Indeed, my Lord, I look upon it that he may be indicted for forgery—whe-hee-hee [*coughing*]. Every body knows that it is a forgery to take off a man's hand; and why not as bad as to take off a man's leg? besides, my Lord, it concerns yourself—yourself—for, God's willing, I don't despair, in a little time, of seeing your Lordship on the stage. A pretty sort of business this, that your Lordship is to be taken off the bench, there, where you are sitting, without your knowing any thing *at-all-at-all* of the matter, and all the while that, to your thinking, you are passing sentence here, in the Four Courts, you may, for what you can tell, be hearing causes in the Haymarket. So that, gentlemen of the jury, if you have a mind to keep yourselves to yourselves, and not suffer any body else to be, but you yourselves, and your Lordship does not choose to be in London whilst you are living in Dublin, you will find the prisoner Fot guilty.

Judge. I agree entirely with my brother Demur that this Fot is a most notorious offender, and ought to be taken measure of, and taught how dangerous a thing it is for him to tread upon other people's toes; and so, as my brother observes, to prevent his being so free with other people's legs—we will lay him by the heels.

Quirk. My Lord, I move to quash this indictment, as irregular, and totally void of precision:—it is there said that Fot did, by force of *arms*, imitate the lameness, &c. of said Peter Paragraph.—Now, as we conceive this imitation could not be executed by the *arms*, but by the *legs* only—we apprehend the *laving out legs*, and putting in *arms*, corrupts and nullifies said indictment.

Demur. Fy—brother Quirk—the precedents are all quite *clane* against you; vide Serjeant Margin's Reports, chap. ix. page 42, line 6, Magra against Murg.—Magra was indicted for assaulting, by force of arms, said Murg, by giving him a kick in the breech, and it was held good.

Judge. Where, brother Demur?

much profit, and produced, in sucsession, *The Mayor of Garrat*, the *Patron*, and the *Commis-*

Demur. Chap. ix. page 42, line 6, Magra against Murg.

Judge. Magra against Murg!

Demur. And in the same book, notwithstanding the same objection, Phelim O'Flanagan, for the *murder of his wife*, was found guilty of *manslaughter*.

Quirk. My Lord—

Judge. You are, brother, out of season in your objection; you are too early; we will first find the traverser guilty of the indictment, and then we will consider if the indictment is good for any thing or not.

Demur. Yes, that is the rule—that is the law, every word of it.

Quirk. I submit.

Demur. Now, we will proceed to fix the fact upon Fot.—Call Dermot O'Dirty—This is a little bit of a printer's devil.

Quirk. We object to this witness.

Demur. Why so?

Quirk. He was convicted last Trim assizes of perjury, and condemned to be whipped.

Judge. And was he whipped?

Quirk. No, my Lord, he ran away from the goaler.

Judge. Is he in court?

Demur. Yes.

Judge. Why, in his present state, O'Dirty is, doubtless, an incompetent witness; for not having suffered the law,—the books aver, he cannot be believed — but in order to restore his credit at once — here, gaoler, take Dermot O'Dirty into the street, and flog him handsomely; he will, by that means, becomes *rectus in curia*, and his testimony admitted of course.

Demur. Ay—that is the law: I have often known the truth whipped out of a man, but your Lordship has found the way to flog it into him again.

Judge. True, brother—I would not give two-pence to try an innocent man unless a jury could be found to bring him in guilty.—An able magistrate should have all the properties of a thorough-bred hound—be a good finder—a stanch pursuer, and a keen killer; for the great duty of a judge

sary: unless we except his playing a night or two for the benefit of some friendly performer. He

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is to punish, and I am never so well *pleased* as when *I am doing my duty*.

Demur. Oh! I know it, my Lord; you are a worthy magistrate.—Why, your Lordship is likely to have a great deal of pleasure this sessions, as there is a large list of prisoners, I hear.

Judge. Yes, brother, and, heaven be praised! a good many for capital crimes!—I think, brother, if I have any luck, I shall be able to hang ten or a dozen.

Demur. Ay!

Judge. Ay—besides larcenies and other offences—why, I don't despair, God willing,—to give this Fot a very good flogging.

Demur. Indeed! why, your Lordship will grow as fat as a pig. But I believe, my Lord, you have entirely lost one great branch of your business.

Judge. I am sorry for that, brother—what can that be?

Demur. Treason—by my shoul, his Majesty's subjects all like their young master so well, that I don't believe you can find a traitor in all his dominions.

Judge. Oh! I shall be no great loser by that; the Irish have been always so obstinately loyal, that that branch never brought any great business to the bench—but proceed.

Quirk. I am instructed, my Lord, by my client, to move to put off his trial, for want of a witness.

Judge. I cannot consent to that.

Quirk. We conceive this to be a natural right.

Judge. Ay—in common cases, such as a *rape*, or a *murder*, it is never denied—but this is a *libel*, and to be considered as a very heinous offence, and I question very much whether it does not amount to a nuisance, and fall under the legal description of a dunghill.

Demur. It is bad enough, to be certain; but, however, if the prisoner will give security, my Lord, that he will remove his dunghill, and not carry any more, my client, Peter Paragraph, into company where he is not—why, we will consent to put off the trial—and, indeed, he ought to be bound to keep the *peace* to all his Majesty's subjects, and be

enjoyed the countenance and support of many among the nobility and great persons of the king-

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forced to be *only himself*, all the while he stays here, but that, I believe, would be rather too hard upon him; for, as he is so used to put on other people's faces, that I question very much if he has got ever a one of his own.

Judge. Be it so—

Quirk. Now, my Lord, I move for an information against Peter Paragraph for a libel.

Judge. Upon whom?

Quirk. Upon himself.

Judge. Himself!

Quirk. Aye—for, if my client is a libeller for *writing The Orators*, Peter Paragraph, for printing and publishing it, is as guilty as he, every whit.*

Judge. Unquestionably! take an information against Paragraph for libelling himself.

Demur. How?

Judge. Whilst I sit here, I will take care that none of the King's subjects shall take the liberty to libel themselves.

Demur. But he is the prosecutor.

Judge. That may be, brother Demur—but an information is too good a thing not be given, and I could not help granting it, though it was against my father himself—The Court is adjourned. [*Exeunt all but* QUIRK.

Quirk. Will you desire Mr. Fot to walk in?—Faith, I am sorry this affair has taken such a turn.—Where is he? [*Foote re-enters, divested of his counseller's wig and gown.*] Oh! you must drop all proceedings against Peter.

Mr. Foote. That's hard.—I have, Mr. Counsellor, thrown a few couplets together; that, perhaps, may supply that deficiency, and I should be glad of your opinion, whether I could speak them with safety.

Quirk. Let us have them.

Foote. Hush! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?

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* However strange it may appear, Mr. Faulkner actually "printed, published, and sold" *The Orators:* such is the *spirit* of trade, and the desire to be doing something, though that be libelling oneself.

dom; and almost persuaded himself that he should glide down the tide of health and prosperity, with-

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With art laconic, noting all that's said,
Malice at heart—indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy ail the legal war,
And rouse the clam'rous legions of the bar!
Is there none such?—Not one; then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, though strange—yet true;
The application must be made by you.
At Athens once, fair Queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts;*
Precise his manner, and *demure his looks*,
His mind unletter'd—though he dealt in books:
Amorous, though old: though dull, *lov ed repartee*,
And pen'd a paragraph most daintily.
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed;*
In *hath*, and *doth*, was seldom known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale;
With wits and lords, this man was much delighted,
And once (it hath been said) was near being knighted.
One Aristophanes, a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ,
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice—his looks—his gestures, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene;
Loud peals of plaudits through the circles ran,
All felt the satire—for all knew the man.
Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer, in a hurry, flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.

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* Meaning *George Faulkner*, of course, after whose manner Foote delivered the words printed in italics, all the while hopping about in imitation of his original, who had lost a leg. Alas, for short-sighted man! our hero was himself doomed to undergo amputation of a leg in less than three short years after this.

out grounding his bark, through life. But vain and fleeting is the reckoning erratic man would cast up with futurity, be that ever so near! for, early in 1766, he had the misfortune to break his leg whilst hunting. Drunk with the applause bestowed upon his social powers of pleasing, he fancied no obstacle existed to his enjoying the pleasures of *the chase* also, that perilous enterprise to young horsemen, though an exercise to which he was entirely unaccustomed. Being on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, in company with the then Duke of York, Lord Delaval, Sir F. B. Delaval (his earliest friend), and others, he was induced

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The fee secur'd—the lawyer strokes his band——
" The case you put, I fully understand.
The thing is plain, from Cocos's Reports,
For rules of poetry arn't rules of courts.
A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it,"
A Grecian* constable took up the poet;
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour—scandalous abuse.
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
The indulgent public set the prisoner free;
Greece was to him—what Dublin is to me.
Now, Sir—your judgment——

Quirk. Why, should he make any further attack upon this occasion, I think

" *Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.*"
" The formal process will be held in sport,
And you dismiss'd, with credit, from the court."

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* *Grecian* is an appellation taken by ordinary Irishmen when they infringe the law of personal security; it is an apology for not knowing *English manners*, statutes, customs, ordinances.

by them, in hapless hour, to *go out* with the hounds; and, as might be anticipated, he was immediately *thrown off*, and one of his legs got fractured in two places. Amputation became necessary, and he submitted to the operation like a man who had recovered the use of his senses. But with this accession, we are told, he did not lose his wit, his jest, or vein for satire, though this was necessarily turned upon himself and his own situation; for he avowed, that "he was prevented from making a jest upon other people," as, indeed, all who visit the sick bedside may be looked upon as benefactors, as consolators of affliction, and do not come thither in groups to laugh at each other, as at a dinner-party.

While the surgeons were preparing for the operation, he requested that he might be dealt with indulgently, as it was "the first time of his performance in the character of a *patientee*." After the first dressings were laid on, and the surgeons (as usual) gave him hopes of a speedy recovery, he observed that he had no fears of corns, sores, or gibed heels, and that he would not change his one good leg for *Lord Spindle's* two drumsticks; and, although he might find himself a little awkward at *running*, yet he would *hop* with any man going.

After his recovery, Mr. Foote wore a cork leg, well adapted to the natural one, and played his

parts with even more humour than before, since *the grotesque* was frequently heightened by the droll display of his rigid supporter. Add to this, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York interested himself effectually in procuring for him the royal patent for a summer theatre, which he obtained June the 25th following, and, in this light, we may consider the loss of his leg as no ultimate misfortune, but rather look upon it as the price of his patent,* a bargain for which no one, to be sure, would ever think of making a previous agreement. He immediately availed himself of this privilege, and, having purchased the Haymarket theatre, he pulled down the old premises, and rebuilt it in a more substantial manner, nearly on the spot where the present building now stands. It was opened in May, 1767, with "An Occasional Prelude," adapted to the circumstances.

* The Duke of York's example had the effect of raising up other supporters of our *Foote;* indeed, such high patronage is always well calculated to superinduce the generality to throw in their mites of help. The shop of Mr. J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall, (about No. 60,) was, at that time, the resort of all the wit and learning in high life, when the trade of authorship was neither graced so numerously nor disgraced so much by pretenders and fops as at present; and one of these (as we shall see presently) conferred on *Foote*, gratuitously, a piece composed in the true style of burlesque, which had a good run. It came to his hands in November, when the walls of his new house were scarce half raised: this was "The Tailors; a Tragedy for warm Weather."

This petite piece the reader will find in the margin :* the cast of characters, it will be seen, was very strong, indeed the first men of their class.

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* AN OCCASIONAL PRELUDE.

Dramatis Personæ.

LACONIC.....*Mr. J. Palmer.*
SNARL.....*Mr. Weston.*
SCAFFOLD.....*Mr. C. Banister.*
FOOTE.....*Mr. Foote.*

SCENE—*The Street.*

Enter LACONIC *and* SNARL.

Snarl. What! Master Laconic, whither are you rambling this evening? To collect, I reckon, the coffee-house compliments on your late epigrammatical efforts.. Well, I must say, for a terse point, a happy surprise, or a risible quibble, there is no man in this town can match little Laconic.

Lac. O fy, Snarl! this amongst friends?

Snarl. Nay, so much even Detraction itself must allow. Why, man, you are the very life and soul of the Chronicle; shut but the poets out of their corner, and we shall soon see an end of that paper.

Lac. I can't but say, Mr. Snarl, my conceits are pretty current in town, but then my genius is cramped. I could, perhaps, produce an epic equal to Virgil, or the Iliad, or any of them there fellows of old; but to what end? Lack-a-day! I should never be read; no man's attention holds out now for more than six or eight lines. No, no; poor poetry is but a drug.

Snarl. Then why do you deal in it?

Lac. Nature impels;—

> "Whilst but a child, and yet unknown to fame,
> I lisped in numbers, and the numbers came."

A mere involuntary effusion of mine, a kind of poetical diabetes.

Snarl. Equally copious and insipid. *(Aside.)*

Lac. Could I bridle my impulse, d—n me, Mr. Snarl, if I would hitch a rhyme, or clench a couplet again as long as I lived. No, no; the land of prose is the land of promise,

In July following, he brought forward the mock-heroic comi-tragedy, entitled "*The Tailors;* or, a

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ay, and of performance, too; why, I dare say, you make more by a single letter from Leonora, or Buckhorse, or the cobbler of Cripplegate, than I do by a quire of epigrams.

Snarl. Our compositions are of a different kind, and have a different tendency. Your purpose, my dear Laconic, is to amuse,—mine to reform; you tickle the ear with a rattle, a kind of jingling chime, which suits well enough with women and children, whilst I, with my flapper, rouze the public attention; and, like another Hercules, my broom in my hand, cleanse this great Augean stable from every nuisance. To mend the world is a great design. Martial and Cato were different characters, Laconic.

Lac. I beg your pardon, my man of importance. Cato! ha! ha! What! because you have filled up a ditch in Fleet-street, roused a slumbering watchman in the Strand, sent half a dozen beggars from pitch-and-hustle to Bridewell, widened the Devil's gap for lawyers, and brought a *habeas corpus* for a dunghill in Holborn——

Snarl. How!

Lac. These are thy triumphs!—thy exploits, O Cato!

Snarl. Why, thou little clumsy fetterer of free-born English,—thou slave to sounds,—thou botcher of syllables,—thou bawd to an echo;—is it for thy circumscribed insignificant quill to record the public services of a Snarl?

Lac. They might with ease be crammed into a distich.

Snarl. Why, thou wasp of the buzzing creation; thou hast nought of the bee but his sting. Answer me; who is it that has given decency to churches—politeness to playhouses—stability to the stocks—security to the state, but a Snarl?

Lac. Why, as to the churches, if they all resemb'e that where I was last Sunday, the reform is not great; the ladies curtsied and whispered all the first part of the service, and the churchwardens snored so loud that there was no hearing the sermon.

Snarl. Some paltry, pewless place in the suburbs, which the Gazetteer never reaches.

Lac. The playhouses still have their pantomimes; they

Tragedy for Warm Weather," which had been sent to him anonymously, and was an excellent *hit-off*

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have made one improvement, indeed, for most of their new things are now set to music; so that, though our ears are wounded, our understandings are safe.

Snarl. Barbarian! unharmonious goth!

Lac. 'Change-alley is still crowded; the stocks are a staple commodity, witness the bulls, bears, &c. and, as to the state, I'm sure you can't think that secure, for your paper overturns it at least three times a week.

Snarl. What a little satirical whelp!

Lac. Whelp! ay—

> The critics call me cur from what I write,
> With reason, too, for, like a cur, I bite.

There's an extempore for you, that I composed before breakfast this morning.

Snarl. I believe I had best make it up with the reptile. Nay, Mr. Laconic, you know I never denied the fire of your poetry.

Lac. Nor I the force of your prose;—each in his walk, Mr. Snarl. But let us understand one another a little. Like other actors, before the public, indeed, we ought to preserve the mask as well as we can, but, when the curtain drops, the deception should end. My poetical flights are no more inspired by one of the Nine than your prose animadversions are dictated by public spirit.

Snarl. Nay, but, Laconic——

Lac. The inducement with both is the same. *(Eating.)*

Snarl. Why! can you think I am in want of——

Lac. A dinner—sometimes, I do. What, don't I know the tricks of your trade, the old plan of plaintiff and defendant? Theatricus condemns,—Leonora defends,—Buckhorse reviles,—Tranquillus retorts,—what the Director, asserts, the Proprietor denies,—whilst, all the time, Theatricus Leonora, Buckhorse, Tranquillus, the Director, and the Proprietor, all centre in one individual, called Timothy Snarl.

Snarl. Well, well, I see you have a mind to be pleasant, but a truce to our jangling—for what port are you bound?

Lac. A neighbouring one—the new house in the Haymarket.

upon the sturdy pretensions of the parties satirized, in the language of some of our best plays,

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Snarl. Thither I am steering.

Lac. I suppose on the same design as myself—to observe.

Snarl. And communicate.

Lac. Why, I think it hard if I don't find food for my muse.

Snarl. And the devil's in it, if a new play-house wo'n't furnish a paper.

Lac. Allons!—but what pretence can we have to get on the stage?

Snarl. Here's a letter to introduce a young actress.

Lac. That will do.

Snarl. This *Foote* has given you good food in his time. I remember how brilliant you was upon his misfortune about a twelvemonth ago.

Lac. True! true!

Snarl. Ah! how sweetly you rung the chimes upon *Foote* and *leg*, and leg and foot—ah!

Lac. Yes—that accident was lucky enough; it furnished our paper in clinches and strings for more than a month—but wo'n't you knock? *(Snarl knocks.)*

Enter a SERVANT.

Snarl. Is your master within?

Ser. On the stage, sir.

Snarl. Could we see him?

Ser. If you please, sir.

Snarl. Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Curtain draws up.—(MR. FOOTE *and* SERVANT *discovered.*)

Ser. A couple of gentlemen, sir.

Foote. Show them in.

Enter SNARL *and* LACONIC.

Snarl. Here's a letter; when you have perused the contents I should be glad of your answer.

Foote. Sir, you shall have it.

Snarl. I suppose there's no harm in taking a view?

Foote. By no means. *(Foote withdraws.)*

burlesqued. To those who are well-read in the drama, such a travesty could not fail to afford a

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Lac. Ah! pretty enough! hark'ee, Snarl, this architecture! what order do you call it?

Snarl. Chinese.

Lac. I thought so; it looks so like a pagoda.

Snarl. Exactly!—d——d absurd, and quite out of nature.

Lac. Why, the pit's in the cellar.

Snarl. And the gods in the clouds—and, as to the boxes—

Lac. They are pushed into the street—then the stage—hold—what have we here?

Snarl. As I live, a couple of ladies.*

Lac. Who are they?

Snarl. Oh! this inscription will tell us—Prisca; z—ds, 'tis in Latin! pox take these impertinent puppies; what need any language to Englishmen but English? but they must be showing their learning.—Hark'ee, Laconic? you understand Latin.

Lac. Latin! *ad anquem.*

Snarl. Who is this same lass we have got here?

Lac. Pris—comedia—Oh! are you there? ha, ha! was there ever so absurd a design?

Snarl. What's the matter?

Lac. To put for a frontispiece a paltry comedian—it is only *Priscilla*, that's all.

Snarl. Priscilla!—who was she?

Lac. She was an actress in Betterton's time—her name is in the old folio edition of Shakspeare; a good low comedian, but infernally ugly.

Snarl. I can't say her figure was much in her favour.

Lac. No—an absolute fright—but a vast fund of humour—she was the Clive of the company.

Snarl. And now for the other.

Lat. A bird of the same feather—*sublato jure nocendi*,—the inscription does not tell us her name—but the hint is not a bad one for that gentleman there.

Snarl. What is it?

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* These were two figures, representing Ancient and Modern Comedy.

fine relish for the hour; but, in the galleries, the loves and the trade-quarrels of the characters were

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Lac. To beware of a jury.

Snarl. Alluding, I suppose, to what befell him in Ireland.

Lac. Not unlikely—but he is here—upon my word, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, you have made great alterations here.

Foote. I hope you approve of them?

Snarl. As to that, we have not had time to consider minutely; but what do you say to my letter?

Foote. I am referred for the lady's qualifications to you, sir—I suppose her figure—

Snarl. Is fine.

Foote. Her age?

Snarl. But eighteen.

Foote. Flos ipse?

Snarl. No, that's not her name.

Foote. Her voice?

Snarl. Harmonious.

Foote. With power?

Snarl. As loud as a trumpet; then, she sings like an angel.

Foote. Indeed!

Snarl. And is a perfect mistress of music.

Foote. These are valuable requisite for our profession; —could I have the honour of seeing the lady?

Snarl. Whenever you please.

Foote. The sooner the better—to-morrow.

Snarl. At what hour?

Foote. Betwixt eleven and twelve.

Snarl. You'll not disappoint me?

Foote. You may rely upon me.

Snarl. Very well;—come, Laconic—but stay—there is one circumstance it may be proper to mention, as, perhaps, it may prove an objection.

Foote. What is it?

Snarl. As to the young gentlewoman's colour; the lady's black-a-moor.

Foote. A black!

Snarl. Yes.

Lac. Z——ds! Snarl—what!—a curlpated negro?

Snarl. Ay—I suppose that wo'n't make any difference.

taken too literally, and frequently create great opposition, as the body of journeymen may be well or ill

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Foote. None at all—a good actress, like a good horse, can't be of a bad colour. I beg I may see her.

Snarl. You shall:—your servant.

[*Exeunt* LACONIC *and* SNARL.

Foote. Your very obedient—do you know who these gentlemen are?

Serv. No, sir—but there is one wants you without, that you know.

Foote. Who is he?

Serv. The builder.

Foote. Oh! bid him come in.

Enter SCAFFOLD.

Foote. Well, Master Scaffold, what's the best news with you?

Scaff. Servant, master, I hope things are as they should be?

Foote. Perfectly.

Scaff. *Convenent*, and *greeable*, and quite *a-propos!*

Foote. If the public, whose servant I am, are but satisfied, you are sure of my voice.

Scaff. Why, I don't see any fault they can find—the *orchester* is rather too small.

Foote. No, pretty well!

Scaff. Ay, at present—but, if in the winter, you should choose to have *roratorios*, you will scarce have room for the *hapsicol.*

Foote. Oh! that may be easily altered.

Scaff. True—well, Master Foote, now let us talk a little of business.

Foote. Oh! the deuce!

Scaff. A pretty long account—here it is. (*Shows the bill.*)

Foote. Very well—but why do you bring it to me?

Scaff. To you!—to be paid to be sure.

Foote. I pay you?

Scaff. Without doubt.

Foote. No—there you are mistaken, my good Master Scaffold; you are much better off—it is these ladies and gentlemen who are to be your paymasters.

Scaff. What! the gentlefolks above and below?

fed at the time. One of these, the latest riot on this account, took place in 1805, when *Mr. Dowton*

Foote. Ay—the whole public; for, if they don't, I am sure it is out of my power.

Scaff. Why—I can't but say but my security is mended; that is, if so be as how they be willing—but—ah!—this is one of your skits now—ah! you'll never leave off—but come, Master Foote, you should not be long-winded, consider what expedition we have made—all this work here in three months; a tight job, Master Foote.

Foote. And you, Master Scaffold, claim much merit from that.

Scaff. To be sure.

Foote. Look into the pit.

Scaff. Well—I do.

Foote. I will undertake that less than half that number of hands shall undo more work in an hour than you can complete in a year.

Scaff. May be so—I see there is amongst them some tight likely lads—but come, master, let us now be *serus* a little.

Foote. Upon my word I am serious; I consider myself but as a trustee for the public; and what their generosity bestows upon me, I will most justly assign over to you.

Scaff. Ay!—why then, since that is the case, let us hear a little of how and about it. Well now, what scheme, what plan have you got, to give a jog to the generous?

Foote. Why, I have some things they have liked, and others that I hope they will like.

Scaff. What, I suppose men and women, and talking stuff that you take out of play-books.

Foote. Of that kind.

Scaff. Ah!—pox! they will never do—could not you give them a christening, or a funeral? or hey!—ay—that is the best of them all—*Zooks!* let them have a *crownation*.

Foote. No.

Scaff. No! why not? why, then, we shall have them crowd hither in shoals.

Foote. No, no, Scaffold;—

> "No long processions crowd my narrow scenes,
> Lamp-lighting peers and mantua-making queens."

performed it for his benefit, amidst much riot and confusion. What is better than all, the author of *The Tailors* appeared to have taken off *Foote* himself in some passages, and that so like his own peculiar "what, and hey, I suppose," &c. &c. which occurs often in all his plays, that I long time mistook these passages for proofs that *Foote*

Scaff. Why, as you say, that work is little better than *scandalous magnatum*—hey! gad I have a thought, odd rot it, give 'em a pantomime. I likes to see that little patch-clouted *feller* slap one, and kick t'other, and then pop he is out of the window.

Foote. "Nor shall great Philip's son, through our crime,
Sully his triumph by a pantomime."

Scaff. Philip! pshaw!—I'd never mind Philip, nor any of the family; what harm can they do you? Come do, and I'll bate of my bill—do—for the carpenter's credit.

Foote. Your credit?

Scaff. Ay—and to punish the pragmatical poets; for, in that kind of work, you will have no occasion for them there, you know, our trade takes the lead.

Foote. Well—well—we'll feel a little for the taste of the town; and, if no other method can be found of paying your bill—for we, Mr. Scaffold, may assume what airs of reforming we please—the stage is at best but an echo of the public voice—a mere rainbow—all its gaudy colours arise from reflection, or, as a modern bard more happily says:—

"The Drama's laws—the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live."

Scaff. What then, after all, I find I am in a hobble.

Foote. May be not—come—hope for the best.—Prompter!

Promp. Sir?

Foote. Are the actors ready to open?

Promp. Immediately.

Foote. Stay, and see the result of this evening.
Consult with care each countenance around,
Not one malignant aspect can be found
To check the royal hand that rais'd me from the ground.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

was himself the author of *The Tailors*, notwithstanding his own distinct disavowal. The passages in *The Tailors* which I mostly relied upon for that opinion, occur, *first*, in Scene III. of the first Act, (page 9, of the octavo edition.)

"*Francisco.* ——— —Say, if a Baron sends
To me for clothes, what! must I leave him clotheless? '
Or, if a Duke who pays me nobly, sends
For a rich birth-day suit, what! must I say
I can't afford to pay my journeymen?"

The *second passage* occurs in the first Scene of Act II. (at page 16 of the octavo edition.)

"*Moperella.* What! do you grieve because my master's out?"

I am not aware that any more such passages occur; nor am I inclined to think that Foote would venture to interpolate the original. The editors of the Biographical Dictionary were wrong in saying, that 'this play is generally printed with his works;' and, for the reason just assigned, I do not feel justified in giving it a place here as a genuine production of Samuel Foote's. Indeed he seems to have determined on giving his muse a holiday, acting tragedy and serious comedy chiefly at his theatre, in which he employed the winter performers. In 1768, appeared his "Devil upon Two Sticks," about the plot of which piece *Mr. Cradock* tells a story, which I have reserved to a Note [B] below.

Foote is supposed to have cleared some three

to four thousand pounds by the run his "Devil" had upon *the town* during the whole season, and at its close he determined on visiting Ireland. But, as the devil would have it, our thoughtless gambler having taken Bath in his route thither, fell into company of some of those black-legs (rooks) with which that and other watering places abound —and lost every guinea at *play*. He had been warned of his danger by the Right Hon. Richard Rigby; but the infatuated dupe would *go on*, until 'ruined once more,' as regarded present cash.* In consequence, he was reduced to the humility

* The *names* of persons engaged in such nefarious transactions signify little, for the rogues have but to change plain *mister* into *captain*, or *colonel*, and the cheat is screened from common detection; besides the chances, that a rogue so titled will fight sooner and more pertinaciously than a common squire, and so on, *cæteris paribus*. In town, the publication of the names and residence of such *black-legs* became pretty rife within these five years; but when it was discovered that the publishing rogues sold impunity at the price of gold, our indignation turned round upon the *authors* of such double-faced villany, with whom concealment and payment walk hand-in-hand. One of those Bath cheats went farther than most *legs*, and called himself a *Baron* (Baron Newman); and he acquired the adjunct of "left handed baron," from the *pleasing* circumstance of his hand having been transfixed to a table, only because it *innocently* concealed a card, with which he merely meant to "rook the pigeon" he was then playing against. This fellow had been *thrown out* of an up-stairs window for his kind of trick, at Bath, and meeting Foote next day, asked his advice as to what he should do to retrieve his injured honour? "Do! (answered the wit,) why, 'tis as plain as the nose in your face: never play *so high* again as long as you live." Another, a *Major*, he complained to Foote that he had re-

of "putting his hand under another man's foot," by borrowing a hundred pounds for the prosecution of his journey. One might fairly surmise that the devil had really got into *him*.

On his arrival, the same piece was brought out with all expedition, and fortunately did as much for him in Dublin as it had done in London; it also attracted to him the friendship of Lord Townshend, and all the joyous *bons vivans* of the Castle. In 1770, he introduced *the Lame Lover* to a London audience; but this piece did not meet with a success proportioned to its merits, at first coming out,—*sentimental comedy* having vitiated the public taste awhile.

To meet this vitiation in some degree, in Feb. 1773, he brought out his "Primitive Puppet-Show," which was introduced by an apologetic speech from Foote himself, giving the motives for such a mode of representing a 'Sentimental Comedy,' called 'The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens.' He shielded himself chiefly behind the examples of the early Greek and Roman theatres, of which he gave a most luminous and tolerably faithful historical picture. The speech contained many sly allusions and satiric

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cently *lost an eye*. "An eye! my dear fellow, (cried Foote, with much seeming anxiety,)—pray, at *what game?*"

strokes, that are well worth the reader's attention, as will be found in the margin.* *Piety in Pat-*

THE PRIMITIVE PUPPET-SHOW,

Introductory Oration, delivered by Mr. Foote, in propria persona.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As I have taken the liberty to solicit your presence, this evening, at the representation of a new kind of entertainment, it becomes necessary for me to explain to you what is its nature, and what is its intention. I have the honour, gentlemen, to produce to you that species of the drama which, from the corruption of its original principles, and the inability of its latter professors, has sunk into such disrepute, and appeared of so little importance to the public, that it escaped the jealous and prying eyes of that minister who, under the pretence of reformation, has laid every other theatrical representation under the severest restraint.

It is an exhibition at which few of you have been present since your emancipation from the nursery; and, to so low a state has it been reduced, that, like the Thespian comedy, it has been carried about in carts, to harvest-homes, wakes, and country fairs; or, if it has approached our capital cities, it has appeared in no nobler place than a neglected garret, or a dilapidated suburbian stable. Such, gentlemen, has been the fate of that purer part of the drama, which gave employment to the wit and invention, and mirth and manners to the minds, of the first ages of the world: with Rome it flourished, and with Rome it fell. When the Goths compelled the wives and children of the Patricians to solicit alms at the doors of their own palaces, genius, science, elegance, arts, and puppet-shows, sunk in one universal ruin.

You will perceive, gentlemen, by this exordium, that my intention, this evening, is to produce, or rather restore to the present age, the pure, the primitive puppet-show.

But, first, let me be indulged with a word or two on the antiquity of this truly elegant art. It came to Rome from Egypt, through Grecian strainers for, what in reality

tens was never printed; but this entertainment brought him overflowing houses, at the first re-

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but puppets were the Esopuses, the Rosciuses, Dionysiuses, of the Roman theatre? Every part of them, in order to make their figures conspicuous to a numerous audience, were stuffed and raised beyond their natural proportion, their heads covered with masks, and the mouths of those masks lined with brass, in order to convey the voice to the remotest part of their immense theatres; nothing human was visible, the whole appearance was but a puppet; and whether the voice proceeded *from within* or from *behind* the figure, the difference could not be essential.

This, gentlemen, was the first state of the stage in Italy; but in the five hundred and fifteenth year from the foundation of Rome, this primitive art, by an accident, was brought nearer the puppet perfection. *Livius Andronicus*, who, like your present most obedient humble servant, was both author and actor, upon delivering a popular sentiment in one of his pieces, was so often encored that, quite exhausted, he declared himself incapable of a further repetition, unless one of his scholars was permitted to mount the stage and suffered to declaim the passage, which he would attempt to gesticulate; to this the public assented, and, from that period, the practice was established of one actor giving the gesture, whilst another delivered the words. This fact will not admit of a doubt, as we receive it from the best authority, that of *Livy*, the historian. Here, gentlemen, by the separation of the personages, you have the puppet complete: at this period, he reached his utmost pitch of perfection, and to that lustre, we wish this night to restore him. He flourished with the republic, was honoured and protected by the Emperors, nor expired till, with the other elegant imitative arts, he lay buried under the ruins of Rome. Having thus, gentlemen, established the antiquity of the art we wish to restore, let me beg your indulgence for a few words on its utility; and, first, as to the extensive abilities of a puppet: his talents, in proper hands, are universal, he is equally fluent in every language; Italian, Spanish, nay, even Dutch, are as easy to him as the English. Our modern authors will, therefore, be spared the

presentation in particular, when the Haymarket street was crammed with carriages, and the au-

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trouble of translating, and the public the mortification of hearing, those miserable melancholy French translations with which our theatres are at present infested. Here the muse may appear in her native garb; this will not only save our own tongue from the torture, but do justice to the original author, for the flimsy farces which a French head is formed to invent, and which the French language is only fit to convey. The elegant amusement, too, exhibited at the opposite theatre,* may here be produced with equal advantage; as we sing full as well as we speak, without subjecting any of our performers to those infamous artifices which, under the pretence of improving the talents of the actor, condemn him to a living grave; arts equally a dishonour to the subject and disgraceful to humanity.

As to the figures of our performers, though they may not be objects of temptation, yet we flatter ourselves that their persons will be pleasing, at least; but, should we be so unfortunate as to fail in this particular, you will be kind enough to give the same allowance to them as to other performers, and consider that they did not fashion themselves.† One advantage, we cannot help thinking, we have over the rest of our race is that, if our persons should not please you at present, we can alter them till they do; and, as to the roses and lilies, the real flesh and blood of the face, you will see full as much of it here as upon any other lady's in the same situation. Our imitative powers and docility no man must pretend to dispute; for whatever part is given us we execute faithfully: if we err, it is the fault of our teachers; and, so rooted and firmly fixed is our virtue, that the looser parts of Congreve or Vanbrugh may proceed from our mouths without ever tainting our morals; and such, gentlemen, is our sobriety and temperance, that,

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* The Italian Opera.

† This would be taken as a neat apology for himself, but is not conclusive in favour of actors taking parts for which nature never designed them.

dience burst open the doors to obtain admittance. Some personal mischief was also sustained;

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though we increase population, we shall not add, *by personal consumption*, to the present high price of provisions. As a proof, too, gentlemen, that we possess that first of the social virtues, the love of our country, no foreigners can be received on our stage; all our actors are the produce of England; we have not ransacked Europe for expensive exotics; this is their native country, the soil from which all of them sprung. To their various families you are none of you strangers. We have modern patriots, made from the box,—it is a wood that carries an *imposing gloss*, and may be easily *turned*; for constant lovers, we have the circling ivy, crab stocks for old maids, and weeping willows for methodist preachers; for modish wives we have the brittle poplar; their husbands we shall give you in hornbeam; for the serenity of philosophic, unimpassioned tragedy, we have frigid actors, hewn out of petrified blocks; and *a theatrical manager upon stilts, made out of the mulberry-tree*;* for incorrigible poets we have plenty of *birch*; and thorns for fraudulent bankrupts, directors, and nabobs; for conjugal virtue we have the fruitful, the unfading olive; and for public spirit, that lord of the forest, the majestic oak. Of such materials, gentlemen, are our performers composed; and, that the purity of our stage may not be sullied, we have banished that nimble-footed gentleman, that offspring of an incestuous marriage between Folly and Extravagance, entirely from the scene, [pointing to the figure of *Harlequin*] Nor, gentlemen, though we have been often accused of choosing the comedies of *Aristophanes* for our model, will we suffer that facetious gentleman, who was, unquestionably, one of the personages of the ancient drama, [pointing to the figure of *Punch*,] to sully our scenes. Indeed, his manners are too rude and licentious for the chastity of the present times; not a single expression shall escape from our mouths that can wound the nicest ear, or produce a blush on the most transparent skin, not even a *double entendre* from an *Irish widow*.† As I have the honour, dur-

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* Garrick again. A palpable hit!

† By Garrick; brought out the year preceding.

but, if no bones are broke, such little occurrences are highly gratifying to theatrical love of fame—to vanity, the desire of notoriety, and green-room congratulations. The puppets were nearly as large as life, got up in the first style of elegance, and one of them delivered a Prologue, ridiculing sentimental comedy. While this *show*

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ing the summer months, of appearing before you, *decorated with the royal livery*,* my present employment may, to some, seem ill-suited to the dignity of that situation: though I am no friend to monopolies, I could wish there was no other puppet-show in this town but my own, and that no nobler hands were employed in moving wires and strings than what are concealed by that curtain. There are puppets, though formed of flesh and blood, full as passive, full as obedient as mine; but that mine may not have the disgrace of being confounded with those of that composition, permit me to desire that you will profit by the error of a raw country-girl. Being brought by her friends for the first time to a puppet-show, she was so struck with the spirit and truth of the imitation, that it was scarce possible to convince her, but all the puppets were players; being carried, the succeeding night, to one of the theatres, it became equally difficult to satisfy her, but that all the players were puppets. But the infinite difference that will be found between the different performers will, I flatter myself, make it impossible for any of my present hearers to commit that mistake; to which of us the superiority is due, your voices will determine. Permit me just to observe, gentlemen, that our theatre is yet in its infancy, but that its progress must depend upon you. The imagination of an individual may give rise to an elegant art, but it is the sun-shine of public favour only that can mature it.

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* Scarlet was worn by our managers at that period, even in provincial companies.

was in preparation, Foote met a lady of rank, who inquired whether his figures would be as large as life? "Oh, no, my lady, not quite; indeed, not much larger than Garrick." David Garrick was under size; a monstrous little man to enact the hero of tragedy—a defect that was amply compensated by his superior talent.

Meantime, he had produced the Maid of Bath, in 1771, and the Nabob in 1772.

His *Bankrupt* appeared the same summer as the "Puppet Show," but was not printed until 1776.

In 1774, he brought out *The Cozeners*, with 'a Prologue, by David Garrick, Esq.' being the peace-offering thrown in by *Roscius* to *Aristophanes*, on a new reconciliation of the parties.* The offence *on the present occasion* seems to have been, that Garrick refused to lend Foote five hundred pounds, at the time when his

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* Under those Roman and Greek appellations *Garrick* and *Foote* were as well known to *the town* as by their own family names; to the first being ascribed the greatest *depth*, to the latter, most ready *wit*. To the last day of his life Foote was looked upon as the greatest 'smart' going, if not on record; and to be "as deep as Garrick," was reckoned the *ne plus ultra* of human attainments—in ordinary life, even in our own day.

"As deep as Garrick, and as Foote quite smart,
Whilst this the features shook, that touch'd the heart,
Displaying Aristophanes' and Roscius' art."

extravagance rendered the loan necessary to his wants. That a man should require pecuniary help, while struggling uphill with some new undertaking, or in surmounting unexpected difficulties, is nothing to be wondered at, nor always avoidable; but, that any manager of a theatre should be reduced to ask for such aid in the midst of 'a successful run,' when *the receipts* are greatly beyond all possible demand on the concern, is both lamentable and scandalous. I shall not attempt an excuse: even thoughtless waste deserves punishment upon repetition.

In my anger at the spendthrift I had almost forgot to throw in another scrap of justification for the *personality* of his satire. *Mrs. Fleece'em*, in the last-mentioned piece, was meant for *Mrs. Catharine Rudd*, a lady of some personal charms, who had great practice in the bad things here laid to her charge; and yet was she admitted into "good company," as they call their coteries who set themselves up for models to their neighbours, and examples for the rising generation. Subsequently to this *show-up*, she induced two young men, brothers, (J. and D. Perreau,) to commit forgery, and herself gave evidence that established their guilt. They died! But she "lived to a good old age, respected by all" ——, and

lies buried, no doubt, in —— the earth she polluted. And this is history.

Pursuing the thread of his history, of which I profess to give but a rapid sketch, we come now to that eventful period of *Foote's life*, when he found himself the subject of a malicious prosecution, falsely raised up against him by persons who were, themselves, in process of time, convicted of crimes. He, too, I apprehend, bent under the affliction, though supported and countenanced by very many persons of distinction, who believed, *à priori*, he could not be guilty of the charge brought against him, by certain low-minded persons whom he had *lampooned*, and who naturally felt sore, irascible, and, according to the due march of intellect, by retrogradation, sought not to justify what they could not amend, but recriminated by the foulest slanders they found at hand, in their own sink of vice and splendid misery.

The notorious conduct of the Duchess of Kingston occupied a good share of the public attention in the year 1775; next to the 'dispute with America,' the press found hers 'a dispute between truth and Golconda,' for she had obtained possession of the deceased Duke's princely revenues. How she employed it in warping the public mind, by

means of the newspapers, may be collected from the tolerably faithful exposition at page 468, &c. of vol. iii. in several scenes between her minion Jackson, or Foster, as O'Donnovan and Doctor Viper. When Foote found it his *interest*, as it became his *duty*, to hold up the mirror of deformity, in which those characters were to be seen exhibited in odious colours, he mentioned the circumstance to his friends, and recited over among the *bon ton* some of the *good things* he had put into the mouths of his characters—as, indeed, was his custom. Hereby the offenders became apprized of his design, and commenced offensive operations; they were even informed of some of the incidents and scenes, a guilty kind of communication, or a foolish one, he could neither avoid or prevent, on account of his manner of composition. In this, although it might possess advantages, the event proves there might be disadvantages also, besides the risk of plagiarism. After the first sketches were drawn on paper, he called together his *dramatis personæ*, and gave each some part of the *roll* he was to perform: they read aloud, and he read, and muttered and dictated—not altogether unlike the instructor he himself takes off in a preceding page (lix. *et seq.*) Report goes further, and says that the uproar of a *first rehearsal* was moreover chastened by the free use of

his cane, or his sheathed sword *en carbonado;* a curious way, it must be confessed, of cutting up his own characters, male and female. But then, this sort of "green-room affair" is not reported to have ended with *disagreeable* consequences; and, may be, only occurred when some suggestion, which might be intended for wit, fell far short of its aim, as by a counter-point, and 'marred the thing exceedingly.' By this, or any other means of coercion, manager-authors possess infinite advantages in the *getting-up*, over the out-door dramatists, particularly if these be bashful persons of retired habits.

Whilst talking of this kind of stage-assistance, I cannot help thinking, that "the plays of Master William Shakspeare and *others*, his companions, the players," were *got up* nearly in the same manner as Foote's latter pieces, at least some of them; else, why did the earlier editions thus assert that they *were* the plays 'of him and others?' And does not the number of variorum editions eminently prove that the *readings* had variety of *mind* in them; the provincialisme alone showing how this or that mind had been cultivated in this or that county?—but no more *at present*. Poor Shakspeare, how have 'the plays of him and his companions' been bamboozled by commentators, without an apologist! Some even insist that his

most respectable piece of acting was *the Ghost*; a contracted sphere of business, which we may easily account for, in his superior attention to the *writing department* of the joint concern. At the reformation of the stage, in which Foote took so large a share, he, of course, studied Shakspeare well; and he has been heard to assert, that "it would not be difficult to find passages in Shakespeare, which are not strictly correct either in sense or grammar, yet do they carry the meaning so warmly and obviously to every one's mind, as no other form of words could possibly convey it. This (added he) is the witchery of the poet, who, by the inspiration of his muse, could "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." Language, however, is capable of conveying sense without the assistance of art; and long centuries before it is reducible to the rules of grammar, though nations divide and live isolate, their descendants, when they come together again, can generally feel the force of phrases which none can account for *by rule:* they are generally strong, well-compounded, and significant. John O'Keefe is that modern who has indulged in this kind of unaccountable sense, with most complete success; and yet the "Ballinamano oro," and "tag, rag, merry derry," he puts into the mouth of his *Lingo*, and which are

said to belong to neither the English or Irish, is fairly referable to good and proper derivation.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan is another dramatist whose access to the actual performers gave him an advantage that is possessed by few: his dramatic productions have received a good deal of deserved praise, and I am not disposed to quarrel with the critics who so awarded it; but, I apprehend, it belongs to the pieces more than to the man, he being *a borrower*. The laudatory strain of his biographer Moore has excited inquiry; and although I am not about to fix a charge on Sheridan of stealing plot or incident from Foote, he himself has proved that, for wit, he was debtor to him. But except noticing that Foote brought *a Jew broker* on the stage two years before Sheridan did, I shall insist on taking nothing *dramatic* from the memory of Sheridan for my original genius (Foote), other than what may be inferred from circumstances, and the right of retaliation for Foote's having subtracted much from the living celebrity of the elder "orator," whose books on *the art*, with his Dictionary, are deservedly sent to the tomb of the Capulets. *Sheridan's* wit was mostly mechanical or studied; his repartees never reached the point that *Foote's* did; in number they fell far short of his; and, among Brinsley's papers, since his

death, we are told that the jests of Foote were treasured up (with others), to be *shot off* as occasion might offer. One of these I laid claim to at a preceding page (lv); another was recently circulated, that was told of *Foote*, at least ten years before Sheridan *appeared*. Here, underneath, it *lies as printed*;* but the reader will previously please to

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* "Sheridan was dining one day with the *black-browed* Chancellor, when some excellent Constantia wine was produced, which was sent him from the Cape of Good Hope; wherefore it acquired the monosyllabic term—Cape. The wine tickled the fancy of Sheridan [*i. e.* Foote] who saw the bottle emptied with regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old wary Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to bring forward his most curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's [*i. e.* Foote's] attempts to obtain another supply. Sheridan [Foote] being piqued at the inutility of attempting to move the venerable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman sitting farther down, with, "Sir, pass me up that-decanter, for I must return to *Madeira* since I cannot *double* the Cape, it blows such a shocking north-wester." I give this from memory, (which is good enough for a thing of this sort) all the way from the library to my garret, after doubling a bottle.

On another occasion, *Foote* being at the table when *the Cape* was going round in remarkably small glasses, his Lordship became loquacious on the excellence of the wine, its age, and other recommendations; adding "But you don't seem to like it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you!" "Oh, yes, my Lord, perfectly well; I am only admiring how *little* it is, considering *its great age*." To relish the repartee, it is necessary to imagine a very dear and scarce commodity; for, whatever we may think of 'Cape wine' at this day, it was, at one time, as *prizeable* as Burgundy, because it was then equally *priceable:* nothing goes down in *town* unless its relative value looks upwards, That the Dutch confined the supply of *Cape* to that alone

understand the impossibility of *Sheridan* being there present, by reason of the Chancellor's utter dislike of *the party* to which he belonged; he will also notice the foppishness of describing Thurlow by his dark brow, dash their whiskers! though *the fact were true.*

No; the Sheridans, father and son, maintained a station in society, *as any thing* to be mentioned, inferior to *Foote* and many others; the old one, our readers will see above (and at page 144, vol. ii.), Foote held up to deserved ridicule, the justice of which posterity has already confirmed. Whilst they lived, a too vivid glare of fulsome panegyric shone upon both, from the loquacious partiality of scribbling friends, *countrymen*,* acquaintance, and adu-

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which was raised by the conscientious *landrost* of Constantia is too much for modern belief; whence we are bound to conclude, that a mawky, pale wine was then drank, at *six times its value*, and relished accordingly.

* One of these, a Collector of scraps of intelligence for a certain Morning Herald, thirty years ago and more, always gave the credit to Sheridan for all unfathered jokes, and for some witticisms that he knew were manufactured by others. *Ex.* A person who had been admitted to one of the convivial parties of *the Prince*, reported to that Collector a certain good thing which had dropped from some gentleman at table, whose name he did not know; our Collector inquired whether Sheridan was present? and being answered in the affirmative, "Ay, ay, I know how it was, it's Sheridan all over: *Dick Brinsley* sat next to him, or opposite the little gentleman, and so the little one caught it up; "I know, I know how these things go," hastily observed the news Collector; and so it was Heralded about next morn-

latory dependants of the theatre; but, allowing all to have been as true as it was sincere, still is it insufficient to hide from our view the minor defect of borrowed lustre, which, like borrowed clothes, pro claim their proper owner, and are ever liable to reclamation. What a fuss do they not make about "Mr. Sheridan's *Pizarro*, translated from the German; and how the play was already begun before he had finished the fifth act?" Mr. Moore might have saved himself the trouble he has taken in this affair, and the newspapers in which this "astonishing fact!" has *gone the rounds*, their amazement, as Brinsley knew no German, not he; and the family of Mr. Benjamin Thompson, (the real *translator*), since Mr. Moore's book appeared, thought proper to disabuse the public mind in this respect, by a paragraph in the Hull paper, which the confounded propagators of the first falsehood have not thought proper to copy. Neither did Sheridan understand *Greek*, though the asserted translator of *Aristænetus*, conjointly with another gentleman; which brings to my recollection another *pseudo Grecian*, the editor of

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ing, and now appears in the Sheridaniana. The same cunning Fox, I have reason for believing, gave to Sheridan, in this manner, several score good things that belonged to others, and think I can myself recollect one score instances, at least.

Hederici Lexicon, who was *assisted throughout* by a Mr. Ryan. These same *editors* are sorry fellows, a few of them; and as for Sheridan's *Greek*, he did once jabber out something *like it*, in one of his speeches, as sheer burlesque (so he said) upon those witless M.P.'s who foolishly exhibited that sort of dead learning in the House. Even his super-excellence as *an orator* is not well established, unless we measure it by the *quantity* of words, and adduce his six hours' Begum charge in proof, which such a man as *Edmund Burke* might well congratulate him upon: an immense feast of blanc-mange, trifle and jelly, affording no chyle, nor adding to the life-stream of intellect. Then again, his *works*, unlike those of Burke, do not *read*, possess no attractions, are not indispensable to the library; and I, for my part, could so ill recollect the thread of his argument, in any one speech of his, *viva voce*, after a lapse of four-and-twenty hours, that I would not now be bound to *read* any one amongst the lot, but as a task "imposed upon me," *as Foote would say*, if he could speak.

How it happened is not so material to my purpose, as that the intention of bringing the follies of the Duchess of Kingston upon the Haymarket stage, came to her *Grace's* ears, but so it was, and her myrmidons of the press soon set about ob-

tunding the shafts of *Foote's* satire, one of their measures being to charge him with a countervailing crime; to which she, furthermore, had the grossness to allude, in a letter she subseqently *dictated* to him, when the dispute waxed warm: "a member of *your* privy-council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet," said she, *without grace.* She roused her friends on every side, and impressed them with an idea, that her pending trial for the crime of bigamy would be affected by the forthcoming exposure of her follies. They obtained the Lord Chamberlain's prohibitory mandate against the piece's proceeding, and at length it was rejected, although, as the reader will see, not a hint about *bigamy* is to be found throughout the *Trip to Calais.* He had bestowed much labour and expense towards getting it up, and, therefore, was unwilling to resign it easily: he held conferences with her and *Lord Mountstuart,* and remonstrated with the Chamberlain, but procured no relaxation of the fiat; although, as Foote observed, very justly, as well as feelingly—"Your Lordship's determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future, as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face Folly again." He urged the usual apology for dramatic satire in a very

neat style.—"Between the muse and the magistrate there is a natural confederacy: what the last cannot *punish*, the first often *corrects*; but, when she not only finds herself deserted by her ancient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat." His self-justification is manly and forcible:—"During my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions or falling in with their humours. In exposing follies, I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew I proceeded upon principle."

At length, when the season of 1775 had three-fourths expired, he resolved on suppressing the comedy, and wrote to the Duchess, calling a truce; naturally desiring that a cessation of the attacks upon his character should make part of the capitulation. "I give up that consideration (said he) which neither *your Grace's offers* nor the threats of your agents could obtain. The scenes shall not be published, nor shall any thing appear at my theatre, or from me, that can hurt you, *provided* the attacks made on me in the newspapers do not make it necessary for me to act in defence of myself: your Grace will, therefore, see the necessity of giving proper directions."

Directions were not given, the attacks continued, and *her Grace* sent him a scurrilous an-

swer, full of invective, and containing the gross inuendo before quoted. After this insinuation, and Foote's sarcastic reply,* no other course lay

* Madam,—Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your Grace is too great an honour for me to decline.

I cannot help thinking that it would have been prudent in your Grace to have answered my letter *before dinner*, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the evening: you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted the request which you had endeavoured by so many different ways to obtain.

Lord Mountstuart (for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your agents very unnecessarily produced to the public) must recollect that, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston-house, by your Grace's appointment, instead of begging relief from your charity, *I rejected your splendid offers* to suppress the *Trip to Calais*, with the contempt they deserved.* Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

But why, madam, put on your *coat of mail* against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life which

* It is impossible to reconcile this statement (the truth of which he brings forward so respectable a nobleman as Lord Mountstuart to evidence) with the *Rev. Mr. Foster's* affidavit, made voluntarily at Bow-street, unless we place it to the account of that influence a certain class of females exercise over the hearts, and, through that avenue, the minds of men. Miss Chudleigh, personatrix of Venus, did not become all virtuous by her surreptitious attachment to Hervey, and her *liens* with *the Duke* were snapped by the House of Lords. Thrice-abandoned woman!

open to her Grace's party than instituting prosecution for the crime to which it alluded—namely,

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have excited the *curiosity* of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex.* I am happy, however, madam, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair: I was afraid it might be a little the worse for wearing. May it hold out to keep your Grace warm the next winter.

The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons; and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood. A merry-andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays: the first, to give the humour and mirth; the last, to furnish the graces and powers of attraction. Prostitutes, and players, too, must live by pleasing the public; not but your Grace may have heard of ladies who, by *private practice*, have accumulated great fortunes.

If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connexion, your Grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you: my mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, baronet, who represented the county of Hereford. Her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old when she died; and, what will surprise your Grace, *was never married but once* in her life.

I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present "on the day" (as you *politely* express it) "when I am to be turned off." But where will your Grace get the *Cupid* to bring me the lip-salve? That family, I am afraid, has long quitted *your* service.

Pray, madam, is not Jackson the name of your *female* confidential secretary? and is not *she* generally clothed in black petticoats made of your weeds?

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* Alluding to her Grace's trial for bigamy, before the House of Peers, which was then pending, and terminated in finding her "*guilty* upon my honour."

an unnatural offence: to recoil from the charge now would have been to confess its falsehood, and swallow the imputation. They were further goaded on by the performance of the *Capuchin*, in the summer of 1776, in which the chief of her council, one *Jackson*, assuming to be of the clerical order, and a 'Doctor,' was *shown up* as *Viper*. He was part Editor of a newspaper, and exceedingly depraved in that office, dealing out scandal on fair character, and taking money for suppressing his own venom. Those evil propensities *Foote* took care to set out in lively colours, in a scene between *Viper* and *O'Donnovan:* see it at pages 467—471 of vol. iii. and a more pungent piece of satire is scarcely any where to be found; its justice was known and *felt:* for the exposure of a cheat and a swindler, is followed, if not accompanied, by neglect and disrepute,

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"So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love!"

I fancy your Grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome. You heard then, I suppose, of a certain pope; and, in humble imitation, have converted a *pious parson* into a *chamber-maid*. The scheme is new in this country; and has, doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may *never want the benefit of the clergy*, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of

Your Grace's most devoted,
Most obliged humble servant,
SAM. FOOTE.

and a withdrawal of the means of subsistence.* Moreover, Mr. Foote brought an action against the publisher of the newspaper of which Jackson was the writer; a measure, which procured the Viper's dismissal, and threw him into the pay of the incensed Duchess, *pro fond en comble.*

Under all those circumstances of irritation, *Jackson* found a man who had been coachman to Mr. Foote, but who was discharged for his irregularities some time before, had obtained no fresh situation, yet had made no charge against his employer until incited thereto by the yet unhung Reverend Doctor Jackson. Those two attended (fit pair) before the grand jury of Middlesex, and afterwards applied to the court for the apprehension of *Mr. Foote;* they then proceeded with the warrant and officers to execute it, but meantime the accused puts in bail. Again Doctor Jackson and his pupil attend the jury, and the coachman charges his master with having committed another such assault, and thus require another warrant against the accused gentleman, who moves the whole

* He resided with the Duchess, and was said to have been one of her cabinet council. This unhappy man fell into want, went over to Ireland, and there joined in the "Rebellion of 1797." Being tried and found guilty of high treason, he saved himself the ultimate disgrace of a *public execution* by taking poison the night previous to the day of passing sentence on the persons convicted along with him, all of whom were hung.

cause, by his attorney, into the Court of King's Bench. *Jackson* attends all those proceedings, and brings up his solo witness at the trial, where it is scarcely necessary to add, he failed in proof; but we have in all those active movements of *the Doctor* good proof of his enmity to Foote, and of the kind of retaliation he sought. His motives, judging from this conduct, were of the most malignant nature, and to him may safely be ascribed the getting up of so infernal an accusation: a poor needy half-starved libeller, protected by a harlot, who sought protection for her iniquities in his venal pen, was a most appropriate defender of her "injured innocence;" and the scheme of laying *such a charge* against the satirist is of the same complexion as the artifices of other villains of the day gone by, who, in like manner, brought such charges for the purpose of extorting money—only that poor Jackson obtained his payment from the lady, these take it upon the king's highway. She, too, it was who supplied the pecuniary means of carrying on the expensive prosecution; and she expiated at no distant day, in disgrace and exile, this and various other insults against outraged society.

But vice and subornation triumphed in the end: Mr. Foote's health bent before the filthy accusation, notwithstanding the countenance of many great and

titled friends. At the announcement of his honourable unhesitating acquittal, he fell into hysterics; languor and excessive excitement succeeded each other by turns, and he himself first perceived, that a change had been wrought in his constitution which would soon disable him from the stage. He, therefore, resolved to secure, betimes, a competency for the decline of years, upon his theatre; accordingly, he disposed of his patent to George Colman, the author of The Jealous Wife, The Clandestine Marriage, and twenty other pieces, on consideration of receiving four hundred pounds every quarter of a year. By this agreement, *Foote* engaged to play occasionally at the Haymarket only, and give the preference to Mr. Colman of any new piece he might produce; and he was, at that moment, engaged in preparing one which he left unfinished at his decease, entitled *The Slanderer*.

On his first re-appearance, in May, 1777, in his comedy of the *Devil upon Two Sticks*, a cotemporary observes—"But, what a falling off was there!" The mental anxieties which he had suffered during the course of last year had evidently preyed upon every part of his frame: his cheeks were lank and withered, his eyes had lost their wonted intelligence, and his whole person appeared sunk and emaciated." During the season, he made three or

four more efforts; but whilst performing in the piece just named, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and retired from the stage for ever. At Brighton, where he spent the remainder of the summer, he recovered in some degree his health and spirits; he is even represented as having indulged in some of his usual sallies of wit and repartee.

But the lambent flame merely flashed its last expiring gleam; the film of life was nearly ready to burst, and permit its tenant to escape we know not whither—though some pretend to know, and others impiously to controul! *The physicians* being *called in,* as some do call in the *Charleys* to quell internal riot when all the mischief is done, they prescribed for him *air,* and that of the capital of France being then most in vogue for worn out free-livers, he was *advised* to go thither to gather it, *sec. art.* during the winter. With this intention he arrived at Dover, on his way, on the 20th of October; but the equinoctial breezes proving unfavourable to the passage across, he strolled about the inn for amusement, and, going into the kitchen, the cook-maid began to *throw off* side-long hits at our traveller. She vaunted her attachment to the soil that gave her birth, and seemed glad that she never once went out of it. To this *Mr. Foote* replied, "Why, cookey, that is very extraordinary,

as they tell me, above stairs, that you have been several times *all over Greece* (i. e. grease.)—"They may say what they please above stairs, or below stairs," replied she, "but I never was ten miles from Dover in all my born days." "Nay, nay, now, that must be a fib," observed *Foote*, "for I myself have seen you at *spit-head*." The servants caught the joke, the laugh went round, and Foote joined in it as heartily as any among them.

It was his last joke, and last laugh, probably; for he was seized next morning with a shivering fit while at breakfast, and, being put to bed, he there breathed his last breath in the course of the afternoon. Far be from me the attempt to make the eulogium of so singular a genius—chiefly, because the fashion is a French one, and nothing but *French:* let his works speak his praise. They are in your hands, gentle reader. I do not think your morals will suffer by the perusal: you will learn more of the world by these volumes than you could acquire by studying the nice points of a controversy. If 'the best study of mankind is man,' here come to college, and learn what to avoid; it is but the other side of the picture: eschew the bad, and you will augment your relish for the good that is passing in society, particularly in this great, big, overgrown metropolis, that is built to death, like a looby son who has outgrown his stamina.

To the day of his decease, we have no positive proof of Samuel Foote's having embraced the rites of wedlock. Add to which, my inquiries since these volumes went to press are not satisfactorily affirmative of this point, but far otherwise; all tend to confirm the idea, *loosely* thrown out by himself and some of his cotemporaries, that he had 'taken to himself' his washerwoman for wife, or, more properly, the daughter of one. I believe she lived to an advanced age as Mrs. Jane Nuthall, of whom more anon. Meantime, I do not apprehend the difficulty is rendered a whit more solvable by the circumstance of this humiliating designation of her origin being very often in his mouth, regarding her who appeared as his wife, according to one of Foote's biographers. That she lived much secluded from the world is beyond doubt, since his dearest friends did not know of her existence, and it was only when some fortuitous occurrence brought her to light that we can really trace the identity of the lady who bore the name of *Foote* to her connexion with him. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, his very intimate acquaintance and inseparable companion, whenever they were both in town together, and to whom he dedicated *Taste*, (vide vol. i. page 53,) only came to the knowledge of this fact upon

occasion of his own marriage with Lady Harriet Paulet.*

Yet we cannot forget the allusion to his marriage, at page xliv. upon which I thought it my duty to cast the shades of doubt, leaving the reader to infer that if he were ever really married, it must have been at a much later period, by one of those hasty ceremonies, at that period so much in practice, and which scarcely knit *persons* together, however they might operate on their chattels. During his residence at North End, Hampstead, we never once hear of *Mrs. Foote*, as presiding at

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* *Foote*, it seems, brought about this fortune-hunting speculation, by which Sir Francis netted some four-score thousand pounds; but, upon the eve of marriage, feeling some qualms of regret, he demanded of Foote "why he himself did not take the lady, seeing that he, too, was needy?" "And so I would," replied he, "but—." "But what?" interrupted Sir Francis, with impatience. "But that I am already married—to my washerwoman."

She *is* represented as a plain person, with a mind quite *fallow*, in which respects *Lady Harriet Delaval* and *Mrs. Jane Aristophanes* much likened each other. When Sir Francis introduced his new spouse to his former hilarious companions, they rallied him soundly on both points of negation. Hereupon, our Foote interposed, saying, "that as he made the match, he must *likewise* make his friend's apology, which was, that he had bought her by *weight* and paid nothing for *the fashion*." This piece of witticism, I take to have been reported with uncommon acumen, the making of the match and the heartless comparison of the lady's qualifications, were, indeed, *like-wise*. 'Like wise,' also, was the lavaterial name bestowed upon *Mrs. Foote*, notwithstanding the fact might be with him, and she of no higher origin than *a tub*. 'How nearly wit to dulness is allied!'

his table, or contributing to his domestic comforts, of which he was fond and ostentatious to a fault.* At that scene of jocund mirth, she never once *comes out* by any accident whatever, neither does she visit the Theatre, nor is alluded to by his friends, nor his neglect of her retorted upon him, in exchange for those many sharp hits he was in the habit of inflicting on all around him. But the conflicting accounts of his female connexions rather beget an idea that he may have formed two such, either consecutive or parallel, for we are not supplied with

* Garrick was quite the reverse of Foote, and not only lived meagerly himself, but kept his servants upon board wages—a mean, un-English mode of grubbing along through life. One day, that our Aristophanes dined with the little Roscius, the host put only port wine upon the table, which received all the praise of all kinds, for the wine-merchant of both dramatists made one of the party; but, unfortunately, the wine-merchant having inquired of Foote, how a certain pipe of port turned out? he replied "Why, pretty well, I should suppose, as I have heard no complaints from the kitchen," leaving his hearers to infer that his servants drank port. This might be literally true, as he allowed great indulgences to his servants, in return for which, this genus of civil society are seldom grateful, as *Mr. Foote* found to his cost. But *Garrick* knew mankind better, and adopted the other extreme. It happened, on occasion of the latter returning his visit to Foote, that "Mr. Garrick's *servants* were announced, rather pompously, as being in waiting at their appointed hour.—"Oh, let them *wait*," observed Foote; "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry," he added, loud enough to be heard. The chances are, however, that the pantry was very unsafe in this particular; and vulgar report goes on to say that *James*, in reply, promised to 'procure a lock and key, for the purpose of keeping its contents in greater security.'

dates, so as to settle the question with chronological exactness.

In two well-marked instances; we find on record tolerable distinct avowals of a 'Mrs. Foote,' from his own lips;* both being made under rather de-

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* *Firstly.* No greater proof of a man's being *legally married* can be produced, to *some minds*, than wishing to part from the object of his former affections, especially if he be of an *eccentric genius*, as Foote undoubtedly was. Upon some complaint of neglect, on the part of Mrs. Foote, he took it into his head, "in order to make her life more comfortable," (as he echoed back her supplication,) to part from her. But, after an absence of several months, mutual friends interposing their advice, on the injustice of so treating an unoffending woman, a reconciliation was brought about, and Costello, the performer, (whose name will be found in Mr. Foote's *earlier pieces* only,) a hair-brained, sottish chap, was despatched to bring her down to the husband's house, at Blackheath, 'in one-horse-chay,'—a vehicle but newly reduced to practice. Of course, Costello, drunk with the importance of his commission, overturned his fair charge into a ditch, by which accident both were much bruised, and she re-appeared before her husband in a much altered state. While Mrs. Foote was adjusting her disordered person, arrived Arthur Murphy, one of the interceders, to partake of the reconciliation dinner. Meeting Foote in a back parlour, Murphy politely inquired whether the lady had yet arrived? "Oh yes, (answered Foote) you will find her above, in the drawing-room; and you may there learn *geography* from her face, as it is a complete map of the world: on one side you may see the *blue mountains;* on the other, the *black forest;* here the *Red Sea*, and here (pointing to his forehead) the *Rocks* of *Scilly*." This must have happened during the first part of his career; and the *silliness* he referred to was nothing more than that mildness and forbearance of temper, so totally different from his own disposition and habits, and which is too frequently denounced, by the giddy and the thoughtless, as indicating want of sense.

The *second* instance of recognition is equally humiliating,

grading circumstances, whilst, most perplexingly, we meet with two other anecdotes of a directly opposite tendency, which we can only reconcile to the two former by supposing that they refer to separate females, if they do not bear internal evidence of belonging to two different periods of his career.

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and comes to us upon the authority of Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire; who, being on a visit to town, and wishing to see his ante-fellow-collegian, soon ascertained that he was in the Fleet-Prison. As became a great mind, thither the Doctor repaired, like a good Christian, and found our laughing philosopher in the usual plight of such an inmatecy, poor and pennyless. With the same spirit, the Doctor attempted to console him under so much privation; but Foote cut short this discourse with raillery; "Why, is not this better (said he) than the gout, a fever, the small pox, or

> "Those thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to?"

Indeed, this is a mere temporary confinement, without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to the present sharp-biting weather; whereas, those disorders I speak of, would not only give *pain* as well as *confinement*, but, perhaps, ultimately prevent a man from ever enjoying the world again."

While he was going on at this rate, the Doctor perceived something stir in the bed behind him; upon which he got up, and proposed to call another time. To this Foote objected, observing "'tis nothing but my *Foote!*" "Your *foot!*" echoed the Doctor, "well, may be so, I require no apologies, I shall call at another time." "I tell you again," rejoined Sam, "'tis nothing but *my Foote;* and, to convince you of the fact, it shall speak to you directly." Hereupon, his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes, and, with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

However this be, and without troubling the reader with further investigation, I find one of those *relictæ* alluded to in the margin, living in New Palace-yard, Westminster, towards the wane of the century; and that she went to live at Hadley, in Hertfordshire, until April, 1815, when she died, at the great age of eighty-six. At her grave-head, in the parish church-yard, the above fact is told, and I heard with pleasure, that her journey down the vale of life was smoothed by the kind attentions of a Mr. D. Garrow, of that place, who is since deceased. The same gentleman, also, caused to be engraved on her head-stone,—

> That Power above which made her days serene,
> Made death itself appear a tranquil scene.*

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* Although much cannot be said of the poetry that terminates 'the brief annals of the deceased' lady, the mildness and serenity that were the attributes of *Mrs. Foote* while living, is recorded as characteristic of Mrs. Nuthall, also; but this of itself is insufficient to identify the person as being the same; nor does that other circumstance of Mrs. Nuthall not being *known* to have had any children by her acknowledged connexion with Foote, sever her completely from the two anecdotes subjoined, both which relate to a lady who was not *the legal Mrs. Foote.*

1st. Foote had two natural children, to whom he was much attached. As they were playing about his knees one evening, after dinner, one of his visitors, a French gentleman, asked him, "*Sont-ils par la même mère, monsieur?*" "*Oui monsieur,* (replied Foote,) they are by *the same mare,* as you say, but I have strong doubts whether they are by the *same horse.*"

2d. The same anecdotist tells us, that the mother of those

By what kind of false pride he was thus led to half-repudiate his wife, at times to disavow her, and at others to acknowledge her by inuendo, with a slur upon her understanding, I confess myself unable to account for satisfactorily, nor to think of it without pain, as an exemplar. A dignified mind spurns at the thought of receiving external sanction of its actions, as it utterly despises implied censure of its personal arrangements; and, although I am far from justifying Mr. Foote in his conduct towards a patient, all-suffering woman, yet, when we raise a wife a few steps above her maiden state, we, at least, expect that she should possess strength of soul enough to second our views of bringing her forward in society. With this kind of feeling, most of those who are raised to fortune or to honours beyond expectation, of both sexes, usually overact their parts, (vide 'The Commissary' *passim*;) and of Mrs.

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children had been a servant of his, who *lived with him* for several years; but that, on one of his trips to Paris, she took up with a bass-viol player, belonging to a theatre. On his return, the lady solicited strongly to be restored to favour, alleging "that although she had left his house as not knowing when he would return, she had done nothing to forfeit his esteem."—"What, madam!" he exclaimed, "done nothing to forfeit my *esteem!* Have you not been *base*-ly *viol*-ated? and now you want to run *your gamut* upon me, do you?"

Foote we may say, had the lady been a *Virago*, she would have compelled her *Aristophanes* to pay some deference to her station, and led him such a dance through life as to blunt a little his superabundant wit, and, by subtracting from his conviviality, sharpened his *worldly knowledge* as to the £. *s. d.* of domestic comforts. She might have retaliated upon his pun *geographical*, by sketching her outline-maps on his physiognomy, and thus taught him a new species of practical repartit. Marriage is the commencement of a new era in the life of man, and the wife is considered the ballast which is to steady the vessel of life in its new voyage round *the world* of its own creation; but, if the lady carry no weight, if her ponderosity is wholly inadequate to the tonnage, the vessel is tossed about, and the ballast too, (well, if it do not wash her overboard,) the skipper gets drunk, and the crew mutinous: she yaws in a heavy sea, and broaches to whenever run foul of, so that, if she escape shipwreck, and the voyage be performed to its end, considerable demurrages, much leakage, and many repairs, subtract from the advantages of the contract.

This unfortunate reprehensible shade in his domestic life is referable as much to his family pride, I apprehend, as to any other quality of the

mind or heart;* a species of pride that should have operated whilst forming this unequal alliance, and would so operate, probably, on a mind more disposed to reflecting on the consequences of any worldly step he might take than Samuel Foote's was embued with. If it took place while he yet studied the law, the avowal of a marriage he was unable to support with becoming dignity, would, in the actual frame of genteel society, go a great way to mar his prospects of 'getting into practice.' His subsequent assumption of the Censor's office—*in ore theatro*, and his heedless expenditure of his patrimony, were periods alike incongenial to the avowal of a supposed degrading connexion, which had been so long kept secret from the too delicate susceptibility of friends, and never yet reached the ears of enemies who could go so far as to 'imagine his death' ignominiously. The pride of

* A gentleman dining with Foote, and happening to touch upon some new *unexpected* calls to the house of Peers, he was suddenly seized with a fit of "the pride of ancestry," and, ringing the bell violently, he ordered his servant to bring him down the pedigree of his family, to prove his coworthiness of consideration in those upstart times, which had been depicted by him in "The Englishman in Paris," and other pieces. This was no uncommon occurrence with him; and, but for he placidness of his countenance, it might be concluded that he was taking off his own Cadwallader.

The reader will recollect that he insists upon the respectability of his family in his 'letter to the Duchess of Kingston'.—*Vide ante, page* 156—*note.*

ancestry, which so eminently possessed Foote, operates very differently in different minds, and under various circumstances; for man is indeed the child of circumstance in every relation of life. Player-folk, who *enact many parts*, are the most excruciating devotees of circumstance, the most unerring victims of occurrence, of any other species of artists who seek public patronage; none other, so frequently as they, throw off the chrysales of their families' cognomine, to enact their own parts under feigned names: this is the family pride that fain would not ally their names with the statutable character of vagabondism, though, with some of them, the precise pride they would not sully is that simply of *the purse*—real or supposed. But, for the *bonâ fide* dignity, which is derived from a long line of unsullied ancestry, and which none can feel properly, or estimate duly, unless he possess it undoubtedly—let the whole list of *dramatis personæ*, from the sledge of Thespis to the glass curtain of Drury, concede the moot point to Samuel Foote. Finally, we no where find mention made of the period of the decease of Mrs. Foote, unless the widow Jane Nuthall were indeed she; nor have I ascertained whereabout that lady might have been at the time of Mr. Foote's decease and burial, as no particular mention is made of her on the occasion.

When he took his departure from Suffolk-street, to go upon that journey from which he was destined never to return; whilst the post-chaise yet waited in the street, he walked over his house, looking at the furniture and pictures in pensive mood. Coming to the portrait of Weston, he stopped, gazed, and sighed out—"Poor Weston!" Then, as if recollecting himself, he turned about and added—"It will very shortly be *poor Foote*, or the intelligence of my spirits very much deceives me."

The funeral was conducted without ostentation, on Monday, October 27, 1777. The body had been removed to his house, in Suffolk-street, at the back of the Haymarket theatre; and was attended to Westminster-abbey by three mourning coaches, where he was buried, by torchlight, in the cloisters, but no carved stone or other mark points out the spot.

By his will, Mr. W. Fitzherbert and Mr. Archibald Hamilton, the printer, were appointed executors, with a legacy of fifty pounds each; and to the former he gave his portrait, by Zoffani, in the character of Major Sturgeon, to the latter, his gold-headed cane. Mr. Jewell, his treasurer, was more kindly remembered, by the bequest of several privileges and bonuses arising out of his theatre, besides a legacy, and a contingent re-

mainder of a thousand pounds: the first-mentioned, however, was defeated, I believe, by the subsequent cession of his patent to Colman. To his two sons, Francis and George Foote, he gave the residue of his property, with benefit of survivorship to either. His mother Eleanor, and his brother Edward Goodere Foote, were both remembered; but the old lady had already paid the debt of nature, as we find, at page clvi *(note)*;—of the latter nothing appears. One of the sons only survived his father; and they were, I believe, the children alluded to at page 168, note first.

Besides the foregoing, Zoffani painted two other portraits of Mr. Foote, bespoke by Mr. Colman; the one in the character of Sturgeon, in the Mayor of Garratt, similar, I presume, to that bequeathed to Mr. Fitzherbert; and the other, a scene in the Devil on Two Sticks. Several other scenic pictures were prefixed to reprints of his plays; and some humourous mezzotintos of the same nature, calculated for cabinet adornments, for the less scrupulous lovers of art, continue in demand to this day.

A character of Mr. Foote, given in Mr. Burke's "Annual Register," for the year 1777, as it is short, shall close this Essay, already too long, though confessedly too short for his complete

justification before a puritanical age, and a country that is no longer "merry England." "Mr. Foote, as a private man, was sincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions expand with mirth and good humour; and, in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved a noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation."

"Alas, poor Yorick! Where be your gambols—your songs—your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one, now! Alas, poor Yorick!"

NOTES.

A.

THE Goodere fortune, about the division whereof the thers quarrelled thus fearfully, amounted to about JJJ a year. A goodly patrimony, equal to £15,000 the present day, with all the enhancements of a :e of warfare. Foote's father is said to have been re- ne*d* member to parliament, for Tiverton, in Devonshire; , as to this point, I shall make no inquiry—contrary to practice of all biographers, as the circumstance, if veri- on all the oaths of all the electors, could add very e to his dignity. A degenerate franchise, and implied ruption, naturally conveys a notion of "rottenness in state;" of Devon's greatest town, I can say, nothing is in doubt in this respect by its *corporation*

Such curious information on this topic, with a fine *im- cement* thereon, was intended to occupy this page, at time the text went to press; but the long space that has osed, gave leisure for reflection on the inroads of *the its*, against whom I am at open war; and have, there- , suppressed my own moral inculcations to make way the insertion of Mr Foote's able, manly, and convicting *ter*, at pages xciii—cxiv. Read it once more, reader; mo e, ge. it by heart: you will shortly require some he arguments to be used in the bosom of your own dice, or my mind misgives me sore.

B.

Whilst we are yet at press with this slight sketch, another assailant of Foote's appears before the public, in the person of J. Cradock, Esq. in "Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs" of his times. This gentleman lived intimately with the same circle as *Foote*, and desires his readers to believe that the latter obtained the first hint of the *Devil on Two Sticks* from the writer, without acknowledgement. This charge, if substantiated, would amount to the crime of Foote being beholden to the man he had once satirized upon the stage, for a hint which served him as a plot or vehicle for the conveyance of his main story. That the sheer charge of plagiarism should stand by itself, I am willing to allow, nor the amount or quantity of it sway us in pronouncing our verdict of guilty; but when the absolute worthlessness of the thing stolen—*borrowed* is the right word—is taken into consideration, I insist upon it the charge ought not to have been brought—never in such censurable accusatory terms as Mr. Cradock has thought proper to adopt. As I had *previously* observed, (vol. iii. page 3,) the piece has been "frequently cut down," I should have said into two acts, and sometimes "the examination of Dr. Last, before the college," is acted as an interlude, and always obtains the applause it merits. What then becomes of Mr. Cradock's *diable boiteux* hint? In the piece so *cut down*, the sarcastic repression of a female politician is lost, to be sure; but this was none of Mr. Cradock's property, though this *talk* of his concerning a much read and deservedly popular novel of that day certainly *might be his*, and simply proves that Foote paid more attention to the conversation of Mr. Cradock than this gentleman had any notion of. *The offence*, if it be one, which is by no means made out, did not warrant this octogenarian autobiographer in charging Foote with *maliciousness*, or with a literary piracy, and he does both. How few of my readers ever heard of "Zobeide," or the "Czar," both written by the accuser!

One evening, at a theatrical club, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, Mr. Cradock relates, where were present, Foote, Powell, Holland, and others—"In the course of conversation I *ventured to say*, that I

thought Monsieur le Sage's "Devil upon Two Sticks" was a good subject for stage *buffoonery*, and that from the story of the 'Power of friendship,' which was introduced in it, something might be well traced for a *serious opera*. Foote admired the latter [idea], but spoke with the utmost contempt of the former; it was, he said without exception, the most absurd and nonsensical satire that could have been devised. However, no more was ever heard of "the Power of friendship," and the "Devil upon Two Sticks" was produced at his own summer theatre, where he himself was the hero." *Mr. Cradock*, it seems, spoke in public company of a *novel* that all the town spoke of; a book that *Foote* could not fail to have heard of, and possibly entertained already some hopes of being enabled to dramatize, for no long after 'produced the Devil on Two Sticks, in which *he himself* represented the hero'—to be sure, Mr. Cradock! "he himself," indeed, who but he? There was no disingenuousness in this, only he was not so openly unguarded before you as on most other occasions—let us see one of the reasons:—

Among other real characters whom Foote introduced upon the stage was Mr. Joseph Cradock, who had then a tragedy running its brief carreer upon the boards of Covent-garden. Meeting Foote, next morning, in the Haymarket, the latter seemed a good deal disconcerted, and said, "you are not affronted are you that I hinted at you last night in the comedy?" "Not in such good company," replied Cradock "but I hear that you burnt your fingers." "Singed them a little, perhaps," answered Foote; "but [in these matters] if we do not take liberties with our friends, with whom can we make free?" Our enemies do not permit us to come near enough to them to taste their virtues, and if any notice we take of them contain neither sarcasm or censure, they doubt our sincerity and receive any attention at our hands with suspicion; whilst our friends are easily persuaded that our intentions are friendly, and meant to repress their *peculiarities* or *errors* in the mildest manner, lest their enemies might undertake the office and perform it like butchers; for, filled the office of monitor must be, by one set or the other, as the neurals take no heed of a world that was not made for them. It may be remarked further, that almost every one possessed by any such folly is conscious of the defect; whilst they find it impossible to shake it off, and feel abashed at their

own weakness, which it is an additional weakness in them to confess by implication: whereas, the thorough-paced rogue glories in his wickedness, and sails down the tide with the black flag of defiance constantly unfurled. In which of Foote's pieces Mr. Cradock had the honour of being *shown up* I cannot discern, but conclude it must have been a *casual* allusion only; for, in the year that *Zobeide* appeared (1771), Foote brought out nothing new, and *Zobeide's* "brief career" was the only attempt of Mr. Cradock on the boards.

Which of the persons just named evinceth the most 'malice,' let posterity decide. Cradock *loquitur*:—"Mr. Howard was of our party, and when he hinted something about printing a second edition of his "Thoughts and Maxims," Foote replied directly, *with a sneer*—"Right, sir, second thoughts are best;"* but when a gentleman, with whom he was *more* intimate, *only* quoted *in jest*, some *trifling* circumstance *about* a *game leg*, Foote *maliciously* replied, "Pray sir, make no allusions to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?" That is to say, we make freer with 'more intimate' friends than with others, or this one would not have taken part with Mr. Howard's Thoughts, (which he might as well have kept to himself,) and attempted a weak support of his cause by "throwing off" against Foote's leg; a course equally unjust, unmanly, and foolish, notwithstanding Mr. Cradock's softening phrases, "only in jest," and "trifling" about his "intimate" friend's defect, which he could neither help or avoid, and was sure to defend with tooth and nail perspicacity. What 'malice' could there be in calling such a fool—*a fool?*

Yet, it must be allowed, that persons who have resigned the better part of their understandings to the delights of jesting, generally carry the propensity too far. We have seen how Foote loved the jest up to the very day of his death.—So, Dick Suett, at his last moment, when vitality's

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* As to the 'sneer,' that depends upon *the ear*; but probably the pungical retort of Foote had a beneficial effect upon "Mr. Howard's" coxcombry; for, we do not find that he did print the threatened *second edition*, as scarcely any one purchased the first, excepting *the grocer*.

keen twinge told him the work of death was at hand, *performed* his exit, crying out, in his usual sharp guttural, "there, there again! there it is, O, la, ha!" After one such occurrence, when he himself had melted into tears,—that tribute of affection to departed worth, we find Foote could not, or at least did not, suppress that turn for the risible connexion of discordant things which provokes wonder, amazement, or laughter, as it may hit upon the feelings of the hearer. His great affection for poor Holland, who was the son of *a baker*, showed itself in a thousand different ways, and when he died, Foote followed his remains to the grave. After the obsequies, and whilst his cheeks were yet embued with the saline tribute, he was met by a common friend, with, "So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend," he replied, "Yes, we have shoved the little baker into his oven."

THE

KNIGHTS;

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto Veniæ minus.—HOR.

VOL. I.

REMARKS.

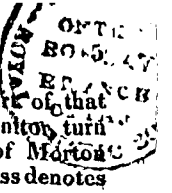
FIRST performed in 1748, it ran through the season in great favour, with some adscititious aids, to be noticed hereafter, and, with alterations, occasionally during the year following, in which state it was *printed*. But "the Knights" has not recently met with the favour of our managers, though partaking more of dramatic regularity in the *construction* than the Author's other pieces—a mechanical excellence we may shortly attempt to account for, on the rational grounds of external help.

If we aimed at a strict chronological arrangement of his several productions, Foote's "Diversion of the Morning" (1747) would take precedence of all the others; but he having worked up the *first act* of that performance into his subsequent comedy of "Taste," (1752,) where it appears in its more finished form, the reader is referred for the second act of the "Diversions" to certain *fragmenta* which will be found at the end of the work. In like manner as befals most other *coups d'essais* in authorship (and in *the dramatic* as much as any other walk of literature), our young Author submitted his piece to the critical opinion of his more practised friends pre-

vious to representation, and to their united suffrage are we to attribute the juster form of construction it assumed when compared to the absolute carelessness in this respect of his subsequent productions.

As *the town* had already smarted two seasons under his personal lash, the leading characters in this comedy were, by the general voice, assigned to well-known persons then living;—the assumption of *Sir Penurious Trifle*, by our Author himself (as *Hartop*), being recognized as bearing a happy resemblance to a certain country-gentleman in the west of England. That this was truly the case is by no means unlikely, nor that the peculiarities of the person so *taken-off* were placed a good deal in *caricature*, but the era in which this comedy appeared was by no means one of refinement (*malgre*, the French fopperies); the commodity called *good-understanding* was considerably under par in the market of common life; coarse manners prevailed, and gross conduct was frequently detected: this is the key to and apology for much of *Mr. Foote's* dramatic crime against *particulars*, if it be not already found in the Author's idea of legitimate satire as put into the mouth of *Jenkins* in the first scene. The minds of our yeomanry and country gentle-folks were in like manner little cultivated; few among them, though possessing good estates, could read, articulately, the common news of the day, and they fell into the vulgar cacology here ridiculed to the life.

In very recent times we have sat to dramatists who laid their scenes in *modish life*, yet developed their characters by unceasing repetitions of the same idea, or phrase, through five acts, in a manner sufficiently grating to refined ears; and often



have we witnessed the best educated part of that sex, for whom the drama is the fittest monitor, turn painfully away at the cuckoo-repetition of Morton and Reynolds—*repetition,* which doubtless denotes ignorance and frivolity of character, loses even this faculty by being employed too often; an unalterable position, which deprives *the moderns* of the consolation of precedent, and with it, the authority of *Foote* himself.

Sir Gregory may be considered a very good representation of the provincial politicians of *the age.* With just enough education to enable him to judge between the black and white of a question, he is yet imbued with a due love of politics to render him truly *English.* Later times have produced more of that ignorant species of politicians than the *living* may be disposed to allow, because the Sirs Gregory of our day procure the talismanic mark of "M.P." or "Bart." to their names—an operation that *honourably* seals the vulgar gape of scandalising truth.

Into the mouth of *Tim* is put the true genuine Cornish dialect and way of thinking, in which our Author, by his birth, must have been quite *au fait.* Tim's mode of acting his part *in life* is, also, much after the manner of that corner of the world.

At the termination of this comedy we are told, from tolerable good authority, a duet of *cats' squalling* was set up, as a kind of *finale.* But, accustomed as we have been to the extremes of outre-animal representation upon the stage of late years, we are clearly at a loss to account for such a strange introduction upon any reasonable grounds of propriety or applicableness. The performers in this unusual species of harmony were

Ned Shuter and *Cat Harris*, so called from the near resemblance of his voice to grimalkin's; but as we do not notice their names among the *dramatis personæ*, the difficulty of accounting for this very singular display is thereby much increased. The Author must have held the opinion of *the town* very cheap when he tried on this kind of trick to obtain its plaudits; its discontinuance *after the first season* proves that the measure did not receive unqualified approbation, and the story of Harris having withdrawn himself from the theatre *one night* while "the Knights" was running through the season, and of his being discovered by means of Shuter's squalling about the remote purlieus of his concealment, rather prove that Harris had bent before the admonition of the pit and boxes, and was only brought back to propitiate the *gods* in the galleries.

As to *the thing* itself, we may not unaptly add, that the *genus* of low comic acting thus introduced has lasted to our day, among the professed admirers of every thing "Foote;" his chief *imitator*, Tom Rees, "the inimitable imitator," of Covent-Garden Theatre, having preserved and performed his *cat-duet* before numerous audiences, though not, that we have heard of, upon *the boards*. Mr. Rees's *second* in this momentous affair was *Piercy Roberts*, well known in private theatricals and travelling companies towards the end of the last century; and it is but justice to observe, that they made out, *in tones* and half-articulated words, the acute loves of two cats on the pantiles. *Rees* acknowledged to have received the idea from *Jack Cross* (composer of petite pieces to the *Royal Circus*), and he most probably from *Shuter* or *Harris*.

B.

PREFACE.

AS this is the last opportunity I shall have of addressing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmest acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a summer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baseless beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finishing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together and throwing them into action. The justice done them there by the performers has been too strongly distinguished by the town to render any thing from me necessary: I could only wish that the managers of theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar naïveté and strict propriety would greatly become many characters on our stage.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

HAPPY my Muse, had she first turned her art
From humour's dangerous path to touch the heart.
They who, in all the bluster of blank verse,
The mournful tales of love and war rehearse
Are sure the critics' censure to escape;
You hiss not heroes now, you only ——— gape,
Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgement on their scenes.
A different lot the comic muse attends;
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;
Must search the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age;—
Nay, bring the pit itself upon the stage.
First to *the bar* she turns her various face:
"Hem, my lord, I am counsel in this case,
And if so be your lordship should think fit,
Why, to be sure, my client must submit;
For why, because"—then off she trips again,

And, to the sons of commerce, shifts her scene.
There, whilst the griping sire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himself to enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thousands throws a *main* at Covent-Garden.
These are the portraits we're obliged to show;
You are all judges if they're like or no.
Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
And grace our future scenes with novelty.
I have a plan to treat you with *Burletta*,
That cannot miss your taste, *Mia Spilletta*;
But should the following piece your mirth excite,
From nature's volume we'll persist to write.
Your partial favour bade us first proceed,
Then spare th' offender since you urg'd the deed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARTOP ..... *Mr. Foote.*
SIR GREGORY GAZETTE ..... *Mr. Yates.*
JENKINS ..... *Mr. Blakes.*
TIM ..... *Mr. Castallo.*
ROBIN ..... *Mr. Clough.*

JENNY ..... *Miss Minors.*
MISS PENELOPE TRIFLE ..... *Mrs. Cross.*
MISS SUKEY TRIFLE ..... *Miss Mills.*

SCENE—Herefordshire.

THE

KNIGHTS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—A Room.

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discovered.*

Jen. I should not choose to marry into such a family.

Har. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter: and, to convince you that love is not the minister of my councils, know that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose; and that, too, at a time and in a circumstance not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school-girl at Lincoln-minster, with a mind unpolished, a figure unformed, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food?

Jen. No very engaging object, indeed, Hartop.

Har. Your thoughts *now* were mine *then:* but some connections I have since had with her father have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stranger to the situation [*state*] of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted, by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to economy, has made it necessary for me to attempt, by some scheme [or other] the re-establishment of my fortune. This young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jen. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves. For, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands. In days of yore, indeed, when *virtue* was called *wisdom,* and vice, folly, such principles might have been encouraged; but, as the present subjects of our inquiry are, not what *a man is,* but what *he has;* as to be rich is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor, ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Har. Your observation is but too just. And is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In France, has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are disappointed in their inquiries

after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fellow; but here, how much a year? Two thousand.—The devil! In what country? Berkshire.—Indeed! God bless us! A happy dog!—How the deuce come I to be interested in a man's fortune, unless I am his steward or his tailor? Indeed, knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by those my understanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but, why such a man's being able to eat ortolans and drink French wine is to recommend him to my esteem is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jen. This complaint may with justice be made of all *imitations;* the ridiculous side is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moralizing, and to our business. Prithee, in the first place, how can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in the second, is the girl independent of her father? his consent, I suppose, you have not thought of obtaining.

Har. Some farther proposals concerning my estate; such as an increase of the mortgage, or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit; and, as to the cash, *twenty* to my knowledge; independent, too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know; and then, when things are done, they can't be undone—and 'tis well it's no worse—and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, it's great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa, *in posse,* has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his very soul, my dear.

Jen. Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet is he so domestic an animal, that

I know no more of him than the common country conversation—that he is a thrifty, wary man.

Har. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a year for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year *one;* his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coach-man, and and tailor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c. Thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere *carte blanche;* the last man he is with must afford him matter for the next he goes to. But *a story* is his idol; throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first person he meets. It is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear [*hearken to*] his stories, and equipped myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him. His manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a specimen—Is not that an equipage?

Jen. Hey! yes, faith, and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We'll have a scene; but take your *cue;* he is a country politician.

Enter SIR GREGORY *and* WAITER.

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Chester? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant. A strange town this, Mr. Jenkins; no news stirring; no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from London?

Har. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jen. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—well, sir, and what news? You come from—pray, sir, are you a parliament-man?

Har. Not I, indeed, sir.

Sir Greg. Goodlack! may be, belong to the law?

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the Treasury or the Exchequer?

Har. Neither, sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but Mr.—Pray, what name did Mr. Jenkins, Ha, Ha?

Har. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boston.

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much:—quires of news-papers; now, I reckon, you read a matter of eight sheets every day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court, and so, being at the fountain-head,

know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Har. I never trouble my head about them.—An old fool!

Sir Greg. Good lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jen. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! ay, ay, a great man, no doubt.

Jen. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jen. *(Apart.)* Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty; indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the better conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jen. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies; but you will now find him more communicative, and, in your ear,—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, may be so.

Jen. And that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do, so, do so; Tim is without, just come from his uncle Tregegle's, at Menegizzy, in Cornwall. Tim is an honest lad; do so, do so. *(Exit* JENKINS.) Well, Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace, lack-a-day! long looked-for, come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Har. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.*

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty! wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the best.

Har. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellences as their uses; if you are inclined to blacken by a couple of lines the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither you nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amusement, you have *the Fool.*

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that same Fool be?

Har. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself and severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! The Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you. Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool. But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the King of Spain, and the Queen of Hungary, and

* At that time of day, this number of London newspapers might be a tolerable exaggeration of six times beyond the truth, well adapted to the gullibility of *Sir Gregory;* but, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, this statement would be no *lie* at all. A *story-teller* who should now pull the long-bow so feebly would scarcely make it twang, unless he *stretched* so far as a thousand at least.

those great folks? Come you, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!—snug! —nobody by!—Good now, do. Come, ever so little.

Har. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! wonderful! good now, good now! how, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large tract of the *Terra-incognita*, together with both the Needles, the Scilly-rocks, and Lizard-point, on condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion; they deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might not I just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Har. Oh fie! by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line—a little hint—do now.

Har. Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks! now! the Pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down—both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it—the Lizard-point—both the Needles—Scilly-rocks—Bishop

of Greenland—St. Peter's chair—why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy-wars again, Mr. Hartop.

Har. That is part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you see I have a head! politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the newspapers! They tell me *Doctor Drybones** is to succeed to the bishoprick of Wisper.

Har. No; Doctor——

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord, at Ross, that it was between him and the Dean of——

Har. To my knowledge.

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure; if it should—hush! here's Mr. Jenkins and son Tim; mum! Mr. Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the Pope?

Har. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter TIM *and* MR. JENKINS.

Jen. Master Timothy is almost grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay; ill weeds grow a-pace. Son Tim, Mr. Hartop, a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, son Tim.

Har. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so. Wonderful! ay, ay.

Har. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire! have you been long from Cornwall?

* The readers of Sir Walter Scott's prose works will not fail to recollect his excellent piece of machinery—*Dr. Dryasdust.*

Tim. Ay, sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim! ay, ay, ask Tim any questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinners, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchards. I want a few words with my master, Jenkins.

Har. You have been so long absent from your native country, that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes, sure; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mamma?

Tim. No, sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle; sure, Menegizzy is a choice place! and I could a' stay'd there all my born days, more or less.

Har. Pray, sir, what were your amusements?

Tim. Nan? What d'ye say?

Har. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there; we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Har. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable; in those, I presume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan! what?

Har. I say you are a good wrestler.

Tim. Oh! yes, sure, I can wrestle well enow; but we don't wrestle after your fashion; we ha' no tripping, fath and sole! we go all upon close hugs, or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master? I wan't hurt you, fath and sole.*

* Those provincialisms are usually pronounced hard, as "vath and zowl;" as is also "zure and zure" for sure;

Har. We had as good not venture though. But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan! what?

Har. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugged it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no, I thank you for nothing; you must know I nursed Favourite myself. Uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies; so I saved she. But, fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston, they both broke loose, and eat a whole loin a' veal, and a leg of beef: crist! how landlord sweared! fath, the poor fellow was almost mazed; it made me die a' laughing; but how com'd you to know about our Favourite?

Har. A circumstance so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl; has not some Cornish lass caught your heart?

Tim. Hush! 'god, the old man 'll hear; jog a tiny bit this way—won't a'tell father?

Har. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why, then, I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know *Mally Pengrouse.*

Har. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; she's as handsome, her face all red and white, like the inside of a

zay for say, &c. Nor does it appear that Tim had acquired more polish than comprehension, as his queries "Nan! what d'ye say," &c. evince much vacancy in the *upper works*, though he proves himself tolerably expert in the use of the lower ones.

shoulder of mutton. So I made love to our *Mally*, and just, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Ex'ter and be married, uncle found it out, and sent word to father; and father sent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worser for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father, he'll knock my brains out; for he says I'll disparage the family; and mother's as mad as a March hare about it: so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Har. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No, sure, dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am sorry for that; I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship's.

Tim. Like enough, fath! she's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you say a word to father about *Mally Pengrouse*. Hush!

Jen. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time; he is going with his son to Sir Penurious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Har. The devil! I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; may be so, may be so!

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to—but how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Har. Why, sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband inter-married with a distant relation of a colateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever since

quartered in a 'scutcheon of pretence the three goat's tails rampant, divided by a cheveron, field argent; with a leek pendent in the dexter point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! good now, good now, if dame Winifred was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee Tim, good now, see after the horses—and, d'ye hear? try if you can get any newspapers.

Tim. Yes, father.—But, cousin what-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse.

Har. Mum! [*Exit* TIM.

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses, now. I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, cousin; if you please, no ceremony—a hundred and fifty a week! *the Fool!* ha, ha, ha! wonderful!! an odd dog.

[*Exit* SIR GREGORY.

Jen. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Har. This is a cursed cross incident.

Jen. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering; pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

Jen. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Har. Could you recommend me a good-spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions; and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for three thousand a year and a fool?

Jen. In part I guess your design. The man's

daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose. I'll call her; Jenny! but the enemy's at hand. I will withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worshipful family are retired, I'll introduce the wench.

[*Exit* JENKINS.

Enter SIR GREGORY *and* TIM.

Sir Greg. Pray, now, cousin, are you in friendship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Har. I have the honour, sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-Hall: but as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here's Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Har. "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in Shropshire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleased to meet you here, than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Har. I this morning paid Sir Penurious a visit; and if you will honour me with your commands, I'll——

Sir Greg. Wonderful, to day! good now, that's lucky! Cousin, you are very kind: good now, I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Har. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old acquaintance, indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Hereford 'sise together—let's see, wonderful, how long ago? 'twas while I was courting dame Winny; the year before I married—good now, how long? let's see—that year the hackney stable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was married the first of April, in the year ten; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two and thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now, are going forward in London?

Har. Oh, sir, we are in no distress for amusement; we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thousand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, your servant.

[*Exit* SIR GREGORY *and* TIM.

Har. I am your most obedient.—Thus far our scheme succeeds: and if Jenkins's girl can assume the awkward pertness of the daughter, with as much success as I can imitato the spirited folly of Sir Penurious the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins.

Har. Oh, child, your instructions shall be administered within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has opened your design, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Har. My dear, I have not the least doubt of either your inclination or ability.—But pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? scour, Jenny.

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg—good now, could not you make interest at some coffee-house in London to buy, for a small matter, the old volumes of news-papers, and send them into the country to me? They would pass away the time rarely in a rainy day.

Har. Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now: ten thousand thanks! you are a cousin indeed! But pray, cousin, let us, good now, see some of the works of that same *Fool.*

Har. I'll send them you all; but a—

Sir Greg. What, all? lack-a-day, that's kind, cousin? the *Terra Incognita*—both the Needles—a great deal of that! But what bishop is to be Pope?

Har. Zounds, sir! I am in haste for your letter—when I return, ask as many questions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, that's true—I'll in, and about it.—But, cousin, the Pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Har. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could say it, so none but idiots would believe him. Pray, Sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin; lack-a-day, you are so—but, pray—

Har. Damn your praying! if you don't finish your letter immediately, you may carry it yourself.

Sir Greg. Well, well, cousin! lack-a-day, you are in such a—good now? I go, I go.

Har. But if the truth should be discovered, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But cousin, are Scilly Rocks—

Har. I wish they were in your guts, with all my heart! I must quit the field, I find.

[*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, a passionate man! lack-a-day, I am glad the Pope is not to have Gibraltar, though!

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE,

Sir GREGORY, *and* TIM *reading News to him, discovered.*

Tim. Constantinople, N. S. November 15, the Grande Seigniour—

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child: and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father—We can assure our readers that the D— dash is to go to F blank; and that a

certain noble L— is to resign his p——e in the t——y, in order to make r—m for the two three stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three stars would come in play one time or other. This London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well.

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond-Quay, and stripped it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day; wonderful! to what a height these rogues are grown.

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is turn of your —

Sir Greg. Pshaw! skip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby* all over for people inclined to be crooked: and if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them ——

Sir Greg. Good now; where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Isard's children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to speak with you.

* *Tabby*, another name for *quilting*, or stiffening the dress by sewing it double with wool between.

Sir Greg. Good now; desire him to walk in.

Enter JENKINS.

Jen. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle: I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come, wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed Mr. —. Come Tim, settle my cravat: good now, let's be a little decent: remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but must not I kiss Miss Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay! pray, is cousin Hartop, come along?

Jen. I have not seen him: but, I fancy, I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be so kind! [*Exit* JENKINS.] Stand behind me, Tim.—Pull down your ruffles, child.

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chops the first time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no: faint heart never won fair lady. Ha! Tim, had you but seen me attack Dame Winny! but times ar'n't as they were; good now, we were another kind of folks in those days; stout hearty smacks, that would ha' made your mouth water again; and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter. But the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistresses cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and sole!

Sir. Greg. Hush, Tim, hush! stand behind me, child.

Enter HARTOP, *as* SIR PENURIOUS TRIFLE, *and* JENNY, *as* MISS SUKEY, *and* JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoy'd!—Good now!

Sir Pen. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand! my daughter Suke.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miss, I am proud to—son Tim—Sir Penurious—best bow, child—Miss Suck———

Tim. An't that right, father? [*Kisses her.*

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Ay, ay, stout enough, Sir Gregory, stout enough, brother Knight! hearty as an oak; hey, Dick? gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it: shall I tell it, Sir Gregory?

Jen. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling a story, that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, I love a comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and sole, I love a choice story to my heart's blood!

Sir Pen. You, knight, I was at Bath last summer—a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath, Dick? Hey, you!

Tim. Yes, faith, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim; good now, hush!

Sir Pen. There's a coffee-house, you, a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pay, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Sir Pen. Pshaw! damn the news! mind the story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Sir Pen. Pox take you both! I have lost the story—where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Sir Pen. Right, you, right! true, true! so god, you knight, I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning, it cost me eight pence though, and I had always a breakfast at home—no matter for that though! there I breakfasted; you Dick, god, at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit—you have heard of Truewit, you, knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the story and made us die with laughing: you have heard of Charles the second, you knight, he was son of Charles the first; king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: so what does Charles the second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worcester, a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do, you; god, Noll made him scamper, made him run; take to his heels, you knight; Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, it cost me eight pence, though I had a breakfast at home—so what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak, an oak tree, you, in a

wood called Boscobel, from two Italian words, *bosco bello*, a fine wood, you; and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here—Lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eight pence, though I had a breakfast at home: so, you knight, when Noll died; Monk, there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the north, brought him back: so you, the cavaliers, you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts, what did they do, god, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak, you have seen such signs at country alehouses: so, god, you, what does a puritan do, the puritans were friends to Noll, but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy bush, and underneath he writes, "This is not the royal oak:" you have seen writings under signs, you knight: upon this, says the royalists, god, this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, god, they prosecuted the poor puritan; but they made him change his sign though: and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed? god, he puts up the royal oak; and underneath he writes, "This is not the owl in the ivy bush." It made us all die with laughing; Lord Tom told the story; I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eight pence, and I had a breakfast at home, hey, you, knight; what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose a little refreshment after her ride? some tea, or some——

Sir Pen. Hey, you knight! no, no; we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you, Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim, hey Dick. But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and waistcoat? trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy clothes; hey, you Dick? god, you knight, I'll make you laugh; I went to London, you Dick, last year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow, forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés; and his head, you knight, as white with powder, god, you, as a twelfth cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be, hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an ambassador to be sure.

Sir Pen. God, you knight, nor better nor worser than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure dancer at the opera-house, in the Hay-market.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Sir Pen. Pshaw! Pox, prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress, hey, Dick?

Jenk. You, sir, do not want the aid of dress: but in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Sir Pen. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had other guess breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-staff, knight, all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams: prithee, Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; t'will help to buy the license: she will not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suke!

but, you knight; god, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. God, that's hearty you! but we won't part the young couple, hey: I'll send Suke some bread and cheese in; hey, knight! at her, Tim. Come, Dick; come, you, knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship, hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, let's have it.

Sir Pen. You know my wife was blind, you, knight.

Sir Greg. Good now; wonderful! not I.

Sir Pen. Blind as a beetle, when I married her, knight: hey, Dick! she was drowned in our orchard: maid Bess, knight, went to market, you, Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and souse, dropped into the fish-pond: we found her out next day, but she was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though, hey you! she was only daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! god, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleek, her Father's chaplain, hey, you! upon that, what does me I, but slips on Domine's robes, you, passed myself upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you, knight, hey! god, though I believe she never liked me; but what signifies that, hey, Dick! she was rich, you. But come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Sir Pen. Nay, pray—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, 'tis impossible—

Sir Pen. Pox of ceremony! you, Dick, hey? god, knight, I'll tell you a story: one of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckoned, Dick: god, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: oh, an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick, am I king of France, or you? Is it my coach or yours? and so pushes him in, thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, he, he, he!

Sir Pen. God, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! knight, god, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins. [*Exit the two Knights and* JENKINS.

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and sole!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—fath and sole, I don't know what to say: how d'ye do, Miss Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and sole.

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your house a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a good long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [*whistles.*

Jenny. [*sings.*

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, Miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow. [*whistles.*

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before!

Jenny. Before! when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why, then, you must let it alone, fath and sole.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should a'tell?

Tim. Tell! Why, as how I and father was come a woing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a sweet-heart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me.——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then: hey! why, fath, we may chance to be married, if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you?

Tim. Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it, faith and sole. But father and mother bid me come a courting; and if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, faith! you may stay as long as——

Enter WAITER.

Wait. There's a woman without wants to speak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miss Suck, your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back.—God, I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as *Mally Pengrouse*—Well, your servant, Miss Suck. [*Exit* TIM.

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlicked cub? I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby. But, as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself. I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman: but, however, a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. Now, Jenny, what news, child? are things fixed; are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quickened my swain's advances by a little affected coyness; but the trap would not take. I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The drawer called him to some woman.

Jenk. Woman! He neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot! but, pox, that is impossible! you have not blabb'd, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him, though. [*Exit.*

Jenny. I knew the time when Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd, that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex should destroy it in the other: the reason is above my reach; but the fact I am a severe witness of. Heigh ho!

Enter HARTOP, *as* SIR PENURIOUS, *and* SIR GREGORY GAZETTE.

Sir Pen. And so, you knight, says he, you know knight what low dogs the ministers were then, how does your pot—a pot, you, that they put over the fire to boil broth and meat in.—You have seen a pot, you knight—how does your pot boil these troublesome times? hey you! god, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dress victuals! roast and boil, and so forth; god, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen—but, I suppose, the scum is uppermost still; hey, you knight! what, god, hey! But where's your son, Sir Gregory? good now, good now, where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a-day, what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! good now! well, and how Miss Sukey—has Tim? has he? well, and what, you have—wonderful!

Enter a Servant, with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Sir Pen. Hey, you, what, a letter? god so! any answer you, hey?

Serv. None, sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy; well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing? did he please you? come now, tell us the whole story: wonderful! rare news for dame Winny! ha, Tim's father's own son! but come, whisper—ay.

Sir Pen.—reading. "I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encountered Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece; they will soon be with you."—So then all's over; but let's see what expedition will do——Well, you knight, hey! what, have they settled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, right as my leg! ah, Tim, little did I think—but, lack-a-day, I wonder where the boy is! let's seek him.

Sir Pen. Agreed, you knight; hey, come.

Enter JENKINS.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now, have you seen Tim?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Well you, what, hey; any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope, your rival is disposed of.

Sir Pen Disposed of! how?

Jenk. Married by this time, you rogue! the

woman that wanted him was no other than *Mally Pengrouse;* trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim says. I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Har. Bravissimo! you rogue! but how shall I get off with the knight!

Jenk. Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Har. I have it—suppose I were to own the whole design to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not succeeded with his son? and as he seems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying, however; but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr. Jenkins, have you seen Tim? I can't think where the boy—

Har. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, cousin Hartop, as I am a living man—hey—well, but, good now, how, Mr. Jenkins, hey?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but, in two words, my friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle; and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious: but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop, lack-a-day, well, but where's Tim? hey! good now, and who are you?

Jenk. This, sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a pestilent hussey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day, who could ha' thought—ah, Jenny, you're a—but where's Tim?

Enter SIR GREGORY'S *Servant.*

Serv. Wounds, master! never stir alive if master Tim has na gone and married *Mally Pengrouse.*

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, sirrah, how? good now, cousin Hartop—*Mally Pengrouse!* who the dickens is she?

Ser. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? lack-a-day, cousin!

Ser. She tramped it up after master: master Timothy is without, and says, as how they be married: I wanted un to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at h—m! I'll—ah, rogue! lack-a-day, cousin, show me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; consider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will dame Winny say? good now, such a disparagement too—and then, what will Sir Penurious say? lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—I'll—ah, cousin Hartop! cousin Hartop! good now, good now.

Har. Dear sir, be calm; this is no such surprising matter; we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. God now, no, cousin, no?

Har. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week

that Lord Lofty's son married his mother's maid, and Lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what, in the news? Good now, that's some comfort, however, but what will Sir Penurious—

Har. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you, I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, cousin Hartop, how.

Har. Sir Gregory, d'ye think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, cousin, ay.

Har. And would you in return serve me in a circumstance [an *affair*] that cannot injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be sure, cousin.

Har. Will you, then, permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addresses to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and if I could successfully impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty (I apprehend) with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

Har. I warrant you. But see, the young gentleman.

Enter TIM.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I—Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and sole: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can'st forgive thyself I can forgive thee; but thank thy cousin Hartop.

Har. Oh, sir! if you are satisfied, I am rewarded. I wish you joy; joy to you, child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topsy-turvey again; what can be done now, cousin Hartop?

Har. Dick! show the ladies in here, but delay them a little. The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and master Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin!

Tim. Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

Har. No, no, step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice spurt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MRS. PENELOPE *and* SUKEY, *with Waiter.*

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you choose any refreshment?

Suk. A draught of ale, friend, for I am main dry.

Pen. Fie! fie! Niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding! The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

Suk. Troth! aunt, that's so long ago, that I

think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

Pen. How! Gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad there's a husband coming that will take you down: your tantrums! You are grown too headstrong and robust for me.

Suk. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But see your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: none of your——

Enter JENKINS *as* SIR GREGORY, *and* HARTOP *as* TIM.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your niece! Tim, the ladies.

Har. Your servant, mistress! I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. [*salutes her.*] Fath and sole, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

Suk. Yes; I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But lady! where's my brother Trifle? where is Sir Penurious?

Suk. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady! shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, father; come, Miss will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Suk. With all my heart?

Jenk. There is, lady, a wonderful affair has happened, good now! son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my men,

good now! tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has followed us here, sure as a gun, lady; if Tim sees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most mature deliberation.

Jenk. Deliberation! lack-a-day! lady! whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Pen. Administer your proposition, Sir Gregory Gazette, you will have my concurrence, sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character to deviate from the strictest attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! no such matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady!

Pen. Why, then to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objection to the acceleration of their nuptials; provided the child is inclined, and a minister may be procured.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good!—Good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day. We may have the same parson; here! Tim! and young gentlewoman! — well, miss! wonderful and how? has Tim? hey, boy! Is not miss a fine young lady?

Har. Fath and sole, father! miss is a charming young woman! all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! well, and, miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad! has he? good now! had the art? how d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Suk. Like un? well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why, then, miss, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Suk. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

Har. Fath and sole! just as you please, to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there: [HAR. *and* SUKEY, *retire*] there you will find *one* to do your business: wonderful! matters will soon be managed *within*. Well, lady, this was, good now, so kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe, that if Dame Winny was dead, I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady!

Pen. You are, sir, something too precipitate; nor would there, did circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I who have rejected so many matches should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady; good now? I——

Pen. No, sir; I would have you instructed, that had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family sirname.

Jenk. Wonderful; why, I was only—

Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette, such resplendent charms or such bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory—

Jenk. Good now! who says——

Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles superior to perhaps—

Enter SIR GREGORY, ROGER, *and* TIM.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father; Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now! good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll mar their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-day! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me; good now, good now! give me my clothes! here take your tawdry trappings. I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your property.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this! lady! good now! good now! what's here, a stage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend my loving cousin, (pize on the kindred) let'n—

Jenk. Good now! good now! what are these folks? as sure as a gun they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you, though.

Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He, Sir Gregory Gazette? lack-a-day, lady! you are tricked, imposed on, bamboozled; good now! good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

Pen. How!

Tim. Fath and sole, 'tis true, mistress; and I am his son Tim, and will swear it.

Pen. Why is'nt Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece, Susannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? lord! no, 'tis none of I; it is cousin Hartop in my clothes.

Pen. What's this? and pray who—

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop! you may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you, sir, participate in a plot to—

Har. Madam, in the issue your family will, I hope, have no great reason to repent. I always had the greatest veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding; the highest esteem indeed! for her virtues can entitle me to the honour of being regarded as her relation.

Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing, till I am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Har. For that we must wait. Sir Gregory, I must intreat you and your son's pardon for some little liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. Jenkins, I have the highest obligation to your friendship; and Miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself the change will not prove unpleasing.

Suk. I know nothing at all about it.

Har. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at dinner.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no; that boy has spoiled my stomach—come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales; but how thou wilt get off with thy mother——

Tim. Never fear, father——

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bless,
We shall be happy all our lives—more or less.—

TASTE;

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Be rich in ancient brass, *though not in* gold,
And keep his lares, *though his* house *be sold;*
To headless Phœbe *his fair bride postpone,*
Honour a Syrian prince *above his* own;
Lord of an Otho, *if I vouch it true;*
Blest in one Niger *till he knows of two.*

POPE'S DUNCIAD, b. iv.

REMARKS.

TASTE was performed at Drury-Lane in 1752, and got *damned* upon the stage; the Author caring so little for its "untimely end" there, (preface 56,) that he gave it to the public *in print* soon after, and it continues to be read in the closet and quoted with interest, as new objects of *virtu* spring-up to attract the cupidity of persons of super *refined taste.* It lingered out a painful existence of a few nights only, having been brought forward most appropriately for the benefit of poor Worsdale, the *painter*, who enacted the part of Lady Pentweazel with considerable effect, obtaining the plaudits of the *better part* of a numerous audience, whilst the galleries participated little in the interest thus excited.

The preface and dedication are too long and expository of the Author's views to admit of expanded remark, further than the fact, that several large impressions of *Taste* attest that the deep-rooted evil it was calculated to repress was not cured, though compelled awhile to shift its ground, and, in some measure or other, to stalk forth in exotic mania, from time to time, even to these days. Undismayed by the temporary fate of this piece, *Foote* next year followed up the blow by

bringing out the "Englishman in Paris," which may be considered but another individual of the same *genus*, thus evincing good thorough-bred old English tactics, by hitting again upon the old sore, or most vulnerable part of the opponent—a vitiated taste.

Although the characters in "*Taste*" are drawn tolerably broad, the *evil* it is calculated to counteract, a crying one, and the still existent facts well known among the vulgar-high and middle classes of life, yet these not being so familiar to the *low-vulgar* part of society, "*Taste*" will never come upon the stage in its present form. An expletive scene or two might give this class the proper relish for its ultimate satire, but this would only enable them to laugh at their betters, and, after all, as much good may be effected in the reading as in the representation.

An ill-designed picture accompanied the original edition of "Taste," consisting of several articles of *virtu*, viz.—1. Head from Herculaneum; 2. Foot of Juno Lucina; 3. Hand of Apollo of Delphos; 4. Leg of Hercules; 5. Caduceus of Mercury. But these do not illustrate any incident in the piece further than the mock-auction of Puff comes to.

TO

FRANCIS DELAVAL, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN I consider the long intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the obligations I owe to your generous disinterested friendship, and the protection and encouragement I received both from you and your brother when necessity listed me in the service of the public, there is no man to whom with equal propriety and pleasure I can address the following work. It would be paying a bad compliment to the town were I to trouble you with an apology for the inconsiderableness of the present. I thought it worthy their attention, and, consequently, not beneath the acceptance of my friend. With the aid of a love-plot, I could have spun out the piece to the extent of five acts; but, besides that I wanted to confine the eye to the single object of my satire, I declare myself a rebel to this universal tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human nature, has claimed the privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or con-

temptible in it; and thus, from the abject submission of our dramatic *poets*, is both *tragedy* and *comedy* subjected to the power of *love*. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a performance with the name of a *comedy*, but when my reasons why it cannot be called a *farce* are considered, the critics must indulge me with the use of that title, at least, till they can furnish me with a better. As the follies and absurdities of men are the sole objects of *comedy*, so the powers of the imagination (plot and incident excepted) are in this kind of writing greatly restrained. No unnatural assemblages, no creatures of the fancy, can procure the protection of the *comic* muse; men and things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty subjects, or in raising humble ones. Of the two kinds we have examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. F——, and a Travestie of the *Ulysses*,* where *Penelope* keeps an ale-house, *Telemachus* is tapster, and the *Hero* a recruiting serjeant. In both these instances you see Nature is reversed; but, as I flatter myself in the following sheets her steps have been trod with an undeviating simplicity, give me leave to hope that, though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this address the contents of many of our conversations on the subject of *comedy*,† for in whatever

* Ulysses? Surely Homer's Odyssey—never heard of it. Iliad burlesqued by Mr. R—— about 1770; probably he alludes to some Latin travesty of Ulysses' story and his son's rambles, of which many were produced in Italy, &c. a century before this.

† Pity he did not pursue this subject closely. We might have had many good thoughts that would prove serviceable upon subsequent discussions.

dissipations the world may suppose our days to have been consumed, many, many hours have been consecrated to other subjects than generally employ the gay and the giddy. I hope the present occasion will demonstrate that pleasure has not been always my pursuit; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered that, joined to the best acknowledged heart in the world, Mr. DELAVAL has a head capable of directing it. As I am now above the reach of common obligations, an acknowledgement of these qualities in the person of a man who has honoured me with his friendship, is the sole cause of the trouble you now receive. Long has been our union, may it never be divided till the fatal stroke that demolishes all sublunary connexions shall reach one of us, which one will, I hope, be

Your obliged and

affectionate servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PREFACE.

I was always apprehensive that the subject of the following piece was too abstracted and singular for the comprehension of a mixed assembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, *with the other gentlemen and ladies of antiquity were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good friends of the gallery, nor, to speak the truth, do I believe they had many acquaintances in the other parts of the House. But, though I despair of gratifying the* populum tributim *of the Theatre, yet I flatter myself the* primores populi *will find me no disagreeable companion in the closet,* et satis magnum theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative nor an ambitious motive to this undertaking. My design was to serve a man who had ever great merit with his friends, and to whom, on the score of some late transactions, I think the public vastly indebted. That my good intentions for Mr. WORSDALE *have proved successful, is entirely owing to the generosity and humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre. They have given him a benefit, and are jointly entitled to my thanks; but as to* Mr. GARRICK *I have more personal obligations. I*

take this opportunity of assuring him that I shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance of his assistance, assiduity, and kind concern, at the birth, progress, and untimely end, of this my last and favourite offspring.

The objects of my satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous light, deserved the notice of the comic *muse. I was determined to brand those* Goths *in science who had prostituted the useful study of antiquity to trifling superficial purposes, who had blasted the progress of the elegant arts amongst us by unpardonable frauds and absurd prejudices, and who had corrupted the minds and morals of our youth by persuading them that, what only serves to illustrate literature was true learning, and active idleness real business. How far this end has been obtained is now, in the following sheets, more generally submitted to the public.*

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court, I, PETER PUFF, appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer,
Who for myself and, eke, a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling, brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye.
'Tis said this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends;
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes!
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand.
Oh! think on us what various ills will flow
When great ones only purchase—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion;
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.

The virtuoso, too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said virtù to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd——but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare an oath,
I never yet sold *goods* of *foreign* growth;
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But, hush——
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to *arts*—they're *going, going, going;*
The fatal hammer is in your hand, oh town!
Then set *us* up, and knock the *poet* down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1752.

CARMINE.....*Mr. Palmer.*
PUFF .....*Mr. Yates.*
BRUSH.....*Mr. Cross.*
NOVICE .....*Mr. Blakes.*
LORD DUPE .....*Mr. Shuter.*
ALDERMAN PENTWEAZEL.....*Mr. Taswell.*
CALEB.....*Mr. Castallo.*
BOY.....*Master Cross.*

LADY PENTWEAZEL .....*Mr. Worsdale.*

SCENE—The fashionable part of Westminster, or west end of the Town.

TASTE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—A Painting Room.

Enter CARMINE, *followed by the* BOY.

Car. LAY these colours in the window, by the pallet. Any visitors or messages?

Boy. Squire Felltree has been here, and insists upon Miss Racket's pictures being immediately finished, and carried home—as to his wife and children, he says, you may take your own time.

Car. Well——

Boy. Here has been a message, too, from my Lady *Pen*——— I can't remember her name, but 'tis upon the slate. She desires to know if you will be at home about noon.

Car. Fetch it. (*Exit* BOY.) Were the whole of our profession confined to the mere *business* of it, the employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but, as matters are now managed, *the art* is the last thing to be regarded. Family connections, private recommendations, and an easy

genteel method of flattering, is sure to supply the delicacy of a *Guido*, the colouring of a *Rubens*, and the design of a *Raphael*—all their qualities entering in one man, without the first-named requisites, would be useless; and *with those*, [not] one of them is necessary.

Enter BOY *with the Slate.*

Let's see———Oh! Lady Pentweazel from *Blow-bladder-street.*———Admit her by all means; and if Puff or Varnish should come, I am at home. (*Exit* BOY.) Lady Pentweazel! ha! ha! Now, here's a proof that avarice is not the only or last passion old age is subject to:—this superannuated beldame gapes for flattery, like a nest of unfledged crows for food; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that is offered her—no matter how coarse; well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory key to the whole bench of *Aldermen.*

Enter BOY *with* PUFF.

Boy. Mr. Puff, sir,

Car. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of Rembrandt's, etched by Scrape, in *May's Buildings;* a paltry affair, a poor ten-guinea job. However, a small game——you know the proverb. What became of you yesterday?

Car. I was detained by Sir Positive Bubble. How went the pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Car. Hum! Four guineas the frame, three the painting; then we divide just one hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether so fast——Var-

nish had two pieces for bidding against Squander; and Brush five, for bringing Sir Tawdry Trifle.

Car. Mighty well! look ye, Mr. Puff, if these people are eternally quartered upon us, I declare off, sir; they eat up the profit. There's that damn'd Brush———but you'll find him out. I have, upon his old plan, given him copies of all the work I executed upon his recommendation; and what was the consequence? He clandestinely sold the copies, and I have all the originals in my lumber-room.

Puff. Come, come, Carmine, you are no great loser by that. Ah! that lumber-room! that lumber room, out of repair, is the best conditioned estate in the county of Middlesex. Why, now, there's your *Susanna;* it could not have produced you above twenty at most, and by the addition of your lumber-room dirt, and the salutary application of the spaltham-pot, it became a *Guido,* worth a hundred and thirty pounds; besides, in all traffic of this kind, there must be combinations.—Varnish and Brush are our Jackals, and it is but fair they should partake of the prey. Courage, my boy! never fear! Praise be to folly and fashion, there are, in this town, *dupes* enough to gratify the avarice of us all.

Car. Mr. Puff, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. Puff; and, Mr. Puff, I have a strange mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a hand you would make of it.—Sir, if I do now and then add some tints of antiquity to my pictures, I do it in condescension to the foible of the world; for, sir, age, age, sir, is all my pictures want to render them as good pieces as the masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, sir, he that took my *Susanna* for a *Guido,* gave no mighty proofs of his ignorance, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Why, thou post-painter, thou dauber, thou execrable white-washer, thou——sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched state from whence I dragged you. The first time I set eyes on you, rascal! what was your occupation then? Why, scribbling, in scarcely legible letters, coffee, tea, and chocolate on a bawdy-house window in Goodman's Fields.

Car. The meanness of my original demonstrates the greatness of my genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a dog. Pray, how high did your genius soar? To the daubing diabolical angels for alehouses, dogs with chains for tanner's yards, rounds of beef and roasted pigs for Porridge-island.

Car. Hannibal Scratchi did the same.*

Puff. From that contemptible state did not I raise you to the Cat and Fiddle, in Petticoat-lane; the Goose and Gridiron, in Paul's Church-yard; the first live things you ever drew, dog?

Car. Pox take your memory. Well, but, Mr. Puff,—you are so——

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, sirrah, recommended you to Prim Stiff, the mercer upon Ludgate-hill; how came you to draw the Queen there? [*Loud knocks at the door.*

Car. Mr. Puff, for heaven's sake! dear sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown——

Enter BOY.

Boy. Sir, my Lady Pen——

* The familiar for *Ann'bal Carracci*, by an operation of the mind precisely the same as that which actuates school-boys to call each other Jack, Tom, Dick, and Harry. Our modern "black letter dogs" enact the same part when they speak of Harry Stephens, of Nic Jenson, and old Tom Caxton, in familiar terms, to show their intimacy.

Car. Send her to the ———show her up-stairs. Dear Puff.

Puff. Oh! sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, though perhaps you may.

Car. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small time—— Lady Pentweazel sits for her picture, and she's—

Puff. I have some business at next door; I suppose in half an hour's time——

Car. I shall be at leisure. Dear Puff—

Puff. Dear Carmine— [*Exit* PUFF.

Car. Son of a whore.——Boy, shew the lady up stairs.

Enter Lady PENTWEAZEL.

Lady. Fine pieces!—very likely pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady Fussock—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady Glumstead, by all that's ugly —pray now, Mr. Carmine, how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness, and yet preserve the likeness.

Car. The art, madam, may be conveyed in two words; where nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good sir, I bring you a subject that will demand the whole of the first part of your skill; and, if you are at leisure, you may begin directly.

Car. Your ladyship is here a little ungrateful to nature, and cruel to yourself; even Lady Pentweazel's enemies (if such there be) must allow she is a fine woman.

Lady. Oh! your servant, good sir. Why, I have had my day, Mr. Carmine; I have had my day.

Car. And have still, madam. The only difference I shall make between what you were and

what you are, will be no more than what Rubens has distinguished between Mary de Medicis, a virgin and a regent.

Lady. Mr. Carmine, I vow you are a very judicious person; I was always said to be like that family. When my piece was first done, the limner did me after Venus de Medicis, which I suppose might be one of Mary's sisters; but things must change; to be sitting for my picture at this time of day; ha! ha! ha!—but my daughter Sukey, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy Dripping, of Candlewick-ward, and would not be said nay; so it s not so much for the beauty as the similitude. Ha! ha!

Car. Truè, madam; ha! ha! But if I hit the ikeness, I must preserve the beauty,—Will your ladyship be seated? [*She sits.*

Lady. I have heard, good sir, that every body has a more betterer and more worserer side of the face than the other—now which will you choose?

Car. The right side, madam—the left—now, if you please, the full.—Your ladyship's countenance is so exactly proportioned, that I must have it all; no feature can be spared.

Lady. When you come to the eyes, Mr. Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look.

Car. Mighty well, madam.—Your face a little nearer to the left, nearer me—your head more up —shoulders back—and chest forward.

Lady. Bless me, Mr. Carmine, don't mind my shape this bout; for I'm only in jumps. Shall I send for my tabbys?

Car. No, madam, we'll supply that for the present.—Your ladyship was just now mentioning a daughter—is she—your face a little more towards

me—is she the sole inheritor of her mother's beauty? or—have you—

Lady. That! ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngest of all, except Caleb. I have had, Mr. Carmine, live-born, and christened—stay—don't let me lie now—one—two—three—four—five—then I lay fallow—but the year after I had twins—they came in Mr. Pentweazel's sheriffalty; then Roger, then Robin, then Reuben—in short, I have had twenty as fine babes as ever trod in shoe-leather.

Car. Upon my word, madam, your ladyship is an admirable member of the commonwealth; 'tis a thousand pities that, like the Romans, we have not some honours to reward such distinguished merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, if breeding amongst Christians was as much encouraged as amongst dogs and horses, we need not be making laws to let in a parcel of outlandish locusts to eat us all up.

Car. Iam told, madam, that a bill for some such purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much regard for the propagation of the species as the preservation of the game in these kingdoms—Now, madam, I am come to the eyes—oh! that look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good sir, have you found out that? why all my family by the mother's side were famous for their eyes: I have a great aunt among the beauties at Windsor; she has a sister at Hampton-court, a *perdigious* fine woman—she had but one eye, indeed, but that was a piercer; that one eye got her three husbands—we were called the gimblet-eyed family. Oh! Mr. Carmine, you need not mind these heats in my face; they always discharge themselves about Christmas

—my true carnation is not seen in my countenance. That's carnation! Here's your flesh and blood! [*Showing her arm.*]

Car. Delicate, indeed! finely turned, and of a charming colour!

Lady. And yet it has been employed enough to spoil the best hand and arm in the world.—Even before marriage, never idle; none of your gallopping, gossipping, Ranelagh romps, like the forward minxes of the present age. I was always employed either in painting your *lamskips*, playing upon the *kapsicols*, making paste, or something or other—All our family had a *gene*; and then I sung! every body said I had a monstrous fine voice for music.

Car. That may be discerned by your ladyship's tones in conversation.

Lady. Tones — you are right, Mr. Carmine; that was Mr. Purcel's word. Miss Molly Griskin, says he (my maiden name) you have tones.

Car. As your ladyship has preserved every thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your voice. Will you favour me with an air?

Lady. Oh! sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible—but I have none of your new playhouse songs—I can give you one that was made on myself by Laurence Lutestring, a neighbour's son.

Car. What you please, madam.

Lady.

As I was a walking by the side of a river,
I met a young damsel so charming and clever;
Her voice to please it could not fail,
She sung like any nightingale.
Fal de rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a cough; but there are tones.

Car. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. Carmine, you limners are all *ingenus* men—you sing.

Car. A ballad, or so, madam; music is a sister art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an acquaintance there.

Lady. Why, truly, we ought not to be ashamed of our relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman Pentweazel and Mr. Puff.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the auction. Desire him to walk up.—Mr. Pentweazel, you must know, went this morning to meet Caleb, my youngest boy, at the Bull and Gate. The child has been two years and three quarters at school, with Dr. Jerk, near Doncaster, and comes to-day by the York waggon; for it has always been my maxim, Mr. Carmine, to give my children learning enough; for, as the old saying is—

> When house and land are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.

Car. Your ladyship is quite right. Too much money cannot be employed in so material an article.

Lady. Nay, the cost is but small; but poor ten pounds a year for head, back, books, bed, and belly; and they say the children are all wonderful latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as pigs.——Oh! here they are; odds me! he's a thumper.

Enter Ald. Pentweazel, Caleb, *and* Puff.

Lady. You see, Mr. Carmine, I breed no starvelings. Come hither, child. Mind your 'haviours. Where's your best bow? Turn out your toes. One would think he had learnt to

dance of his father. I'm sure my family were none so awkward. There was my brother George, a perfect picture of a man; he danced, lud! But come, all in good time—Hold up thy head, Caleb.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, let the child alone. His master says he comes on wonderful in his learning; and as to your bows and your congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well said—we now—if he does, I know who must teach him. Well, child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be mother.

Lady. Nay, the boy had always a good memory. And what hast learnt, Caleb, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æsop's Fables*, and can say all *as in præsenti* by heart.

Lady. Upon my word—that's more than ever thy father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no time has been lost; I questioned the lad as we came along; I asked him himself ———

Lady. Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often must I——— Well, Caleb, and hadst a good deal of company in the waggon, boy?

Caleb. O law! powers of company, mother. There was Lord Gormon's fat cook, a blackamore drumming-man, two actor people, a recruiting serjeant, a monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my word, a pretty parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the——— the fat cook got drunk at Coventry, and so fell out at the tail of the waggon; so we left she behind. The next day the serjeant ran away with the showman's

wife; the t'other two went after; so only the monkey and I came to town together.

Car. Upon my word, the young gentleman gives a good account of his travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, he's all over the blood of the Griskins. I warrant the child will make his way. Go, Caleb, go and look at them pretty paintings.—Now, Mr. Carmine, let us see if my good man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, chuck.

Puff. I am surprised at your want of discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the possession of a jewel destroys its value with the wearer. Now, to me it seems impossible to err; and though Mr. Carmine is generally successful, in this instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that mixture of fire and softness, but in the eyes of Lady Pentweazel?

Lady. Oh, sir!

Puff. That clearness and delicacy of complexion; with that flow of ruddiness and health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That fall of shoulders, turn of neck, set-on head, full chest, taper waist, plump———

Lady. Spare me, sweet sir!——You see Mr. Pentweazel, other people can find out my charms, though you overlook them.—Well, I profess, sir, you are a gentleman of great discernment; and if business should bring you into the city, for, alas! what pleasure can bring a man of your refined taste there?——

Puff. Oh! ma'am!

Lady. I say, sir, if such an accident should

happen, and Blowbladder-street* has any charms—

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!—

Lady. It is not impossible but we may receive you, though not equal to your merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in such a manner as to show our sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyship's most ———

Lady. Not a step.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady. Sir——Mr. Alderman, your *bow* to the gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Sir——Your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. [Exit. *Alderman, Lady, and* CALEB.

Car. Ha! ha! well said, Puff. What a calamity hast thou drawn upon the knight! Thou hast so tickled the vanity of the harradan, that the poor helpmate will experience a double portion of her contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Car. Come, Puff, a matrimonial assistant to a rich alderman is no contemptible employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a sinecure.

Car. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the language of the eyes, her ladyship's were addressed to you with most persuasive tenderness.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter——but to our business. The auction is about beginning; and I

* Not now to be found. It joined Cheapside to Newgate-street formerly, into the latter of which it merged, where a fall in the land, which extended down to St. Martin's-le-Grand was filled up.

have promised to meet Mr. David Dusledorpe, Sir Positive Bubble, and Lord Dupe, to examine the pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid.—But since we have settled the German plan, Varnish or Brush must attend them.

Car. Oh! by all means pursue that. You have no conception how dear the foreign accent is to your true virtuoso; it announces taste, knowledge, veracity, and, in short, every thing;—but can you enough disguise the turn of your face and tone of your voice? a discovery of Mr. Puff in Mynheer Groningen blasts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal success in the part of Canto.

Car. Pho! mine's a trifle. A man must have very slender abilities indeed, who cannot for ten minutes imitate a language and deportment that he has been witness to for ten years.

Puff. But you must get their tones, their tones 'tis easy enough. "Come, hand up here that there Corregio; an inimitable piece, gentlemen and ladies: the very best work of the best master, subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved;—a seat for the ladies:—hand it to Sir Positive; a-going for fifty; speak, or it's gone for fifty: joy to your ladyship. Come, the next;"—but, remember, let your bob be bushy, and your bow low.

Car. Enough, enough; we are strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what pictures of yours are in the sale?

Car. There's my holy family, by Raphael; the marriage in Cana, by Reuben Rouge; Tom Jackson's Teniers; and for busts, Taylor's head without a nose from Herculaneum.

Puff. Are the antique seals come home?

Car. No; but they will be finished by next week.

Puff. You must take care of Novice's collection of medals—he'll want them by the end of the month.

Car. The coins of the first emperors are now steeping in coppers; and I have an Otho, a Galba, Nero, and two Domitians reeking from the dunghill—the rest we can have from doctor Mummy; a never-failing chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Car. Yours, sir.——A troublesome fellow, this—confounded memory——useful, though——rounds of beef and roasted pigs!——must get rid of him——ay, but when?——Why, when?——when I have gained my point. But how, how then?——Oh, then it does not signify two-pence.

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter PUFF *as* MONSIEUR BARON DE GRONINGEN, CARMINE *as* CANTO, *and* BRUSH.

Canto. Come, bustle, bustle. Brush, you introduce Puff. Puff, how are you in your German?

Puff. I canno speak for Englandt; but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase pictures for the Elector of Bavaria. Carmine, you must clap Lord Dupe's coat of arms on that half length of Erasmus; I have sold it him, as his great grandfather's third brother, for fifty guineas.

Canto. It shall be done—be it my province to establish the baron's reputation as a connoiseur.

—Brush has seen you abroad at the court of the reigning Prince of Blantin.

Puff. Yes; I was do business mightily for Prince Blantin.

Brush. Your portraits go first, Carmine. Novice, Sir Positive Bubble, Jack Squander, Lord Dupe, and Mordecai Lazarus, the Jew broker, have appointed me to examine with them the history pieces.—Which are most likely to stick?

Canto. Here's a list.

Brush. Hush, hide the Erasmus; I hear the company on the stairs.

[*Exit* CARMINE, *and re-enters anon.*

Enter LORD DUPE, BUBBLE, SQUANDER, &c.

Lord. Mr. Brush, I am your devoted servant. You have procured my ancestor?

Brush. It is in my possession, my lord; and I have the honour to assure your lordship, that the family features are very discernible; and, allowing for the difference of dress, there is a strong likeness between you and your predecessor.

Lord. Sir, you have obliged me. All those you have marked in the catalogue are originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But, my lord, you need not depend solely on my judgement; here's Myheer Baron de Groningen, who is come hither to survey and purchase for the Elector of Bavaria; an indisputable connoisseur; his bidding will be a direction for your lordship. 'Tis a thousand pities that any of these masters should quit England. They were conducted hither at an immense expense; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public declaration, that all taste and liberal knowledge is vanished from amongst us?

Lord. Sir—leave the support of the national

credit to my care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer!—Does he speak English?

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord Dupe—the patron of arts, the Petronius of taste, and for well-timed generosity, the Leo—and the Macænas—of the present age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord Dupes in Hollandt. I was tell he was one delatant, one curieus, one precieus of his country.

Lord. The Dutch are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty kind of people. But, pray sir, what occasions us the honour of a visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for paints for de Elector of Bavaria.

Lord. Are there any here that deserve your attention?

Puff. O! dare are good pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off sky, and home track is fine, and the maister is in it.

Lord. What is the subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the draws and the colors.

Lord. Mr. Canto, what is the subject?

Canto. It is, my lord, St. Anthony of Padua exorcising the Devil out of a ram-cat; it has a companion somewhere—oh! here, which is the same saint in a wilderness, reading his breviary by the light of a glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable pictures, both! and will match your lordship's Corregio in the saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What pictures are those, Mr. Canto?

Canto. They are not in the sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your lordship.

Lord. This, I presume, might have been a landscape; but the water, and the men, and the trees, and the dogs, and the ducks, and the pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable mark of its antiquity; its very merit; besides, a little varnish will fetch the figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—the next.

Canto. That is a Moses in the Bulrushes. The blended joy and grief in the figure of the sister in the corner, the distress and anxiety of the mother here, and the beauty and benevolence of Pharaoh's daughter, are circumstances happily imagined and boldly expressed.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern performance; the master is alive, and an Englishman.—

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it house-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty piece I find stick up here in de corner: I was see in Hollandt, at Loo, a piece mighty like; there was little mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call frumage, and little skurels all with brush tails ran up the trees; and there was great tings, vat you call—pshaw, that have de long hearts, and cry ba.

Brush. What, goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

Lord. I should think, by the cheese and the goats, mynheer, yours was a Welsh piece, instead of a Dutch.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good piece. I wish to my heart Lord Dupes was have that piece.

Enter NOVICE.

Novice. Where's Mr. Brush? my dear Brush, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good time.

Nov. May I lose my Otho, or be tumbled from my phaëton the first time I jehup my sorrels, if I have not made more haste than a young surgeon to his first labour. But the lots, the lots, my dear Brush, what are they? I'm upon the rack of impatience till I see them, and in a fever of desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. Canto, the gentleman would be glad to see the busts, medals, and precious reliques of Greece and ancient Rome.

Canto. Perhaps, sir, we may show him something of greater antiquity—bring them forward—the first lot consists of a hand without an arm, the second and third joints of the fore-finger gone, supposed to be a limb of the Apollo Delphos—the second, half a foot, with the toes entire, of the Juno Lucina—the third, the Caduceus of the Mercurius Infernalis—the fourth, the half of the leg of the infant Hercules—all indisputable antiques, and of the Memphian marble.

Puff. Let me see Juno's half foot. All the toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little swelt by this toe, that looks pad proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! pshaw! that! why that's only a corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the maister is in it.

All. Very fine! invaluable!

Puff. Where is de Hercules' calf? upon my word 'tis a very large calf; big, big, big, all de way up, all de way down.

Lord. I believe this Hercules was an Irishman.

Nov. But where are your busts? Here, here, gentlemen; here's a curiosity; a medal of Oriuna; got for me by Doctor Mummy; the only one in the visible world; there may be some under ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the relish. [*All taste.*

Nov. The relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear bit though.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the money should not purchase it.

Lord. Pray, sir, whose bust is it that dignifies this coin?

Nov. The Empress Oriuna, my lord.

Lord. And who, sir, might she be! I don't recollect to have heard of the lady before.

Nov. She, my lord? Oh! she was a kind of a what-d'ye-call'em—a sort of a queen, or wife, or something or other to somebody, that lived a damned while ago—Mummy told me the whole story; but, 'fore gad, I've forgot it. But come, the busts.

Canto. Bring forward the head from Herculaneum. Now, gentlemen, here is a jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, though.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, sir—the very mutilations of this piece are worth all the most perfect performances of modern artists—now, gentlemen, here's a touchstone for your taste!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! amazing! divine! Oh, let me embrace the dismembered bust! A little farther off. I'm ravished! I'm transported! what an attitude!

But then the locks! How I adore the simplicity of the ancients! How unlike the present priggish, prick-eared puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the cheek! So decent, and so grave, and—who the devil do you think it is, Brush? Is it a man or a woman?

Canto. The connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the Jupiter Tonans of Phidias, and others the Venus of Paphos, by Praxiteles; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore, I am inclined to join with Signor Julio de Pampedillo, who, in a treatise dedicated to the King of the two Sicilies, calls it the Serapis of the Ægyptians, and supposes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three years before the Mosaic account of the creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my honour, 'tis a very fine bust; but where is de nose?

Nov. The nose; what care I for the nose; *Where is de nose?* Why, sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it.—How the devil should we distinguish the works of the ancients, if they were perfect?—The nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose, now, but, barring the nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a head, every whit—Brush, who is this man *with* his *nose?* The fellow should know something of something, too, for he speaks broken English.

Brush. It is Mynheer Groningen, a great connoisseur in painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to sculpture, I am his very humble servant. A man must know damned little of statuary that dislikes a bust for want of a nose.

Canto. Right, sir—the nose itself without the head, nay, in another's possession, would be an estate—but here are behind, gentlemen and ladies, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius without the horse; and a complete statue of the Emperor Trajan, with only the head and legs missing; both from Herculaneum.————This way, gentlemen and ladies.

Enter LADY PENTWEAZEL, ALDERMAN, *and* CALEB.

Lady. Now, Mr. Pentweazel, let us have none of your Blowbladder breeding. Remember you are at the court end of the town. This is a quality auction—

Ald. Where, of course, nothing is sold that is useful.—I am tutored, sweet honey.

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir———— [*To* BRUSH.

Brush. Your pleasure, ma'am.

Lady. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any lots of very fine old China. I find the quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the world, that we in the city have *taste*.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable resolution, ma'am, and, I dare say, Mr. Canto can support——Bless me, what's that?

[CALEB *throws down a China dish.*

Lady. That boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not med-

dle? ———Leave sucking your thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that trick of your friend the monkey in the waggon?

Caleb. Indeed, I did not go to do it, mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the right. The affair is a trifle; but a twenty guinea job.

Lady. Twenty guineas! you should have twenty of my teeth as———

Canto. You mean if you had them—Your ladyship does not know the value of that piece of China. It is the right old Japan, of the peagreen kind. Lady Mandarin offered me, if I could match it, fourscore guineas for the pair.

Lady. A fine piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, father I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the middle, and so fell a two in my hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes, indeed, mother.

Lady. There, gentlemen!

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this affair; you don't seem acquainted with these kind of things; therefore, I have the honour to tell you, that the crack in the middle is a mark of its antiquity, and enhances its value; and these gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

Lady. You are all of a gang, I think. A broken piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never dispute with a lady; but this gentleman has taste; he is a foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him: the day grows late, and I want the auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet honey, leave it to the gentleman.

Lady. Well, sir.

Puff. Ma'am, I love to serve de lady. 'Tis a ver fine piece of China. I was see such another piece sell at Amsterdam for a hundred ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty guinea.

Caleb. Mother! — Father! Never stir if that gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the painting-man's that was so zivil to mother, only he has got a black wig on, and speaks outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a may-game.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the boy's in the right. My dear, as I'm alive, Mr. Puff, that we saw at the limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer man than I ever saw. Caleb is right; some matter of merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

Canto. So, master Puff, you are caught. [*Aside.*

Lord. This is a most unfortunate old lady.— Ma'am you are here under another mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de ———

Lady. Mynheer Fig's-end. Can't I believe my own eyes? What, do you think, because we live in the city, we can't *see?*

Nov. Fire me, my lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, sir, if you are Mynheer, who the devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maister Canto mightily.

Nov. Mr. Canto, do you know this baron?

Canto. I see the dog will be detected, and now is my time to be even with him for his rounds of beef and roasted pigs. (*Aside.*) I can't say I ever saw the gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The fellow is an imposter; a palpable

cheat. Sir, I think you came from the Rhine; pray, how should you like walking into the Thames?

Nov. Or, what think you, my lord? The rascal complained but now, that the bust wanted a nose; suppose we were to supply the deficiency with his?

Lord. But justice, Mr. Novice.

Canto. Great rascal, indeed, gentlemen. If rogues of this stamp get once a footing in these assemblies, adieu to all moral honesty. I think an example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer subject for the rabble to handle than the present company.

All. Away with him———

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly. Here is the obsequious Mr. Brush, and the very courtly Mr. Canto, shall be the partners of my distress. Know then, we all are rogues, if the taking advantage of the absurdities and follies of mankind can be called roguery. I own I have been a cheat, and I glory in it. But what point will you virtuosi, you connoisseurs, gain by the detection? Will not the publishing of our crimes trumpet forth your folly?

Lord. Matchless impudence!

Puff. My noble lord here, the deletant, the curieu, the precieu of this nation, what infinite glory will he acquire from this story, that the Leo, the Macænas, the Petronius, notwithstanding his exquisite taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense expense, a cart-load of rubbish!

Lord. Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your lordship's most obedient — when shall I send you your Corregio, your St. Anthony of Padua, your Ram Cat, my good lord?

Lord. Rascal! [*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, sir. —Though my lord has not spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly squire! Pray favour me with a sight of your Oriuna.——It has the relish; an indisputable antique; being a Bristol farthing, coined by a soap-boiler, to pay his journeymen in the scarcity of cash, and purchased for two-pence of a travelling tinker by, sir, your humble servant, Timothy Puff. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My Oriuna a Bristol farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. [*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your bust, my sweet squire; your *Serapis.* Two heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the locks! "how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so"—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. "Why, sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it."—Pray, how many years before the creation was it fabricated, squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hanged, you dog. [*Exit.*

Puff. Nay, but, squire! ha, ha, ha!——Now, madam, to your ladyship I come; to whose discernment, aided by the sagacity of your son Caleb, I owe my discovery.

Ald. Look you; don't think to abuse my lady. I am one of the——

Puff. Quorum—I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to serve your worship by humbling a little the vanity of your wife.

Lady. Come along, chuck, I'll not stay to hear the rascality of the fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady Pentweazel, correct the

severity of that frown, lest you should have more of the Medusa than the Medicis in your face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my city acquaintance! Why, I've promised all my friends tickets for my Lord Mayor's ball, through your ladyship's interest.

Lady. My interest, indeed, for such a——

Puff. If Blowbladder-street has any charms—Sir—Ma'am—Not a step—The finest gentleman! ha, ha, ha!——And what can you say for yourself, you cowardly, ill-looking rascal? (*to* CANTO.) Desert your friend at the first pinch——your ally ——your partner——no apology, sir—I have done with you. From poverty and shame I took you; to that I restore you. Your crime be your punishment. (*Turning to the audience*) Could I be as secure from the censure of this assembly as I am safe from the resentment of Dupe, Novice, Squander; from the alluring baits of my amorous city lady; and the dangerous combination of my false friend, I should be happy.

'Tis from your sentence I expect my fate;
Your voice alone my triumph can complete.

THE

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS;

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REMARKS.

ALTHOUGH simply a benefit-piece, brought out on the 24th of March, 1753, to assist his friend *Macklin*, this comedy had a good run, and is one of those which keeps its station on the prompter's list, and preserves the memory of its Author. In the bills of the day, it was styled "An Answer to a French Farce, called the Frenchman in London;" the success of which, on the Paris boards, Foote himself had recently witnessed, during a four years' residence abroad. On that occasion *Macklin* sustained the part of *Buck*, and delivered the occasional prologue, in conjunction with *Mrs. Macklin*, whilst their daughter shone in *Lucinda*; particularly in the scene with her French teachers, in which her accomplishments in music, singing, and dancing, proved the care which the veteran, her father, had bestowed upon those gaudy points of her education.

In this comedy our Author's drift was to expose the absurdity of sending our youth of fashion abroad to *improve* themselves in the vices and follies only of nations *adverse* to our own, whatever squeamish philanthropists may advance to the contrary. *Subtle* and *Mrs. Subtle* are charac-

ters that infest the middle orders at home and abroad, in every grade of society; the prostitution of female innocence at our modern gambling-houses, in particular, and many lodging-houses, making part of the infernal machinery by which their so-called "business" is carried on. *Classic* is as amiable a character, as truly English, as any drawn by Foote in the course of his whole career; nor is the race of travelling tutors so despicable as they are generally considered, if chosen from the unpolluted ranks of the *society of letters*. Our Author has drawn a lively picture, of the contrary kind, in his comedy of "The Englishman returned." In this last-mentioned piece the character of *Buck* is too much *refined*—rather over painted—as he is, we should say, in the present play, equally drawn *too low*, coarse, or vulgar, if we did not reflect that the business of satire, particularly on the stage, is to delineate all they exhibit in *high relief*; in painting we denote the same *freedom* of sketching, by the term *caricature*.

TO

MR. VAILLANT.

MY bookseller informs me that the bulk of his readers, regarding in a work of this kind the quantity more than the quality, will not be content without an additional half-sheet; and he apprehends that a short dedication will answer the purpose.

But, as I have no obligations to any great man or woman in this country, and as I will take care that no production of mine shall want their patronage, I don't know any person whose good offices I so much stood in need of as my bookseller's: therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myself obliged to you for the correctness of the press, the beauty of the type, and the goodness of the paper, with which you have decorated this work of

Your humble servant,

SAM. FOOTE.

Pall-Mall,
April 21, 1753.

PROLOGUE,

BETWEEN

MR. MACKLIN AND HIS WIFE.

She. To contradict me!—Blockhead! Idiot! Fool! Sot!
He. But, amidst these hard names, our *dispute* is forgot.
To contradict you I know is high treason;
For the *will* of a wife is always her *reason*.
She. No, sir, for once, I'll give up my pretension,
And submit to the pit our cause of dissension.
He. I agree; for the pit is our natural lord.
Ladies——
She. Hey! How come you to claim the first word?
Gentlemen, my husband and I have had a dispute,
Where the difference lies 'twixt a man and a brute;
Which we beg, whilst the folks for the farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the hearing.
—Hem! Hem!—
After *Plutarch* of *Rome!* and *Virgil* of *Greece!*
And *Iliads*, and *Eneids*, and authors like these,
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in laughter consists the true essence of man;
Whilst my husband——
He. Nay, pray let me state my own case,
And I'll make it as clear as the nose in your face,
That hissing in man preserves the first place.

To begin then with critics:—'Tis their capital bliss,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—*Jews! Infidels! Turks!*
She. I grant it, sweet sir,—if you mean at *your works.*
Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent objection;
For every rule still has its exception:
Though they hiss'd at your farces, your *Pasquin*, and stuff,
At your tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the world round,
'Tis in mankind alone that laughter is found;
Whilst your favourite hissing, sage sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with serpents and geese.
(Turning to the audience) And arn't you ashamed—'tis no time to dissemble—
O critics! these creatures in this to resemble?
He. Not a jot; in this place 'tis of singular use,
Of bad poets and players to reform the abuse.
In the practice, kind sirs! were I fit to advise,
The hissing like geese I would have you despise,
And copy the serpent——be subtle and wise,
But free from his venom.——Well, sirs! what d'ye say?
Is your judgement——
She. Let us wait 'till the end of the play:
In the progress of that we shall easily find,
Whether laughing or hissing is most to their mind.
He. I'm sure they will hiss.
She. And I hope they'll be kind.

*** An occasional prologue to this comedy, written by Garrick, and delivered by Foote, will be found at a preceding page.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK ..... *Mr. Palmer.*
SIR JOHN BUCK ..... *Mr. Wrighten.*
SUBTLE ..... *Mr. Waldron.*
CLASSIC ..... *Mr. Packer.*
MARQUIS ..... *Mr. Lamash.*
DANCING-MASTER ..... *Mr. R. Palmer*
ROGER ..... *Mr. Griffith.*

MRS. SUBTLE ..... *Mrs. Love.*
LUCINDA ..... *Miss Collet.*

Servants, &c.

SCENE—Paris.

THE

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter MR. SUBTLE *and* MR. CLASSIC.

Mr. Sub. Well, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman——

Class. Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey dey! Why, what the deuce brings you to Paris, then?

Class. A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

Class. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their

national liberties; a contempt for adulation: and an honour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Master Classic. The traders here are a sharp-set, cozening people; foreigners are their food; dispensing civilities with a—aye! aye! a congée for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling; devilish dear, Master Classic, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wisely they did who recommended you: buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid he is with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this country, and his passion for the lower amusements of ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; tailors, peruquiers, hatters, hosiers——Is not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter ROGER.

Class. Oh! aye, honest Roger. So the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

Roger. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly. Here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who?

Roger. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket, the bruisers: they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to 'un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you will not be out of the way. [*Exit* CLASSIC *and* ROGER.

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Classic; but, if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter. Contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck.—A tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds —— Fleece the younker!——Pshaw, that's a thing of course!—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony;——aye! that indeed—

Enter MRS. SUBTLE.

Oh! wife! Have you opened the plot?—Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have opened her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later women will attend to their interests.

Mr. Sub. Their interests! aye, that's true; but consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concerned, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of *honour*, and is withal so decent and modest, I wonder where the deuce she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But, prythee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madam de Fardé to-night,——and where to put 'em I know not, unless we can have Buck's apartment—Oh! by-the-bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a Thursday?

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a slippery chap, you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely! Ha! ——Hearts by hundreds! Hum!

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown upon before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot: but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prythee. [*Exit* MRS. SUB.

Enter TRADESMEN.

Mr. Sub. So, gentlemen; oh! hush! we are interrupted: if they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter BUCK, CLASSIC, *and* ROGER.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it *ended*, but I remember how it *begun*. Oh! master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey! Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the matter, squire? Your face seems a little in *deshabille*.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down though, a set of cowardly sons of——; there's George and I will box any five for their own sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happened it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! yes, damned civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why nothing at all! but wounds! How *the powder* flew about,* and the monsieurs scoured off.

Mr. Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine, that, last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking through one of their *rues*, I think they call them here, they are *strcets* in London; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and Comedy pasted over the door; in we trooped with the rest, payed our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail just by me: Ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapped on her back! 'Twas devilish comical; but they set up such an uproar!—One whey-

* *Powder.*—The farina of wheat flour, which was worn in the hair of beaux and belles, pretty profusely, at the era of this play's coming out.

faced son of a b——, that came to loose the woman, turned up his nose, and called me *bête:* ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him, but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in poured a million of them; I was knocked down in a trice; and what happened after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony. Mr. Subtle, too, has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these! What, Mr. Subtle, these are mounseers, too, I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No! squire, they are Englishmen. Fashion has ordained, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this instance alone that we are particular [*peculiar*] in our manners, Mr. Subtle: I have observed many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the women a parcel of painted dolls: their food is fit only for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor

their frippery neither; so here you may all march to the place from whence you —— harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

Barber. Yes; sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself! Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog; to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling———the rascal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hanged if the rogue has not been fed upon frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Class. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concerned, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places, which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobbed.

Buck. Mobbed! I should be glad to see that. ——No! no! they ha'n't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come, produce.—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, sir; this gentleman has had the honour———

Dauph. To work for all the *beaux esprits* of the court. My good fortune commenced by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madame la Duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

46614

Buck. Hold your jaw and despatch.

Mr. Sub. A word with you——I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madame de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis peruquier, monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a periwig-maker, sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What, are you ashamed of your mother tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, sir, something that will do for the present. But a peruque is a different *ouvrage*, another sort of a thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre;* we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end, it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights:——a little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised [*drill'ed*] by you?

Barb. Oh *mon Dieu!* Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comme il faut.*

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some

of your countrymen, who, at their first importation with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head; or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear, for all the world, like a lark in a soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come, squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what must I do?

Barb. [*Places him in a chair.*]—To the right, sir;—now to the left;—now your full;—and now, sir, I'll do your business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasioned [*effected*] in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds, in this trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr. Classic.

Class. They do mighty well, sir; and, in a little time, Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present. Mr. Subtle, what must I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, sir, if you will call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, *Domine!* But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my trammels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well! well!

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No! no!

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't! Old Silver-Tail! I will! hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile! over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay! but Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But, d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chase she carried me last Christmas eve! We unkennelled at——

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and my horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: and then there's Tom Atkins, the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey, the groom comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this? But no matter for that; we shall then be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in? [*Exit with* CLASSIC.

Mr. Sub. In ten minutes?—An impertinent Jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than twenty per cent. out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! sir! Why, as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see, at Madam Fripon's, that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own, —but for the body and lining—may I never see—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five and thirty, or I have done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Solitaire! I can't pay that draft of Mr. ——— these six weeks; I want money.

Soli. Je suis dans le même cas———Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, rascal! About your business, or——— [*Exeunt.*

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais letters! my dear.

Mr. Sub. (reads) Ah! ah! Calais——"The Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows:—Six tailors, ditto barbers, five milliners, bound for Paris to study fashions; four citizens, come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; twelve dogs, ditto bitches, with two monkies, and a litter of puppies, from mother Midnight's, in the Haymarket." A precious cargo! "Postscript—One of the coasters is just put in, with his Grace the Duke of ———, my Lord ——, and an old gentleman, whose name I can't learn." Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure those customers; there's no time to be lost: meanwhile——

Enter CLASSIC.

So, Master Classic, have you left the young couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship's presence, ma-

dam, for a short tour to the Tuileries. I have received some letters which I must answer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! well! well! no ceremony; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [*Exit.*

Class. Roger!

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be concealed from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy gate, and deliver a letter I shall give you, into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. Oh! lud! never you fear!

Class. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a——But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arrived, or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court [*country*]? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers.

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,
Their native plainness, and their honest hearts

Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty Fra[illegible]
'Twas arm'd with bearded dart, and pointed lance.
No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,
No charms for them had fops of flattery;
Paris they knew their streamers wav'd around,
There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.
Far other views attract our modern race,
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocades, and lace;
A flaunting form, and a fictitious face.
Rouse! re-assume! refuse a Gallic reign,
Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter MR. CLASSIC *and* ROGER.

Rog. Old maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. Bye and bye, in the dusk, bring him up the back stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit* ROGER.

Class. I suppose, by this time, matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to ——— Oh! Mr. Subtle and his lady.

[*Exit* CLASSIC.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: how the baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the booby gaped!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserved; Oh! she has him!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the fish is hooked; but then safely to *land* him.—Is Classic suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blazed [*forth*].

Mrs. Sub. Therefore, despatch: I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing and dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pshaw! her singing and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool; especially with love for her *second:* besides, I have a *coup de maître*, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The language-master. He may be easily equipped for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of clothes will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But, hush! the squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter BUCK.

For my part, I never saw any thing so altered

since I was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush! [*Aside.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humoured, sprightly fellow; and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his clothes as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from *Marseil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder, then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary: besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to———

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mr. Sub. Bless me! sir: you here! I did not expect———

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see, I dare trust you alone with my wife.

Buck So you may, safely; I have other game in view. Servant, Mr. Subtle [*Exit* SUB.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling scene; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, sir.

Buck. Why, madam,—I, ah—I, ah—but let's shut the door: I was, madam, ——— ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to divine: But, come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observed nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are now dressed, and your clothes become you.

Buck. Yes! Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then, it's to no purpose to wait: write your mind.

Buck. No! no! Stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to ———

Mrs. Sub. To ——— Bless me! What! Mr. Buck! And in my house! Oh! Mr. Buck, you have deceived me! Little did I think, that, under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to ——— ruin the poor girl.

Buck. Upon my soul you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor orphan, too! Deprived in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

Buck. Why, I tell you ———

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, sir! Where had you your thoughts of me? How dared you suppose that I would connive at such a ——

Buck. The woman's bewitched!

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I lived unreproached; and now to——

Buck. Odds fury! she's in heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you, too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lulled my fears, I dared have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul! and so you might, safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What, you are got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me,——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if she liked me, as well as I liked her, we might, perhaps, if you liked it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! sir! if that was indeed your

drift, I am satisfied. But do not indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land.——

Buck. What law?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country: In London, now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minutes be tacked to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have, indeed, gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. Do you think she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by ——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your transports.

Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did she! Hey! Come, now tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter LUCINDA, *with Singing and Dancing Masters.*

Luc. The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the Court to Marli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of *Voltaire's Duc de Foix?* Answer me all in a breath!

Buck. A brave-spirited girl! she'll take a five-barred-gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engrossed, ever since you last honoured it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh! you flatterer! have I! Well, and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; If I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But, come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: but, come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc. Oh! charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'essai.*

Gam. Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Allons, commencez.

SONG.

1.

Par un matin Lisette se leva,
Et dans un bois seulette e'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

2
Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buisson le Rossignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

3
Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la, &c.

4
C'étoit l'amour, l'amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiseau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la, &c.

5.
La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa,
Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la, &c.

6
Son petit cœur aussitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la, &c.

7
Elle s'en va se plaindre à son papa.
En lui parlant la belle soupira.
Ta, la, la, &c.

8
Le bon papa qui s'en doutoit deja,
Lui dit je sçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la, &c.

9
Il prit l'amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fortement le lia.
Ta, la, la, &c.

10
Dans la voliere aussitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la, &c.

11
Heureusement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret la.
Ta, la, la, &c.

12
Jeune beauté que l'amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu'à Lisette il joua.
Tat, la, la, &c.

Gam. Bravo! bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [*Aside to* MRS. SUB.

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, madam! Your ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Luc. [*To Gamut.*] Your servant, sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter KITTEAU.

Monsieur Kitteau, I cannot possibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

Enter a SERVANT. [*After a dance.*

Ser. Monsieur le Marquis de ———

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs. Sub. A lover of Lucinda, a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

Enter MARQUIS.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. *Ma chere adorable!* 'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! an eternity! But 'tis your own fault, though.

Marq. My misfortune, *ma princesse!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distressed me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Marq. But now that I am arrived, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the——Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! have you practised this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Marq. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserved for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

To them, BUCK, *briskly. Takes her hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, monsieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur *Ragout,* if you repeat that word *bête,* I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Marq. *Quel sauvage!*

Buck. And another word [with you]: as I know you can speak very good English, if you will, when you don't, I shall take it for granted that you are abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentle-

man? How comes he interested? Some relation, I suppose.

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a rival! Eh, *morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determined, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *à-la-mode d'Angleterre;* hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife; consider her as such, and don't chuse to have her soiled by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *à-la-mode de Paris,* Monsieur Fricassy!

Marq. Fricassy!

Buck. Wee.

Luc. A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen. It seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries: begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Marq. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions, hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let the other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *ma chere!* There are pleasures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! These are allurements for a woman of spirit. But don't let us conclude too hastily; hear the other side. What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages in London as at Paris, with the privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards in spite of detection.

Marq. Pardon me, sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so well known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt thoughts, in a word, if any woman can be so abandoned, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for, damn me, if I'm a husband fit for her humour, that's all.

Marq. I told you, mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay, what have you to offer as counterbalance for these pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, with health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here, if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and, as I do not perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, monsieur.

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No offence!

Marq. Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of the lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show her at once the difference of her

choice, which, if bestowed on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support the preference without murmuring; so that favour, which would probably have provoked my fate, is now your protection. *Voila la politesse Françoise*, madam; I have the honour to be——*Bon jour, monsieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit* MARQ.

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROGER, *peeping about.*

Rog. The coast is clear; sir, sir, you may come in now, master Classic.

Enter MR. CLASSIC *and* SIR JOHN BUCK.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome, but we have no time to lose in ceremony: you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have placed the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Sir J. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserved my son; you have saved——

Class. I have done my duty; but of that——

Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming.

Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter BUCK *and* LUCINDA.

Buck. Pshaw! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me, we could never be married

here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a moment's reflection.——What am I about! Contriving, in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgraced human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt, contempt even from him, when his passions cool.—I have resolved, sir.

Buck. Madam!

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Pshaw! stuff! When a thing's resolved upon, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolved, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste, then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine; I was always determined to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, will not disgrace you, but for my fortune, your friend, Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we lose time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or, perhaps, father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pshaw! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But do not you think your father's consent necessary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But, come along, old fellows love to be obstinate; but, ecod, I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had proposed me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

To them, SIR JOHN *and* CLASSIC.

Sir J. Sir, I am obliged to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provoked. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaimed my protection, and cancelled the natural covenant between us; 'tis now time I should give you up to the guidance of your own *guilty* passions,* and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

* *Guilty* might be omitted with much propriety, unless we suppose a provoked parent may blacken a little the waywardness of a son's conduct.

Sir J. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, sir; you have nothing further to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but, for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Sir J. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning revealed the first, her policy will preserve the remainder.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour; in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What *secrets*, sir?

Sir J. Oh! perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction and stamp merit on vice; and vanity will here *proclaim* what modesty would elsewhere blush to *whisper*.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue, then!

Sir J. You are a lady; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connexion with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions——of what nature, ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have reason; appearances are

against me, I confess; but, when you have heard my melancholy story, you will own you have wronged me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Sir J. Madam, you misemploy your time. There tell your story, there it will be believed; I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be softened by a syren tear, or imposed upon by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, sir; on my knee, I beg it, nay, I demand it; you have wronged me, and must do me justice.

Class. I am sure, madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false; but you cannot blame him.

Luc. I do not, sir, and I shall trespass but little on his patience. When you know, sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France; that dying here, he bequeathed me, with the poor remnant of our shattered fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair, I am sure you will tremble for me.

Sir J. Go on!

Luc. But, when you know that, plundered of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compelled to aid this plot; forced to comply under the penalty of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me, without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you must, you cannot but pity me.

Sir J. Proceed!

Luc. Added to this, when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

Sir J. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope 'tis true; here come the explainers of this riddle.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. SUBTLE.

Mr. Sub. Buck's father!

Sir J. I'll take some other time, sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's partner——I chose——I——I——

Sir J. No equivocation or reserve; your plot is revealed, known to the bottom: who is the lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, sir,—the lady is a gentlewoman, sir.

Sir J. By what means?

Mr. Sub. By her father and mother.

Sir J. Who were they, sir?

Mr. Sub. Her mother was of——I forget her maiden name.

Sir J. You have not forgot her father's?

Mr. Sub. No! no! no!

Sir J. Tell it then!

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Sir J. No matter, I must have it, sir, from you; here's some mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Sir J. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Sir J. My poor girl! I, indeed, have wronged, but will redress you; and pray, sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive.

Dry up your tears, Lucinda; at last you have found *a father*. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandoned wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

Luc. Am I then justified?

Sir J. You are: your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourned his loss; and long have sought for him in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray have not I some merit in finding her? She's mine by the custom of the manor.

Sir J. Yours—First study to deserve her; she's mine, sir: I have just redeemed this valuable treasure; and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, sir?

Sir J. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffered here. I suppose, sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learned, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MISS MACKLIN.

Escaped from my guardian's tyrannical sway,
By a fortunate voyage, on a prosperous day,
I am landed in England, and now must endeavour,
By some means or other, to curry your favour.

Of what use to be freed from Gallic subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British protection?
Without cash,—but one friend—and he, too, just made,
Egad I've a mind to set up some trade.
Of what sort! in the papers I'll publish a puff,
Which won't fail to procure me custom enough:
" That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
" Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd
" The best paint for the face,—the best paste for the hands,
" A water for freckles, for flushes, and tans.
" She can teach you the melior coiffeure for the head,
" To lisp,—amble,—and simper,—and put on the red;
" To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
" Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.

" The beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,
" The happiest shrug,—the newest grimace;
" To *parler François*,—fib, flatter, and dance,
" Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

" Not a buck, nor a blood, through the whole English
nation,
" But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll fashion,
" The merest John Trot in a week you shall zee.
" *Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis.*"
What d'ye think of my plan? is it formed to your *goût?*
May I hope for disciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art?
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at heart.
Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make;
In a country of commerce, too great the expense,
For their baubles and bows, to give your good sense.

THE

ENGLISHMAN.

RETURNED FROM PARIS,

BEING THE SEQUEL TO THE

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A Farce,

IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REMARKS.

FIRST performed in 1756, some passages in this play bear allusion to that period—the eve of a great and sanguinary war, under a *load of debt* at that time deemed unbearable. With incidents such as these, while the public mind was in a ferment, *The Englishman Returned* could not fail of a favourable reception, replete as it is with patriotic sentiments, aimed particularly against the manners of the coming foe—*the French*. The *run* was, therefore, sufficiently long and steady, notwithstanding the appearance of *a rival* at the *other house*, from the pen of Arthur Murphy, which shared awhile the public favour. The cause of this *counteraction* has been already discussed, but there should be no hesitation in allowing it to have been a good one, nor that both dramatists had a fair plea each, in justification. Periods are constantly recurring, when The Englishman Returned is repeated with satiric instructiveness, *i.e.* during the oft-lamented peri-mania of Gallic fashions.

Indisputably the best of our author's pieces, whether we consider the variety of characters, the manner of unfolding the plot, or its construction, it yet owes much of this excellence to the affected candour or unsuspecting confidence of Murphy. That an author of a popular production has an unshaken right to execute any *continuation* of the original idea, however the idea may have been conveyed to him, is a position that none will dispute, but the merest drudges in literature, or the simply book-manufacturers of the *Row*. "Seeing the popularity of your late production, I am about

bringing forth *a parody* on it," says one of those drones; "and I, for my part, *(thinks* the author himself,) wish you most cordially to old Nick; and so, to prevent your bungling *travesty*, will *bring* it *forth* myself!" Thus stood the case between them, with the additional admission, that *Foote* availed himself of the affected candour of *Murphy*, and adopted as much of *his plot* as might be carried in the recollection, after a casual conversation. *Crab* and *Macruthen* are a pair of characters quite new to our author's *caste*, and so evidently Murphy's, that we hesitate not the least in conceding so much to that author's genius. Furthermore, the character of Lucinda is here much more finely drawn than the same lady in the preceding piece (" at Paris"): her masculine rebuke of Buck's *unfilial* conduct, too, is a gem, glittering in the midst that bespeaks the critical scholarship and fine taste of *Murphy;* and with these concessions, ample justice is done to the claims of that author, whilst the credit of the original plot must certainly remain with *Foote.*

The objects of foreign travel may change as *the times* alter, or men's minds vary; still that ingulphing desire to be pleased with every thing and *any thing* un-English, to imbibe and adopt those pursuits, and fashions, and pastimes, that tend most surely and fatally to unhinge and degrade the national character of Britain, still remains the national curse that annually robs the peerage of its fair proportions, and picks the pockets of the landed interest; it cajoles the monied interest into foreign loans, and the mercantile into ruinous speculations. Whether *vertu* or politics, music or cookery, or simply *la mode*, possessed *the town*, the principle of exotic preference remained the same for ages, and exposed the shallower-brained

Britons to the shafts of ridicule as fair objects of satire, and to the laughs and the sneers of their more solid, sedate, and patriotic countrymen. Unhappily for the land we live in, the family of *Buck* abounds and pervades all society. Leaving minor affairs, were we not tortured through many a painful year with the exorbitant praises of a French army, and a doltish adulation of French *tactics* in field, and chamber? Have we not suffered the rack of Italian theoretic legislation and jurisprudence? and yet, how signally both were eclipsed in the hour of trial! *Satire* slept, or its arrows could not reach that *flight;* and we are still compelled to bear in silence numerous assumptions of greater excellence in the less applicable, less desirable sciences. *Bucks* innumerable may go and get rid of British prejudices—they may *travel,* and return with those new feelings, but, when they would instil the same notions here, let them be met with ridicule if they are not loaded with obloquy, and cast out as felons to the national prosperity.

Comporting themselves to this *nouvelle taste* did our managers betray the trust reposed in them by *cutting down* 'The Englishman Returned' to about half its quantity, despoiling the piece of its fairest points, lest they might give offence to the Gallo-mania of their audiences. Among other offensive passages, the following, at the end of Act I. is suppressed by them, lest it bring down the wrath of *the house:* "*Crab.*—The wretch who "is weak and wicked enough to despise his coun- "try, sins against the most laudable law of nature; "he is a traitor to the community where Provi- "dence has placed him, and should be denied those "social benefits he has rendered himself unworthy "to partake." Act I. *Scena antepenultima.*

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN, BY

MR. FOOTE.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind.
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France;
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians ——— Gulliver.
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight.
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,—
In humble prose the place is Charing Cross,—
Close by the margin of a Kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide;
There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian-English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize.
Here's China Porcelain that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.

With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit;
And English goods are smuggled through the street.
The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to night has cross'd the seas;
Though to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story;
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully show.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin and yours to save.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK.....*Mr. Foote.*
CRAB.....*Mr. Sparks.*
LORD JOHN.....*Mr. White.*
MACRUTHEN.....*Mr. Shuter.*
RACKET.....*Mr. Cushin.*
TALLYHO.....*Mr. Castallo.*
LATITAT.....*Mr. Dunstall.*
SURGEON.....*Mr. Wignel.*

LUCINDA.....*Mrs. Bellamy.*

LA JONQUIL, LE LOIRE, BEARNOIS, *and Servants.*

SCENE—A House in the Parish of St. Martin, Westminster

THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

And I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, Esq. of St. Martin-in-the-fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor, in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see; I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of *marriageable*, and, therefore, an *unmanageable* wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is

tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Latitat, of Staple Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Show the hound in.

Enter LATITAT, *with a Bag, &c.*

Lat. I would, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons [*sooner*], but I was obliged to sign judgement in error at the Common Pleas, sue out of the Exchequer a writ *quæ minus*, and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Pry'thee, man, none of thy unintelligible law-jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possessed of a *probate*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue, or be sued. I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means, but by action. Now actions, sir, are of various kinds: There are special actions, actions on the case, or *assumpsit*; actions of trover, actions of *clausum fregit*, actions of battery, actions of——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But, hark'ee, *Latitat*; why, I thought all our law-proceedings were directed to be in English.

Lat. True, Mr. Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha?

Lat. English.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For, as Lord Coke describes the common law, to be the perfection—

Crab. So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and, as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. Brief, sir, and translate, sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster-Hall, gives clearer—

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster-Hall.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat.

Lat. Why, sir, do you think that a lawyer—

Crab. Zounds, sir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause than contest it. And had not this old, doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, Bedlam should sooner have had me than the bar.

Lat. "Bedlam! the Bar!" Since, sir, I am provoked, [*I must say*] I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; but I wish I was your *prochain ami*. I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law; and the law, give me leave

to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non* the *ne plus ultra*—

Crab. Mercy! good Six-and-Eight-pence.

Lat. The defence, and the offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,
Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.

Crab. Zounds, sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonious*, but *burglarious*. Now, sir, a burglary may be committed, either upon the dwelling or the out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Your clerk, sir——The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds! sir, I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know—

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your clients—

Lat. O, they may stay. I sha'n't take up five minutes, sir.——A burglary——

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clausum fregit.*

Crab. Dear sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par——

Crab. Help, you dog! Zounds!. sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, sir——

Crab. Push him out, [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very next minute. [*Exit Ser.*] This is but the beginning of my torments; and, but that I expect the young whelp from abroad every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My young master's travelling tutor, sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Show him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's parish-church, or some needy highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature, a perfect knowledge of the world and of himself.

Enter MACRUTHEN.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. Oh, a British child, by the mass.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'erta'en me; for, be-

tween Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopped and robbed by a high-way-man.

Crab. Robbed! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's History, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dried Glasgow.

Crab. A good travelling equipagé. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir Charles? I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phænomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one, at Paris. The Fauxbourg of St. Germains swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends, the French.

Mac. Oh, the French were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose, he's a perfect master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the sallies of juvenility; and I must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finished piece.

Mac. You are pleased to complement.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your——what's your name——?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay: and it would be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means Master Macruthen; all your business was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront——

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes; and was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash; and I can make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so, between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why, what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life, didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister Crab, I am of a nation——

Crab. Of known honour and integrity, I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant penegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure——

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, maister Crab, I————

Crab. Guilt and confusion choke thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish. [*Exit* MAC.] A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person whose wants, perhaps, more than his abilities

make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not study what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions? But, vice and folly rule the world.—Without, there. [*Enter* SERV.] Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation of mankind. This turn [of mind] may be termed misanthropy, and imputed to chagrin and disappointment; but it can only be by those fools who, through softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perspective [the *telescope*].

Enter LUCINDA.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all a-float. You have heard your fellow is coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, sir, you would distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr. Crab might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! a very pretty poetical phrase! What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou ———

Luc. By that very means, a helpless, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho, pr'ythee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex:

the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wished to engage you [*your* attention].

Crab. Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy.* Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What, then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why, where could you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl. [*Enter* SERV.] Who sent for you, sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His clothes are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice.——Pr'ythee why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I should?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice is not a copy of your countenance (a mask); if you are obedient, I may set you right.

Luc. I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclinations. Now we shall see what *Paris* has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels;* or the feather in his hat.

Enter BUCK, *Lord* JOHN, LA LOIRE, BEARNOIS, *and* MACRUTHEN.

Buck. Not a *word, mi lor! jernie,* it is not to be supported!——after being *rompu tout vif,* disjointed by that execrable *pavé,* to be tumble into a kennel, by a filthy *charbonnier;* a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Lord J. An accident that might have happened any where, Sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that detestable *canaille,* that murtherous mob, with the barbarous "monsieur in the mud, huzza!" Ah, *païs sauvage, barbare, inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monsieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? Mac, my lor, *mort de ma vie,* the veritable *Jack Rosbif* of the *French* comedy. Ha, ha! how do you do, *Monsieur-Jack-Roast-beef,* ha, ha?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha ha, hey!

* Cork at his heels.] A piece of artful elevation, that endured a quarter of a century later than the author's time, and recurred again (in the *material* of wood and iron) early in the nineteenth century.

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why so?

Crab. Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I cannot but think, in a country so fond of strange sights [as this,] if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi lor?* Ha, ha.

Lord J. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps, I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

Lord J. Because, in this case, it is impossible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and customs which climate, constitution, and government have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why, there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this blockhead? [*To Buck.*] I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear! [*gapes.*]

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

Buck. Who, I? Damn your premises and

conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec élégance*, must go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'est vrai, Monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these *brother missionaries*, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez-vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hôtel.

Crab. What, do you suppose that we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor, for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck., Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez-vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, *Monsieur* Crab, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'œuvres, entre rotis, ragoûts, entremets*, and the

disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad, but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil,* my first *valet de chambre,* excellent in every thing: but *pour l'accommodage,* for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb, with any *garçon perruquier,* from the Land's End to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But, at present, I had another reason for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas* between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility shown to us, in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Fracas. The appearance of this comedy was at the eve of *the seven years' war.*

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their *civility*, at Paris, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their *friendship* to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.—November fogs, with salt boiled beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now, would not any soul suppose, that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear!

Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, *my dear.*———Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little debate, *Mi lor*, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my lord. Maister *Crab* has met with his match.

Buck. And first, for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table: Ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *persiflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire*,

Oh, what delicious moments have I passed *chez Madame la Duchess de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman of her rank to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac!*

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Tachez vous, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, *Monsieur* Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the by, she is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there," till the length of the ceremony with the length of the grace, have destroyed all apprehensions of the meat's burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir Charles was a phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional interruption, of, "Here's to you, friends," "Hob or Nob," "Your Love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings. The cloth is removed: madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur* Crab.

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'est vrai. But, *à propos,* he is dead, as you say, and you are ———

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Back. Peut-être; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoined to see performed; your marriage with your old acquaintance, *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! *et comment*

Crab. Pr'ythee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But could not we have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* hint may not be so *mal à propos; allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. *Mac,* dispose of my domestics *à leur aise,* and then attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne. Serviteur messieurs.*

Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau.
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [*Exit.*

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly: and thus the plain persons and principles of old England are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

Lord J. Do you suppose then, sir, that no good may be obtained ———

Crab. Why, pr'ythee, what have you gained?

Lord J. I should be sorry if my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking-off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You show the favourable side, young man: but, how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices!—Unnatural!—for the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable law of nature; he is a traitor to the community where Providence has placed him; and should be denied those social benefits he has rendered himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Lord J. I differ from you here, Mr. Crab; principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too soon received. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter LUCINDA.

Crab. This young man waits here till your puppy is powdered. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as *your* follow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disagreeable *tête à tête.*

Lord J. Just the contrary, madam. By good sense, tinged with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to them. I know his integrity, and can never be disobliged by his sincerity.

Lord J. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess was taught me by a very severe mistress, Adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my situation.

Lord J. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting. You'll pardon the declaration: it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend on the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

Lord J. Could I hope, madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected ———

Enter CRAB.

Crab. So, youngster! what, I suppose, you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in modern morality. But, at present. you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. [*Exit* LORD J.] I would speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I shall attend you, sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What could my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience is thy province.

Though hard the task, be it my part to prove
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

ACT THE SECOND.

BUCK *at his Toilet, attended by three Valets de Chambre and* MACRUTHEN.

Mac. Notwithstanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether Maister Crab is so honest a man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be premitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

"Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all."

Did ever mortal see such *miroirs*, such looking-glass, as they have here too? One might as well address one's self, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, assez. He bien*, Mac, *miserable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. [*Enter* LORD JOHN.] My dear lord, *je demande mille pardons*, but the terrible fracas in my chaise had so *gatéed* and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

Lord J. No apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear lord, to entertain you?

Lord J. The very individual lady who is soon to make you a happy husband.

Buck. A happy who? Husband! What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble?* In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and *my lor* is infected. But pray, my dear

lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un Mari! diable?*

Lord J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possessed, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Lord J. It does not occúr to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, *my lor*. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez-moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket* and Sir *Toby Tally-ho*, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintance.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival? My dear, dear *lor*, aid me to escape this *embarras.*

RACKET *and* TALLYHO *without.*

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But, they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter RACKET *and* TALLYHO.

Tally. Hey, boy, hoix, my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monsieur le Chevalier, votre très humble serviteur.

Tally. Hey?

Buck. Monsieur Racket, Je suis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon, what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez-vous. Don't you know French?

Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think. Sir Toby, 'foregad, I believe the papistes ha' bewitched him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitched and transformed him too. Let me perish, *Racket,* if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in *Ovid's Metamorphis;* that they have turned him into a beast.

Rack. A beast! No, a bird, you fool, Look'ee, Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod, and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritable Anglois. The rustic rude ruffians!

Rack. Let us see what the devil he has put upon his pole, Sir Toby.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a *scrutiny.*

Rack. Aye, aye, a scrutiny.

Buck. En grace, La Jonquil, my lor, protect me from these pirates.

Lord J. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box; Racket, hoiks, the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, knight. 'Foregad, he is the very reverse of a bantam cock: his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here? What are these three fellows? Pastry cooks?

Enter CRAB.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a——but you have company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe, they call, in this country, a rout.—My dear lor, if you don't favour my flight—But see, if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Lord J. Now's your time, steal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-settle my *cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my *lor.*

Rack. Hollo, Sir Toby! stole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a riot, to-night, at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Lord J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention? hey faith, I know nothing of the matter. *Racket,* what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Lord J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. Mayhap, you are a friend to the French.

Lord J. Not I, indeed, sir. But, if the occasion will permit me a pun, though I am far from being

a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then, if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim. Come along, Racket. [*Exit.*

Lord J. Was there ever such a contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you may imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing; the last slip, though stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.**

SCENE.—Enter LUCINDA, *with a* SERVANT.

Luc. When Mr. Crab or Sir Charles inquire for me, you will conduct them hither. [*Exit.* SER. How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspense is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter SIR CHARLES, MACRUTHEN, LORD JOHN, *and* CRAB.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour of kissing your hand.

Buck. Très humble serviteur. Et comment se porte mademoiselle. I am ravished to see thee, *ma*

* Some time after its first appearance, the *first act* was made to finish here: *Lucinda* opening the *second.*

chère petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma reine! Why, you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dressed you most diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeure* must you have! And, *oh, mon Dieu*, a total absence of *rouge!* But, perhaps, you are *out*. I had a cargo from *Deffreney* the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice ——

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chère.* A proper proportion of red is an indispensable part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear in public without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman who puts on the first, would make very little difficulty in pulling off the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgement must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck. Italien, I suppose, *pitoyable*, shocking, *assommant!* Oh, there is no supporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah mon Dieu! Ah, chassé brillant soleil,*

Brillant soleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There is music and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princesse.*

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Aye, that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but, surely, Shakspeare—My lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakspeare monstrous farces.

Lord J. Mr. Crab is right, madam. Mr. Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What could it be, my lord?

Lord J. The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author, that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are imposed upon, child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenhil*, the *Gaussen*, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myself wrote a tragedy in French.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En verité, upon Voltaire's plan.

Crab. That must be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the French Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *éclat!* What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the King of *Ananamaboe* refuses the person of the Princess of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first, the King:

Ma chère princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme, tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck.

Mon grand roi, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi; je suis inconsolable.

Then he turns his back upon her, at which, she, in a fury,

Monstre ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!

Then he,

Pensez-vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Vôtre haine, votre amour, sont les mêmes choses à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Lord J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's passion and poetry, and

reason and rhyme. Oh, how I detest blood and blank verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich rhymes of the *Theatre François!*

Lord J. I did not know Sir Charles was so totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the *Caffé* Procope,* and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen would contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No! Impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En verité?

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

Crab. But common justice.

Mac. Nay, maister Crab is in the right, for I have often heard the French themselves say, is it possible that gentleman can be British?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Lord J. Entirely.

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* A coffee-house, opposite the French Comedy, where the wits assembled every evening.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will!

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turned it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *éclaircissement*. Come, my lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur Crab, my *lor*, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exeunt.*

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do, in the language of the place? I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, how do you like my lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Aye, something so English in his manner.

Luc. Foreign and English! I do not comprehend you.

Buck. Why, that is, he has not the ease, the *je na scai quoi*, the *bon ton*—In a word, he does not resemble me, now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma chère*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma reine,* that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes, execution!

Buck. Aye, child; is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi,* I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summoned the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my lord is too good a commander to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chère.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people? Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But, the infinite obligations I owe to the man who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist that, in my presence, at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Hey dey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hour were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle est folle, she is mad, *sans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks

through one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?——Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are too quick, *ma chère.* If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, sir? Why you own that marriage——

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis.*

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law ——

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of his comfortable conjunction. So, though I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than to my living a bachelor.

Luc. O, sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle,* I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant*; though I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, *if* you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your ——

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, sir, your other. For this is ——

Buck. I grant not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cisisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse could a woman of the least sense or spirit make for so unnatural a connection?

Buck. Fort-bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Can'st thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence [aught] beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très-bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements! Thy air is a copy from thy barber: for thy dress, thou art indebted to thy tailor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villany, I might, in reverence to that name to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee, child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and, upon the whole, not unentertaining: though, by the by, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle.* And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! 'Foregad, she would make an admirable *actrice.* If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am ashamed this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr. Crab ——

Enter LORD JOHN *and* CRAB.

Lord J. We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below ——

Crab. Pr'ythee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

Lord J. If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab ——

Luc. My Lord, do not think me guilty of affectation. I believe I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled; besides, I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Lord J. Dear madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but ——

Lord J. No apology. You honour me, madam. [*Exit.*

Crab. And pr'ythee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, cannot be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll *send* him. [*Exit.*

Enter LETTICE.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark! he is here. Leave me, Lettice. [*Exit* LETTICE.

Enter BUCK.

Buck. So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expression not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah, *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, monsieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *beverage;* I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, and that —.

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.—But what has occasioned me, *ma reine,* the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent and ceremonious *adieu* than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chère?* I thought your flinty heart had, at last, relented. Well, *ma reine, adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation, however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And, though the pleasure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way!

Luc. The fatal draught is already at my heart!

I feel it here; it runs through every pore! Pangs, pangs, unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by despair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I am poisoned.

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have shared all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may not be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil,* physicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs. Ah, la diablesse!* [*Exit.*

Enter LORD JOHN *and* CRAB.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiss thee for this contrivance.

Lord J. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Ca'n't we make a further use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care my girl shall not go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

Lord J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be ——

Crab. Pshaw, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have

vent, retire into that room, whilst I go plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BUCK, MACRUTHEN, JONQUIL, BEARNOIS, LA LOIRE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON. BUCK *in a cap and night gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn. —Ah, there's a shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are aw symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter CRAB.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What's he alive still?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O, what could provoke me to return from Paris?

Crab. Had you never been there, this would not have happened.

Enter RACKET *and* TALLYHO.

Rack. Where is he?—He's a dead man, his eyes are fixed already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poisoned him, Racket?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First, then, renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserved. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assigned to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come Racket, let's rummage.

[*Exeunt* RACKET *and* TALLYHO.

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these pandars to your pride, packed in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of those puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the French; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to those minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, *adieu, La Jonquil.* [*Exeunt,*

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter LUCINDA *and* JORD JOHN.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Aye; put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be "*une excellent actrice.*"

Enter RACKET *and* TALLYHO.

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it *there*.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Lord J. With more transport than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. [*to Buck.*] You are not at present in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my lord's private friend; his assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your blisters?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But, before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: as it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast

also; know, that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which, while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill-suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find
That poison, for your punishment design'd,
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
To atone for all the errors of the play:
Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,
In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you sniveling off:
But here, our bard, unequal to the task,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the mask:
Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,
To raise dull laughter at the fair's expense.
What method shall we choose your taste to hit?
Will no one lend our bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up starts that fatal phalanx, call'd the Town:
In full assembly weigh our author's fate,
And Surly thus commences the debate:
Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene
The sacred rights of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!
"Then Buck (cries Billy) can it be in nature?
Not the least likeness in a single feature.
My Lord, lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on Friday night and have a hiss."
To this a perruquier assents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In such distress what can the poet do?
Where seek for shelter when these foes pursue?
—He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

THE

AUTHOR;

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REMARKS.

WITH less of plot than any other of his pieces, *the Author* suffered under the imputation of having betrayed private friendship in producing two of his principal characters, Cadwallader and Cape. It appeared in 1757, and was very much run after, until the Lord Chamberlain, at the request of *Mr. Aprice* (Cadwallader), put a stop to the performance: the incidents in the part of "*the Author*" himself were distressing realities for the most part; and if he wanted the power of Aprice, he also wanted the inclination, probably, to obtain its suppression, for *merit in distress* requires but to be known to obtain relief—unless, indeed, the object of public ridicule be not rather a thing mankind *avoid*, if they do not butt at, similar to the striken deer in natural history.

The same kind of trick had been played off by Colly Cibber, which may as well be told here, though we are far from justifying such conduct by precedent. A lady of respectability having, in early life, broke away from the trammels of home, and *paid a visit* to London, attended with no little danger, accused herself, in after life, of so much temerity, and often expressed her surprise that she *escaped*. The affair being repeated before Cibber, when visiting in Nottinghamshire or Lincolnshire, he introduced it in the "Provoked Husband; or, a Journey to London," which he was then arranging for the stage from the papers of Sir John Vanbrugh, lately deceased. "The lady's tale is evidently an engagement on the original," says Miss Hawkins, in her Memoirs.

Neither did this comedy *read* much, we apprehend, from the circumstance of its suppression, and *the writer* having found it necessary to leave London for Dublin soon after its appearance.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials, furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store:
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,—
To please, at once, the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires at least—no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modish wife;
Whilst they, who, in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries,—"'twill please the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgements who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile?
To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The *Grecian* fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
" This the respect to reverend age you show?
" And this the duty you to parents owe?
" He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
" Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."
As *Grecian* lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man:
" Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
" Have you no pity for the pretty crèature;
" To your own baby can you be unkind?
" Here—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the child behind."
Old *Dapple* next, the clowns' compassion claim'd:
" 'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't asham'd.
" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!
" They might as well have carried he at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount and bear the ass—then what a noise!—
Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire, these words provoke:
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
" Vain his attempt, who strives to please them all!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AT DRURY-LANE, 1782.

GOVERNOR CAPE,.....*Mr. Wrighten.*
YOUNG CAPE, ...*Mr. Aikin.*
SPRIGHTLY, ...*Mr. R. Palmer.*
CADWALLADER, ...*Mr. Bannister.*
POET, ...*Mr. Waldron.*
VAMP, ...*Mr. Moody.*
PRINTER'S DEVIL, ...*Mr. Burton.*
ROBIN, ...*Mr. Chaplin.*

MRS. CADWALLADER, ...*Mrs. Wrighten.*
MISS ARABELLA,.....*Mrs. Sharp.*

SCENE.—London, proper.

THE

AUTHOR.

ACT THE FIRST.

GOVERNOR CAPE *and* ROBIN.

Gov. And he believes me dead, *Robin?*

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. Have you given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest acknowledgements to his concealed benefactor, thanked me for my care, sighed, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly. To his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase

of many perils, be lavished on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, *Robin;* him and a profusion of debts were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, sir.

Gov. Fondly,—nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compelled me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.

Rob. Consider, sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you could have given him. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you would not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? impossible!—Where are the Oxfords, and Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea subsciption at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may now and then be picked up———Protectors!—Why, I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike-road in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment, in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But, what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob. ———That you want the aid of his profes-

sion; a well-penned address, now, from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Aye! does that make part of his practice? —well, lead on, Robin.

Scene draws and discovers YOUNG CAPE *with the Printer's* DEVIL.

Cape. Pr'ythee go about thy business—Vanish, dear Devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press, and if yours don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy. I have more plague with you—There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little sooty, snivelling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagued with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must also be pestered with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year.——There's master Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, though he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Hark-ye, sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll show you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble.—Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last journal.

Cape. Take it———[*throws it at him.*]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you———

Cape. You shall have a larger—[*Exit* DEVIL. 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive ———

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and five-pence; which, with the two-and-a-penny master passed his word for to Mrs. Suds, your washer-woman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you: by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pick-pocket, or poet—Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, the gentleman's at home.

[*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*

Enter POET.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is Cape.

Cape. You have hit it, sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, sir, my case, in a word, is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, sir; but their upper servants, the booksellers, have.——I printed a collection of Jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, sir, I hear, are

in their graces: now I have brought you, sir, three Imitations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's Oration for Milo, in blank verse; two Essays on the British Herring Fishery, with a large collection of Rebuses; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we will divide the proceeds.

Cape. I am really, sir, sorry for your distress, but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they choose to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; have you nothing in the compiling or index way that you could intrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concerned it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle—

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or an ode?—

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— [*Exit* POET.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace his Mecænas; Martial his Pliny: my protectors are Title-page, the publisher; Vamp, the bookseller; and Index, the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitary, as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George? Reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece.

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little of the *vis comica.*

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earned in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate, by a printer's prime minister, called a devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs; but I thought those midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you, their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom. Had I, indeed, a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; ours is one great mystery, but the explanation would be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then, why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeed, it buys me a commission: if my mistress, my Arabella prove kind, I am settled for life; but, if both my cords snap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But, *à propos,* how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head:

you know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary——But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crowded, he is a *character*, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he would take the wall of a prince of the blood, he would not scruple eating a fried sausage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions, and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepared—You are, George, though prodigiously learned and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great geniuses: you love the snug, the chimney-corner of life, and retire to this obscure nook, merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant——But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet; and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education.—Hush! he's on the stairs——on with your cap, and open your book. Remember, you assume great dignity and absence.

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no, 'tis Mr. Vamp: your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigged out; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he studied it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons by a deceased clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the sermon way, now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist. But, I believe, sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Master Cape has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily obliged to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep counsel; Old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret. Why, in the year forty-five, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeaked; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here [*Shows the side of his head*], cropped close!—bare as a board!—and, for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy: oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind business, though; here, Master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest ——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, Master Cape; to strike, they must be well dressed. Fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise through three editions——Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow: he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he would have turned

you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter Hasty, the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carried him off?

Vamp. A halter; hanged for clipping and coining, Master Cape. I thought there was *something the matter* by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: he was *a pretty fellow!*

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say:——as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I *got it;* he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a *pretty fellow!*

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present. About the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Master Cape knows what will do, though novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the West-India trade, neither; let 'em be novels, Master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supplied.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time———but you have over-stocked the market. Titlepage and I had once liked to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty histo-

rian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but, I don't know how, it dropped for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any——

Vamp. No, thank you, Master Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in. He is now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand trade and the funds, and then I'll start him——— No, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a *pretty fellow!** [*Exit.*

Spri. And, I am sure, thou art a most extraordinary fellow! But, pr'ythee, George, what could provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

Cape. You seemed desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew Old Vamp would let you more into the secret in five minutes, than I could in as many hours.

[*Knocking below, loud.*

Spri. Cape, to your post; here they are faith, a coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, and your flame, the sister, as I live.

[CADWALLADER, *without.*] Pray, by the bye, ha'n't you a poet above?

[*Without.*] Higher up.

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* This frequent repetition of a trite saying was subsequently pushed to extremities by some two or three *modern dramatists*, of which the most sublime were "push along, keep moving," and "damme, that's your sort." *Fashions*, are said (by the *beau-monde*) to return at aliquot periods of a century—and so, it should seem, does *fustian*; only our *moderns* are hereby denied the merit of *invention*, or originality.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets or cellars———

Enter MR. *and* MRS. CADWALLADER *and* ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; totally absorbed!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy. I have been here this half hour, but he has not *marked* me yet.

Cad. Could not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake would not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damned passion.

Cape. The belt of *Pallas!* Nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating gods shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape. ——— *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

Cad. Damn your palace; I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, sir, but being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betrayed me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye, here, Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! true; though, bye the bye her, hey! You live devilish *high*; but perhaps you may choose that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts as fine talents!—But, between you and I, I had a damned fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod———he could as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolved to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr. Cadwallader, you do not do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, sir, we must contradict you, we cannot suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talked of.

Cad. Have you?———no, no, it can't be, hey! though let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I could have made as good a speech, upon any subject, in Italian, French, German ——— but I am all unhinged; all———Oh! lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet———ah, but she does not know what that is———a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, madam, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engaged we should be glad of your company of an evening, to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got. —Well, he'll come, Beck,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?——isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;———hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he——ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—well, Sprightly, hey! what are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords and viscounts and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I should look upon it as a very particular favour, if you would invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for, between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the best of them, and people of fashion should know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord, or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I would take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why, at home, locked up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck; why, suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad, about precedence, how the devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our disputes to—— [*They go apart.*

Arab. Well, sir, your friend has prevailed; you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose——

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation! Could he be prevailed upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an insurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck; zounds! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, madam.

Cape. Consider we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be ashamed to receive

succour from a weak woman! Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be made to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer.

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word; but take this hint—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh, *that* is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing: why, what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout, indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the man an oaf? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, edod, perverse, hey! But my dear, now, Becky, that's a good girl: hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. *Defer* it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the matter, madam? Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter could have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament man.

Cape. How old is master, madam?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! *early!* hold, hold; but Becky, mistakes the thing; egad, I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do stop her mouth, hold, hold; the matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child. I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but, between you and I, he has more sense already, than all her family put together. Hey! Becky! is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child! Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now, between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them; for, between you and I, as to what they learn there does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now, this is our dispute—whether poor little Dicky, he's a sweet boy, shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genus's, at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Doctor Ticklepitcher's, at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why, I have told her the case; says I, Becky, my dear; who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genus's, but my Lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that, upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey! Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it.

Cad. And if he does not *want it*, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, Master Cape?

Cape. Why, sir, I cannot but join with the lady: money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the alderman too, you—so Dicky may be no member, and a fig for *my Lord:* well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then, Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little, nice—Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Aye, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call'um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in *deshabille* to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here, you have company coming.

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. CAD. *and* ARAB.

Enter GOVERNOR *and* ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, master Robin!

Robin. Why, you have a great levee this morning, sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: but how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, sir, he is lately returned from a profitable government; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of men, no sooner is one object possessed, but another starts up to———

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin; to the matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and———*

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this would

* *Lord Pigot* had recently published a defence of his administration in India: an immense quarto.

prove our last interview.——Your friend, sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession: but, although I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of *particulars*. As my pen has never been tinged with gall, to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great; but let those, sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.*

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives me more pleasure, than any honours your papers could have procured me.

Spri. Now this business is despatched, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Would it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card——A principal may easily be met with, but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

---

* It is impossible not to compare this scene and these sentiments with those of Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, with this *distinction* only, that the one speaks in presence of a rich *uncle* returned from abroad, the other of as rich a *father:* the subject discussed with one, is the *Beaux Arts*, with the other it is the *Belle's Letters.*

Rob. (Aside.) Offer yourself, sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True: sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task.

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I should not have taken the liberty—but hush! he's returned.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is!

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowski.

Cad. Wowski? Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why, the Tartarian Prince, that's come over Ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him; now, every body that dines with a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins called his *umbra*; in their language it is *jablanousky*.

Cad. Jablanousky! well?

Spri. Now, if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, would you now carry me to dine with his Royal Highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation———I never shall be able to return it ——

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold; how the devil shall I get off with the poet? You know I have asked him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons; but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince——what the devil is his name?——

Spri. Potowowski.

Cad. True; now, sir, ecod! he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his jablanousky, would you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind: I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his Highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legged.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legged, zounds! that's odd; well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his Highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

Spri. No, there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing should take me from you, but being a hobblin wisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legged till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. "His Highness Potowowski!" This is the luckiest accident! [*Exit.*

Cape. Ha! ha! ha! But, how will you conduct your enterprise?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you choose, sir, the part we have assigned?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well, then, let us about it; come, sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly!

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Would it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this occasion?

Spri. No doubt; *dress, dress,* man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I ———

Spri. Pr'ythee explain. What would you say?

Cape. Why, then, I cannot say, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all? Here, here, take my ———

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that ——— But I have no time for speeches; I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. [*aside*] Did you observe, sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin! But this scheme of life at least must be changed; for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a

life of eternal obligation, and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramped, and talents misapplied.

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Young CAPE *and* MRS. CADWALLADER, *at Cards.*

Mrs. Cad. You want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddy——no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again——One, two, three; one, two, ——hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds——the two: have you higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by *gosh*. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a tête-à-tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the whistle, nor blind-man's-buff: but I'll call our Bell, and Robin, the butler. Dicky will be here an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, would totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Aye, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that———[but bearing] some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, daisy! that's charming, I never played at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you may please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions, too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why, then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your *sayso.*

Cape. Upon my *sayso.*

Mrs. Cad. I am glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answered my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why, I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be *up* at a deal. Though I wish I may not be engaged to play deeper here than I intended. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but 'zooks you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately *chopping* the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,
I pursue for many a mile,
You grow tired at last and *quat*,
Then I catch you, *and all that*.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to *quatting*—Hush! here's sister; what the deuce brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new *sack*, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have stayed, I think.

Arab. What? You are better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hanged if she ben't jealous of Mr. Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I'm resolved. [*Aside and exit.*

Arab. Are you concerned at the interruption, too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stayed a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell: though your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. "Dear Bell! And flesh is frail!" We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may, possibly, blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected.

Cape. You are obliging, madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion would be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to——But to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct ——

Arab. Look ye, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but, however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only——But consider, sir, I have a brother's honour ——

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was locked up in your brother's closet. But surely, madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that——but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you were wicked enough to protest ——

Cape. That I loved you; and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? [*Aside, listening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. [*Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot, a driveller! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you could have prevailed upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter MRS. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man; but here will be Dicky presently, he shall hear of your tricks, he shall: I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy; my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY, *and* ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in; Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman——but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, sir, you eat as if you liked it.

Cad. Liked it! hey? Egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours, with my legs tucked under me, till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeased you?

Cad. Displeased! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a Hobblinwisky again, if the Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damned language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so; but he seems to speak it better than you. You have a foreign kind of an accent; you don't sound it through the nose so well as he. Hey! well, Becky, what, and how have you entertained Mr. Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the devil is in the Poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why, here has he been making love to me, like bewitched.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why, some cn't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold; egad, I believe he's a little mad. This morning he took me for King Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for Queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run; and to double, and quat; and then he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me; who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack ——

Cape. There is no ——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his Janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey, what's that you say, Dicky? what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand your tropes and figures as well as himself, egad! and therefore — ——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader ——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And, let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, sir, it is I must tell him: he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any

abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment ——

Mrs. Cad. As good fried cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush! ——

Spri. And could you find no other object, but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possessed of a genius superior to your own ——

Cad. If I had had a university education ——

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older; Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman: but now, sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him.

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No; he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? Its a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak ——

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, sir ——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold: come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray does this charge correspond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?——

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the scholiasts say——*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh!' and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university, you should have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen; now, to you; you were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a mere matter of meriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person.

Cad. Answer that Mr. Cape, hey! answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connexion ——

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, *connexion* ——

Spri. There's something in that ——

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right——You're right, Mr. Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary; but you have missed your point; the connexion shall be only the stronger: my dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons! I was too hasty; but, ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impression.

Cad. There's a good natured creature!

Cape. But, if you have the least doubt remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he! Hey! how; what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, *foolish*, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and wo'n't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck; come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet, then. Why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brained already. Becky, a damn'd good story. Well, Beck, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I wo'n't tell you no more, so I wo'n't.

Cad. Nay, prithee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue, then: and so, there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in come our Bell; and so——

Cad Hold, hold, Becky; damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; its a low—— hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why, how can I go on, when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him, and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so, I went out and listened.

Cad. So; what, you staid and listened?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you, upon my staying, she went out; no——upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damned blind story; but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then, at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but, hold, hold, as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst teller of a story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more, and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. And, that he would not have staid with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well!

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape!

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, sir; I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's have it, without *equivocation*, or hold, hold, hold, *mental reservation*. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how! Hold, zounds! No, what not with an intention to marry her!

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what, my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what, our Bell, to mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But, Mr.————

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold————— Garretteer! that has no more clothes than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar, hold, hold, and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family——

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold, Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll show you——Your family! a little obscure——hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter PETER, *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there! Peter, help me to stretch it

out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the Herald's Office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly!

Spri. Prodigious!*

Cad. Nay, but lookee, there's Welsh princes, and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kouli Khan would a serjeant in the train bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy son of a shoe-maker, to talk of *families*—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intention.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. Interpreter!

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light; and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, sir!

Gov. In a moment, George, the mystery shall be explained.

Cad. Your son! Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described; but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me! A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

---

* This precise exclamation came into *vogue* again in 1822, when "*Prodigious!*" standing alone, without an adjective, was meant for wit, and so passed current. Vide Terry's opera of Guy Mannering.

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to monsieurs and marquises!

Spri. You are mistaken, sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding!—that takes fillips on the nose for six-pence a piece! H—, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-penny worth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop, whilst you are well.

Cad. A sponger at other men's tables! that has jalap put into his beer, and his face blacked at Christmas, for the diversion of children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, sir; who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing could excuse your behaviour to this gentleman, but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to——

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and, by a long residence in the monarch's country, is become perfect master of the language.

Cad. But, who the devil is he, then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, sir; a man of unblemished honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to——hey.

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But, sir, how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth: that foreign friend to whom you owe your education, was no other than

myself: I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own [*acknowledge you for*] my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me *(kneeling)*; but if gratitude, duty, filial ——

Gov. Rise, my boy; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it more than overpays my toil. The rest of my story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but, harkee, Sprightly, I have made a damned blunder here. Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil could have thought, that the interpreter to Prince Potowowsky——

Gov. Oh, sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister, with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell! Hey; hold, hold; Zounds, Bell, take him, do; ecod, he is a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I shall not disobey you, sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself? hey; hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both: *(Joins their hands.)* There, there, the business is done: and now, brother Governor ——

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! Here's something new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark ye, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot, too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulations; but ——

Gov. Which, if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever owned him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by a LADY,

And spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

Well—thank my stars, that I have done my task,
And now throw off this awkward, idiot mask.
Could we suppose this circle, so refined,
Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
Could from such vulgarisms feel delight,
Or laugh at characters so unpolite?
Who come to plays, to see and to be seen;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen;
Who shun an opera when they hear 'tis thin.
"Lord! do you know," says Lady Bell,—"I'm told
"That Jacky Dapple got so great a cold
"Last Tuesday night—There wa'n't a creature there;
"Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
"Divine Mingotti; what a swell has she!
"O! such a sustinuto upon B!
"Ma'am, when she's quite in voice, she'll go to C."
"Lord," says my Lady English—"here's a pother!
"Go where she will, I'll never see another."

Her ladyship, half choaked with London air,
And brought to town to see the sights—and stare:
" Fine singing that!—I'm sure it's more like screaming:
" To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!
" Oh, *barbare!—inhumana!—tramontane!*——
" Does not this creature come from Pudding-lane?
" Look, look, my lord!—she goggles!—Ha, ha, pray
be quiet;
" Dear lady Bell, for shame! you'll make a riot.
" Why will they mix with us to make this rout?
" Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out."
" We'll have a *taste act*, faith!"—my lord replied;
" And shut out all that are not qualified."
Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
Struck by the great, then *answered* by the small;
While we, at times, *return* it to you all.
A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke;
For, though it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, though it knocks your neighbour
down.

END OF VOL. I.

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